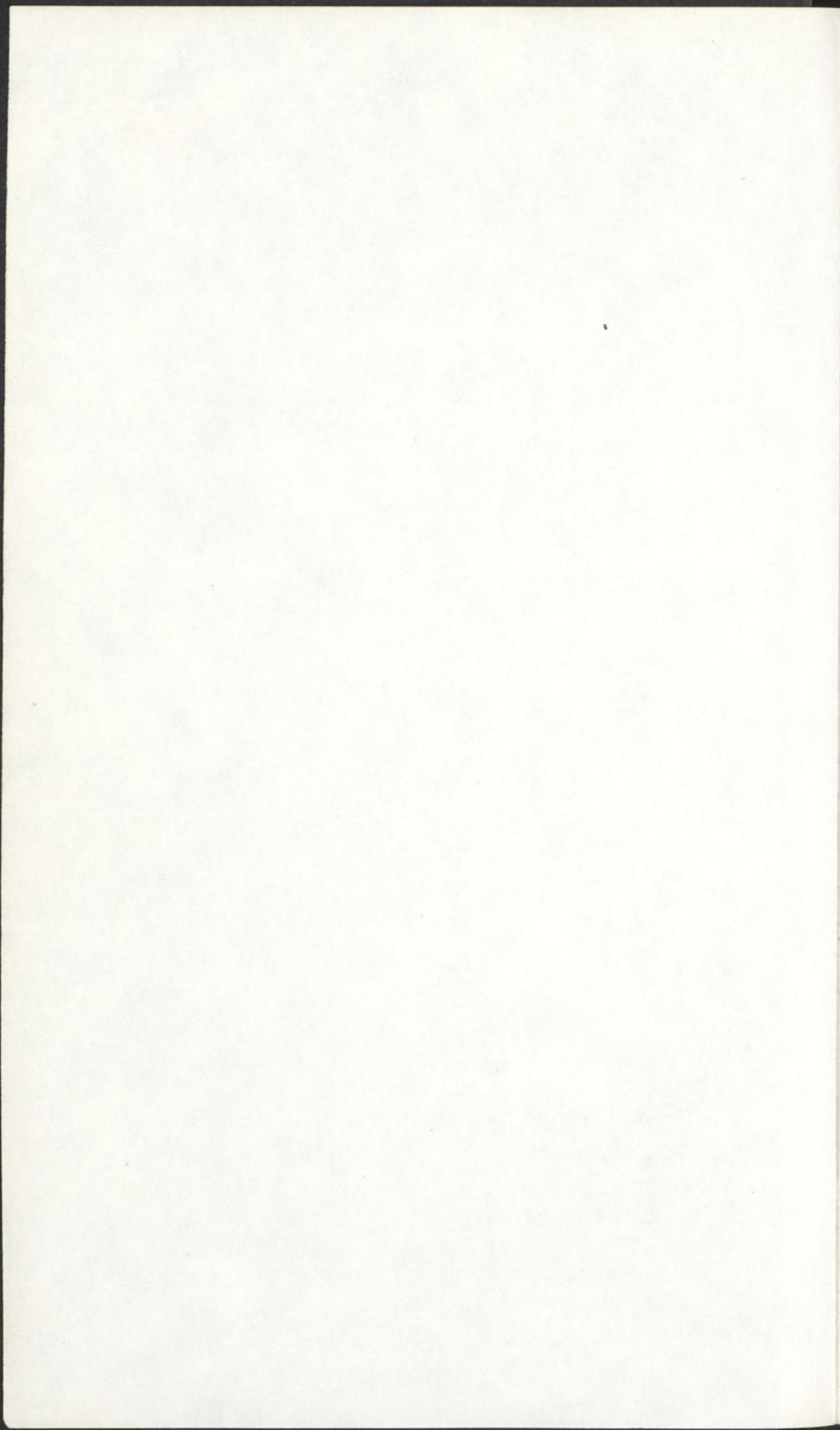
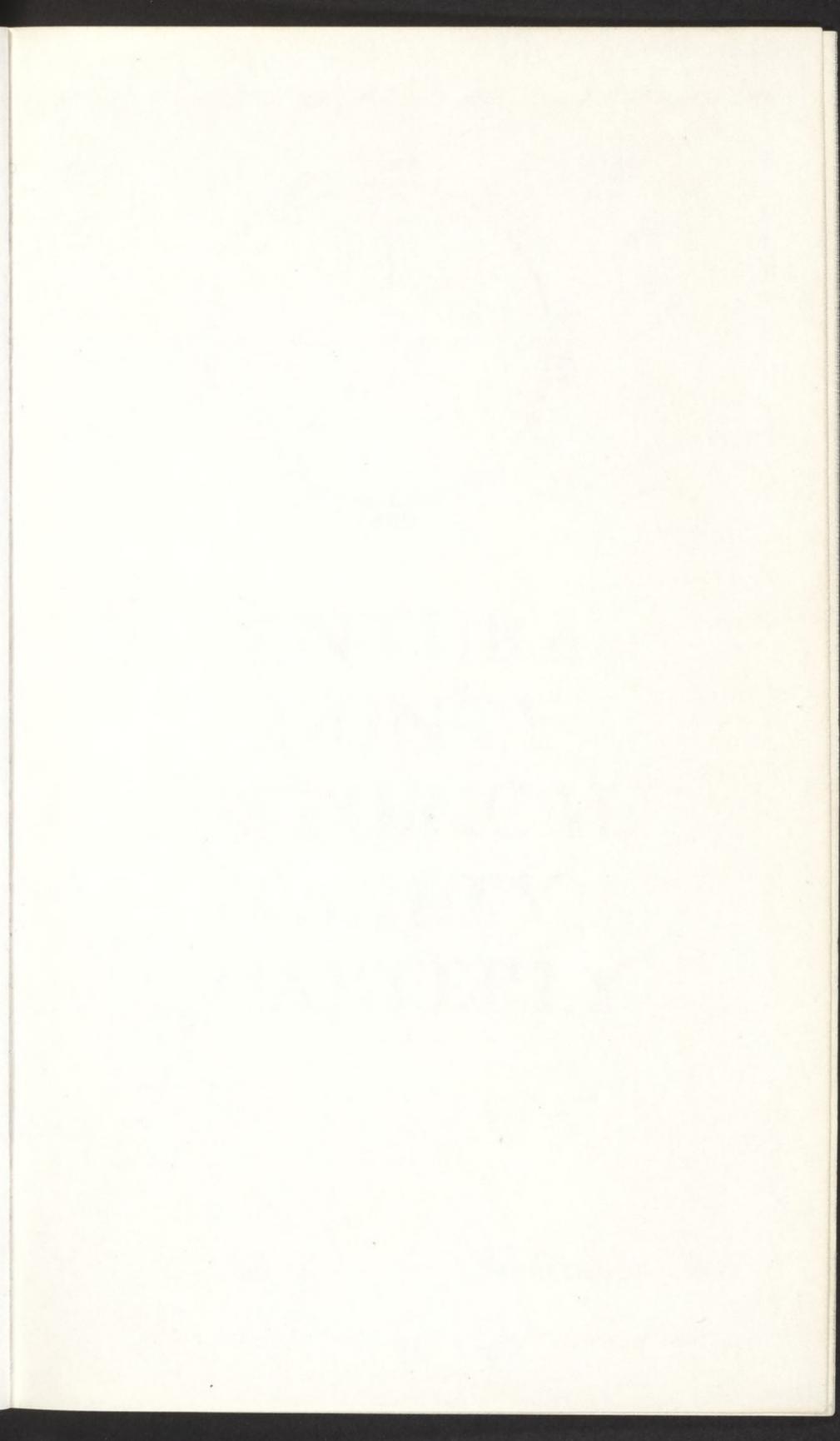
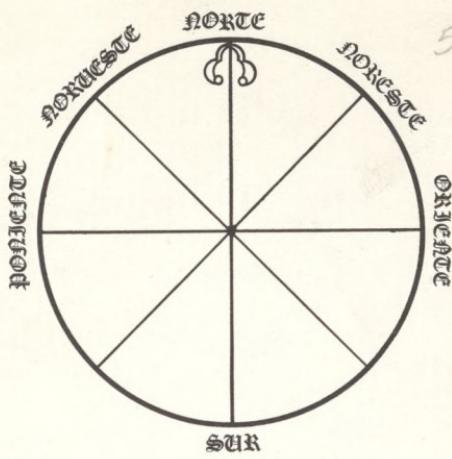


Ventura County Museum of History & Art
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VENTURA COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY QUARTERLY

Vol. XIII, No. 1

November 1967

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The Ventura County Historical Society

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The Ventura County Historical Society's headquarters is the Pioneer Museum, 77 North California Street, Ventura, California. There are four classes of membership: active, \$5 per year; husband and wife, \$7.50 per year; sustaining, \$25 per year; and life, \$100.

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Notice

Mr. Willett has made research about his ancestor and the Arizona of that time one of his specialties. Jack Willett lent the diary, and supplied additional information. The compass on the cover, and the titling on the document are both taken from the manuscript.



Miss Scott



Mrs. Cameron

JANET SCOTT CAMERON

While history was but one facet of the activities of Janet Scott Cameron, it is the most familiar. The article we are reprinting from the *Ventura Signal* is dated June 3, 1910. Besides talks in the schools she prepared two itineraries for historical tours. Mrs. Cameron was a charter member of the Ventura County Historical Society, served as a director 1960-1966, and was a member of the editorial staff of the *Quarterly* from 1956. She contributed four articles to our periodical, and was the author of two books: *Simi grows up, the story of Simi, Ventura County, California* and *Moorpark, the star of the valley*.

EARLY DAYS IN THE SIMI VALLEY

By JANET SCOTT CAMERON

"I had always wondered what named the big Simi ranch in Ventura county," said Robert W. Poindexter through the columns of the *Los Angeles Graphic*. "I once asked Senator Bard; but he seemed in doubt, said he thought that it was an Indian name. It remained for me to trace its origin this summer while I was in Florence. I there discovered that Simi was the name of an old Florentine family, descendants of whom had settled in southern California early in the 19th Century. It was they undoubtedly who gave the ranch its title."

In the 60's and before, the Simi ranch, with other properties probably extending below Somis, belonged to a noble Spanish family, the De la Guerras, one member of whom, Judge De la Guerra, was a Superior Judge in Santa Barbara. With the advent of the Americans this family relinquished all of its holdings, except the Tapo to the syndicate founded by President Tom Scott of the Pennsylvania Road. Thomas Bard acted as manager of the estate for many years. Then in 1888 Bard, Perkins and General Miles purchased and turned over to the Simi Land and Water Co., of which Robert W. Poindexter was secretary, 96,000 acres for which they paid \$650,000. Before that the land could have been bought for \$1 per acre.

In 1874 a traveler journeying this way would have looked upon a valley whose virgin soil had as yet been unbroken for commercial purposes. No trees save the oaks about the tunnel and three or four old sycamores in the center, no fields of grain, not even a house was to be seen. Instead sheep grazed on native grasses that grew abundantly and drank from the waters of the Arroyo. Paths were made and rejected at will by the little animals and their keepers. A courteous Spaniard, if one were about, would direct a bewildered wanderer over the western hills to the coast beyond.

In 1874 came the first Americans into our valley; Bates, Brown & Co. built the adobe of Strathearn's. In 1875 Mr. C. E. Hoar followed. These men were engaged in the

sheep industry, and for the sake of convenience divided the valley between them: the portion north of the Arroyo from Strathearn's to the Los Angeles County line falling to Mr. Hoar, and Strathearn's place and all land south of the Arroyo as far as Henderson's to Mr. Brown.

Life was very simple in those days. The De la Gueras at the Tapo entertained lavishly. Their home was open and theirs the only large orchard for many miles around. Guests rode horseback from Ventura and Los Angeles, and picnics and dancing parties were long looked forward to and long remembered. Twice every year a band of Piru sheep shearers would ride in to help our herdsmen shear their sheep. Camulos wine made the work light indeed, and it was undoubtedly with much regret that our shepherds saw their neighbors ride away.

At this time a six-horse stage ran from Santa Barbara to Los Angeles daily, bringing mail and provisions; but in 1875 this route was changed to go by way of Conjeo, so the Simi settlers took turns weekly going for their mail. One week Mr. Hoar or his men would go, and the next week Mr. Brown and so on. Provisions had to be hauled from Ventura.

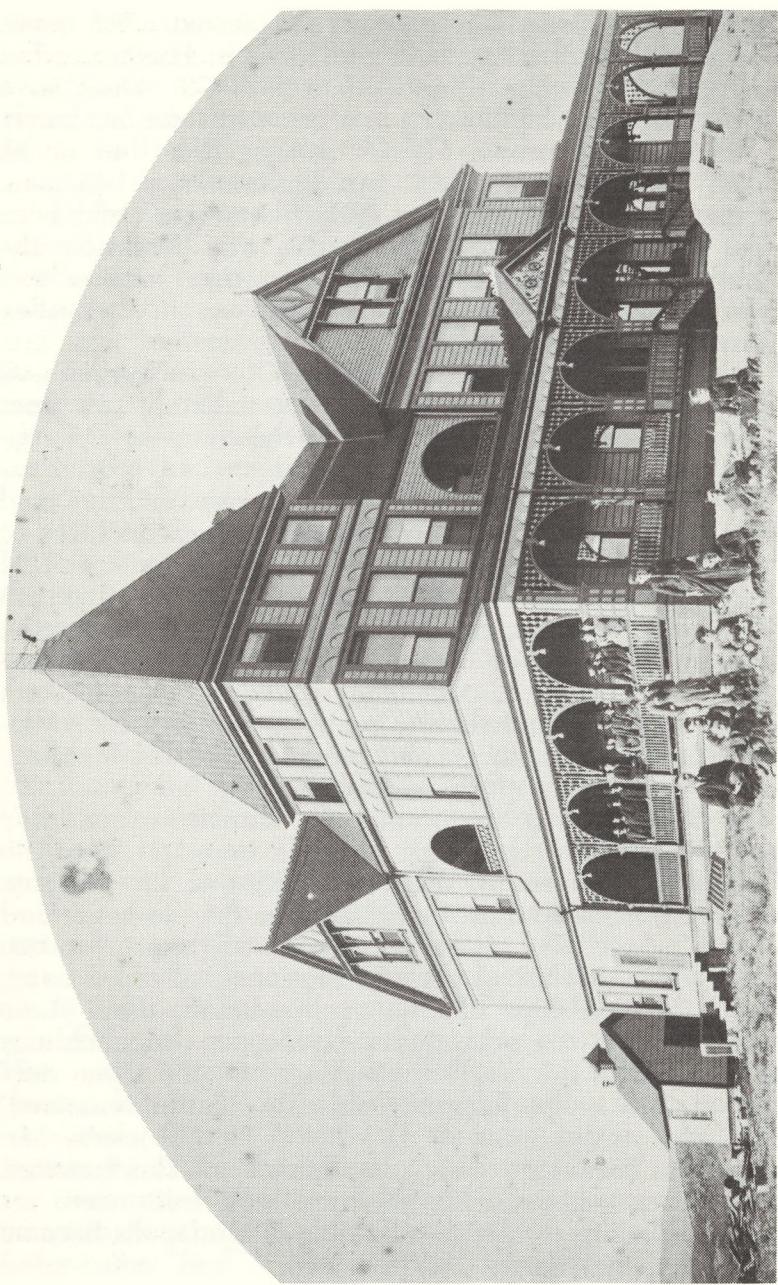
1877 was a dry year. The only land that had been broken was the strip where J. C. Scott lived; and on this Mr. Evans and his partner raised sixty tons of hay, the only hay that was or ever had been raised in Simi. It was with difficulty too, that this was done. Doves of wild horses annoyed our frontier farmers to such an extent that they were compelled to shoot them down in much the same way that we do coyotes and crows today. It was at this time that Mr. Evans' partner was killed, the first white man to die in Simi: the man lost control of his team; and a harrow was dragged over him, killing him almost immediately. The body was taken to Hueneme. In 1878 the De la Guerras lost their last hold. The Tapo went to A. Bernheim for debt. One of the De la Guerra girls married Judge Sepulveda of the Los Angeles Superior Court.

From this time on until 1887 white men continued to settle in Simi, among whom was Mr. M. Stones in '86. Later came "Bud" Taylor, Barnett, Saviers and the Mahans.

More and more land was plowed and sowed. Big teams hauled the wheat, barley, wool and hides to Hueneme, but indeed this had to be done as late as 1898. Once in a while a sheepman would bring in a bride to share his lonely lot. In 1880 Mr. Brown married a Miss Rice, but in '83 they moved away. After this Mr. Philbrooks, a bee man, lived on the Strathearn place. The first white child born in Simi was the tiny son of Mr. Penlan who lived near the tunnel. These people stayed but a short time. Years later this tiny baby, grown to a strong man, was in the valley working on a hay press.

In 1888 the Simi Land and Water Co. was formed and the Simi Hotel built. A stage was immediately run from San Fernando by Mr. C. B. McCoy of the company. Large and small tracts of land were surveyed and advertised extensively. In eastern papers in large type could be read all about the advantages of Simi with perhaps pictures of the newly built hotel, an imposing structure, and also of fishing parties on our creek. These did not say that fish could be caught there, the picture was for ornament only; but nevertheless it made a good impression on holiday fishermen. In Chicago a colonizing company was formed, which bought land and then shipped out to the new settlers lumber that had been cut and prepared for building. Hence the similarity of the colony houses.

In '88 the emigrants came. A desolate place they found, no town, no buildings, no fruit trees, no store, no conveniences or even the bare necessities of life. Many, discouraged, gave up and started at once for the home and plenty they had left. A bare present with few prospects, with friends and relatives perhaps thousands of miles away, with all the hardships of frontier life before them these proved obstacles too great to overcome; so their holdings were forfeited to the original company. Of the seven doctors who were in the company only Dr. Nutter remained. Others who stayed were A. H. Davis, Mrs. Brickett, Mr. Lewis, Mrs. Paranteau and John Sawtelle. The forfeited land however was soon bought by others, trees were set out, improvements of all kinds made and Simiapolis became a happy little village.



One colonist found it impossible to ever come to California, so she deeded her property to the Methodists to be used as a church. In this building, small though it was, every public meeting was held. Here on week days the children came to school to Mr. Pendleton, Simi's first school master. On Saturday nights the rough benches used as desks were pushed back and light feet kept merry time to some good old Arkansas rag. Those were Simi's first balls. Then on Sunday hither came the people to divine services; and who can say that theirs was not as sincere worship as many more favored. On the streets of Simi could be seen costumes of all ages, from hoop skirts even then long out of date, to more fashionable ones of the time.

Mr. Hoar's Humming Birds Nest, then his residence, was a veritable Garden of Eden. By this time he had all sorts of fruits and flowers and many there are who remember the basket of fruit and flowers so thoughtfully given them when such things were so hard to procure. The four horse stage run from San Fernando will always be remembered by those who chanced to ride over in it, as many did. The driver, an old Californian, loved to try the "Tenderfeet" and would race up the trails of the oldest pass of the mountain and down again, chuckling to himself at the frightened faces of the passengers with him.

During the next three or four years many settlers came, among them Mr. T. Phillips, C. A. Havens, J. C. Scott, M. L. Montgomery, the Warrens and Howlands, W. H. Gardner, R. P. Strathearn and J. S. Appleton, the Printzes, Nortons and F. J. Fitzgerald, S. E. Bolan, S. B. Bagnall, Joe McDonald and E. C. Gillebrand. Rough houses for the most part were erected and just in time for during the winter of '89 and '90 fearful storms were experienced. At one time for forty days the sun scarcely shone although, of course, it did not rain all the time. The stage was stopped. The newly made roads were impassable. It was out of the question for neighbors in the farming district to communicate with each other. Each was virtually a prisoner on his own farm. Sheets of water spread out over much of the land. At last the rain had ceased and a plucky shepherd living where Mr. Hoar had his piggery started

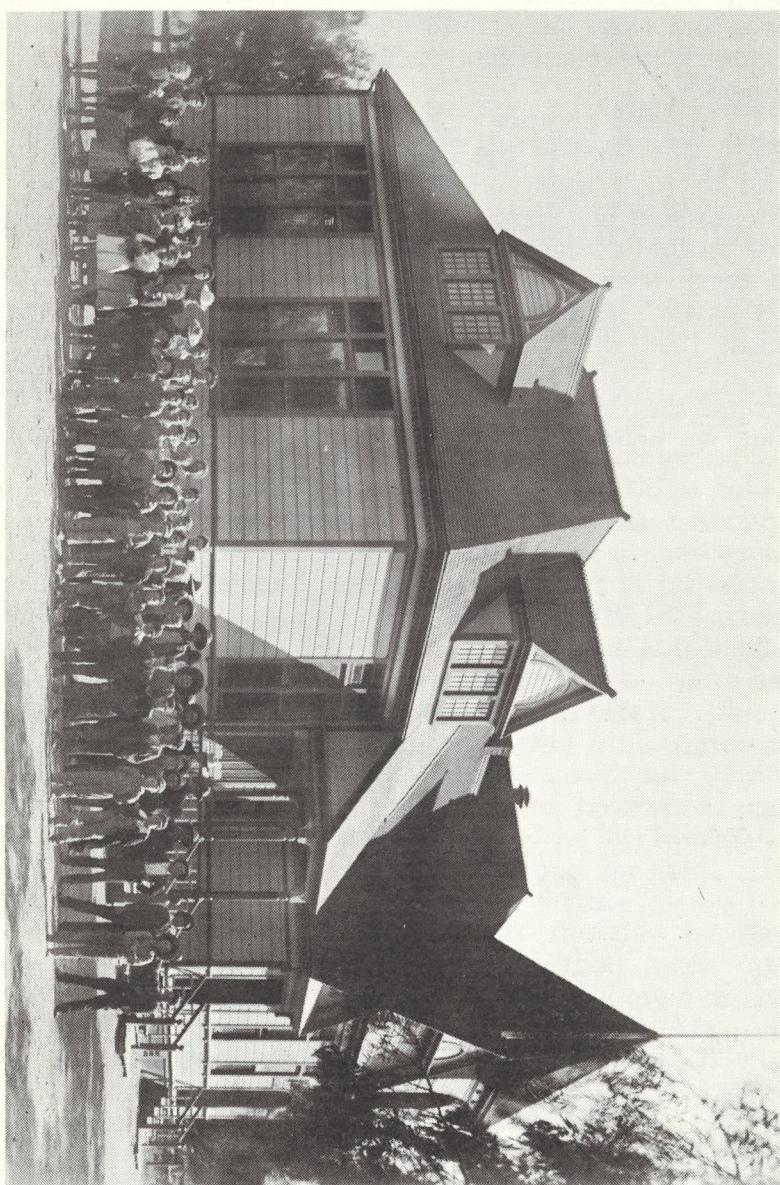
to the colony. On the road between Mr. Hoar's and J. C. Scott's the poor horse went down almost to his body. The distracted man called over a few neighbors and after working hard for half a day the animal was rescued. This is the method they employed. Sacks were filled with straw and placed about him, then the men would lift him a little, push under the sacks, lift a little more and so on. Finally through the combined efforts of both horse and men, he was able to be shod with sacks of straw and safely led back to camp. A fat sheep was the neighbor's reward.

One afternoon in August of 1889 the air was stifling. Clouds of dense smoke completely obscured the sun. Looking up the treeless tracts toward the tunnel, billows of smoke and fire were seen rolling up the mountains onward. Men and teams set to work at once to plow the stubble just east of the road running north and south through the valley. This was the salvation of Simi, although men with sacks wet in water from the creek did what they could.

At this time the county road followed the south bank of the Arroyo. All roads were very convenient for they ran everywhere; and if there was no road the particular way one wanted to go, one went that way anyhow.

Upon the advent of the colonists, Mr. Sawtelle set up the store all know so well and stocked it with goods he brought some years before from New York to Nebraska and at last out here. In addition to keeping store Mr. Sawtelle, or "Honest John" as he was called, ran the stage which was usually a cart bringing the mail and small articles he did not have in his own store from San Fernando. In one instance a spool of white thread was wanted. This Honest John did not have; so the next day he brought it over, charging five cents for the thread and ten cents for his trouble, fifteen cents in all.

In 1890 the first part of the present Simi schoolhouse was built; and in the fall school opened with Miss Northcott as teacher, soon however to be succeeded by Mrs. F. J. Fitzgerald. A long, tedious, dusty day's journey it was to Los Angeles; to drive was the only way, and people usually went prepared to bring back a load of provisions, for all goods had to be hauled in until 1900 when the local



Simi School

train began running from Ventura and Oxnard. Then it was four years more until the completion of the tunnel that opened the coast line between San Francisco and Los Angeles.

In 1890 another store was started in Simi by George Frey who tired of the business in a month or so and sold out to John Keir and Mr. Stones. In about a year Mr. Stones sold his share to W. S. Keir who afterwards bought his brother's interest and conducted the business. In 1902 a Presbyterian church was organized with Rev. Furneaux as pastor. A building for worship was erected and used until 1908 when services were discontinued.

Simi continued to grow and prosper. Good years followed the dry, discouraging ones; and of those who held out, we believe not one is sorry he made the venture.

JACKLIN WILLETT

By RICHARD D. WILLETT

This diary is the personal account of a few critical months in the life of a western pioneer whose restless spirit drove him to spend much of his lifetime in a hazardous search for riches, far from the usual haunts of mankind. During this time death was always with him: hunger, thirst, accident, Indians.

Jacklin Willett was born in Columbiana County, Ohio June 13, 1838, received his education in Illinois and there learned the blacksmith's trade. In 1859 he crossed the plains to look for gold in Nevada and California. While threshing wheat for an uncle, he lost two joints of one of his middle fingers, repairing the threshing machine; so he was forced to accept his share of the crop (\$2,000 in gold) and return to his home by the Isthmus of Panama. Aboard ship he carried his stake around with him in a cloth sack.

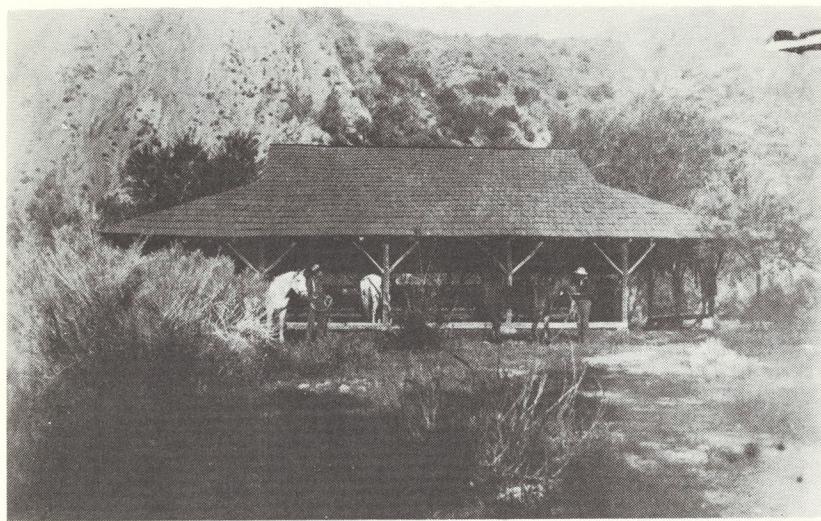
He owned a general store for a few years in Jeffersonville, Illinois and also ran a milling business until 1873 when he sold out and returned to California with his family and purchased fifty acres of land on Ventura Avenue. With his brother-in-law, Mr. Lorenzo D. Chillson, and others he built the Ventura Flouring Mill from which the Mill Grammar School obtained its name. The mill was swept away by a flood of the Ventura River at a later date; however it was not a financial success for Mr. Willett and he left his family on his ranch and went to Arizona to prospect for gold. He did not see them again for some seven years.

The diary which follows recounts the day by day happenings of a pack trip which Mr. Willett made into the rugged Sierra Madre Mountains east of the town of Bavispe, Sonora, Mexico to prospect for gold. On May 17, 1885, thirteen days after Jacklin Willett left Fort Bowie, Geronimo and his band of Chiricahua Apaches (forty-three men and one hundred and one women and children) broke away from the reservation and rode headlong south until they arrived at their old strongholds into which Grandad and his "pard" were heading.

They chose the route on the New Mexico side of the



The cabin



The barn

Chiricahua Mountains. Willett went down the Sulphur Spring Valley side, and probably crossed the line near the present towns of Douglas and Aqua Prieta. On June 20 130 Apache Scouts, a troop of U. S. Cavalry (about 40 men) and 2 pack trains came over the crest of the Sierra Madre Mountains by the trail General Crook made in 1883.

How he did not discover these troops or find out more about the Indians can probably only be explained by the vast distances of the country and the lack of communications. Sometime later, at the St. Louis World's Fair I believe, Geronimo was one of the "attractions" and Grandfather spoke to him there in Spanish. It would be interesting to know what they had to say to each other.

While staking the Gridley Trail for the government (working as a trailviewer as the job was called in those days) Willett noticed a small stream entering the Sespe River, and following it to its source discovered the Little Sespe Hot Springs. He took a bath in the small pool, found that his rheumatism was benefitted thereby and later filed on several hundred acres of the land lying along the Sespe River back of Mount Topa Topa. Here he built a cabin and barn, planted trees and pasture and raised cattle and



Jacklin Willett stands out tall above the others

horses until his barn was swept away by a storm; and he left the Sespe in the year 1908, never to return. Many early day Ojai citizens may remember the pack train when he came out for supplies.

I recall my grandfather as a huge mound of a man with a beard, well over six feet in height, who walked with a limp. He carried a heavy cane, and was always doing something of great interest to little boys. My great friend died in 1915.

J. WILLETT

Born June 13, 1838
Home is in San Buenaventura, Ventura Co., California
Late of Clifton, Ariz.

May 4, 1885 Left Fort Bowie for Frontier Points and traveled over grassy plain and camped on small stream near Riges Ranch.

May 5 Continued south passing the Eldorado Ranch which is owned by the Chiricahua Cattle Company & camped on a beautiful little stream some 5 miles south of Ranch. This whole country is level and reminds one of Illinois.

May 6 Traveled about 15 miles & camped near a German family on a small stream 5 miles above Frank Leslie's.

May 7 Went to Silver Creek 18 miles & camped on ranch owned by Erz Cattle Co.

May 8 Laid over and rested.

May 9 Went to San Barsa Ranch on Mexican land & camped. This is a Mex grant and is owned by Mr. Slaughter.

May 10 Being Sunday I did not move.

May 11 Traveled about 15 miles South through the ranch & along a creek formed by springs. This creek runs the whole length of this Grant. Plenty of Mesquit & ash trees.

May 12 Traveled across a mesa & camped on a creek 20 miles. Had to dig for water.

May 13 Traveled about 15 miles & camped on a creek with plenty of good water.

May 14 Traveled 15 miles & camped on the Bavispe River which is a beautiful stream with plenty of shade. The days are warm but the nights are quite cool.

May 15 Traveled up the river about 15 miles. There is abundance of corn growing in places along this stream.

May 16 Arrived at Bavispe, a small Mexican town about 10 o'clock & met a countryman Mr. Russell who is connected with the doctor of the town in mining who kindly invited me to share company out of 4 miles distant which I gladly accepted and camped with him & companero.

May 17 Bavispe is a village of about 300 inhabitants, has a church & raises considerable corn and wheat. Sam-

magil lies 3 miles down the river from Bavispi on a beautiful flat & is quite a nice village of about 150 inhabitants. Here I spent many pleasant days at the house of Senor Geronemo Baries who has a sister living with him who is a friend to Americans. As to her charms it is as well to proceed & will say that she is everything that composes the word lovely. Epitocia Balverdia will be remembered. In this village there is a bell which has cast in it these figures 1736. The whooping cough is in full blast in the village which brought my medical knowledge to the front & I treated a few malignant cases quite successfully & was the means of making me many strong friends.

June 1 Leaving many things with my friend Baries & camped one mile from the village. Just at dark one Place Semonago took one of my pack animals & took him to Bavispe. He had not got far before there was a boy sent to my camp to tell me of it and I followed him accompanied by one L. Weber to Bavispe, found the man & accused him of it. He denied it first but finally took me through his house & into the back yard where he had him & gave him up. I did not try to do anything with him as it would be useless here. He said it was a mistake. We camped near the village of Bascaraca on the sand with stock all picketed & also I watched. We had all our stock this morning & let it out to eat around the camp when a Mexican rode up & took a reatta off the burros (nigh) in sight of camp. They are all good friends to you but they will come nearer stealing everything that they can than any people that I ever saw. I hope there are some good people but they seem to be in the minority.

June 3 We traveled 1 mile & came to the village of Bascaraca which is situated on the Bavispe River. It is a nice place of about 400 inhabitants here. We had every kindness shown to us. Met one old Californian. We are traveling East of South. Up here the river formation is amalpi. So far we camped on the river with plenty of grass and out of reach of Mexicans.

June 5 We started on the old Indian trail around the box. After going a mile Weber's horse fell over the cliff and hurt himself so that we had to shoot him. We turned

back & one of my burros was knocked off the trail & we had hard work to save him. Camped in same place.

June 4 Traveled 10 miles. Had some trouble cutting our way through the cane which is very plenty here on the banks of the river. Camped near right below the box of the river.

June 5 We left in the morning. We caught a nice mess of fish of which is plenty in the river.

June 6, 1885 We have spent the day in prospecting the country for the best route as going up the stream is not practicable.

June 7 We packed up and went to the left of the stream. Have went nearly north about twelve miles & came to some nice pines on the summit of the range & stopped for noon. We turn over our course and travel East some 5 miles & camp. Very little water. Formation porphyry.

June 8 We started early and traveled some 4 miles & come to running water & stop to hunt & prospect but did not make a success at either.

June 8 We moved out early and tried hard to get on the summit of the range but failed & had to go into camp a mile below. Succeeded in getting a little water to drink out of a canyon below but had no water for the animals.

June 9 This morning we made some trail & succeeded in getting on the summit about 9 o'clock. This brings us in to heavy timber (pine) which is plenty and quite straight. The formation is malpi. We traveled South East about 6 miles, most of the time down a canyon in search of water, which we found & camped for the day.

June 10 Remained in camp without moving.

June 11 We traveled East about Eight miles over a very rough country but plenty of water. We camped on the ridge some distance from the water.

June 12 We moved about 2 miles to water & camped for the day & prospected the gulch for gold. Black sand but no gold.

June 13 We gained the summit & came in to a beautiful pine grove of timber & the country is quite level & covered with grass. There are numerous signs of the old inhabitants of which history has no accountin the way of

old ruins & terracing by the building of stone walks to make level places to cultivate. I found some old pottery which resembles the painting of the Chinese. This is my birthday & everything went smooth until noon when we were taking off the packs I saw a big bear coming into camp. I got my rifle & told my pard to hide. He came up within 25 yards & stopped. My gun snapped and before I could reset my pard shot him with a revolver & ran him off. I was so d-d mad that I could scarcely see for the remainder of the day. We camped near the river for the night.

June 14 We moved down on the river & camped for the day.

June 15 We moved up the stream some 5 miles & camped. This is a beautiful stream with nice flats all along which could be cultivated. The water would be easy to get out for irrigation, there is an immense range for stock, and plenty of pine and oak timber. By exploring we found this to be a branch of the main river, the junction being some four miles below this stream—comes in very near north. There is cattle and horse sign on the stream, none that is fresher than 3 to 6 months.

June 16 Our moccasins needed mending & we layed over for that purpose. I explored a creek laying West & North for some 5 miles up which there is a plain Indian trail. No signs of mineral anywhere on these creeks, but plenty of turkeys. They come into camp sometimes but deer seem to be scarce. Plenty of bear.

June 17 We moved out in a south direction this morning and came to the main creek in 3 miles, which turns at this point and heads south. We panned some of the gravel but no gold & moved on up the creek which is finely timbered with pine & oak, sycamore & maple. The canyon is narrow but animals can pass along very well. We made about 10 miles and camped.

June 18 We went up the river about 3 miles & found it very rough. My pard went to see if we could get up the mountain side and stayed until the middle of the afternoon & reported unfavorably. I cannot think there would be much trouble in going out, but will take him at his word & go back to camp for the night.

June 19 We gained the mesa in about two hours & went around the box on the west side & traveled some 8 miles & came back to the river just above the box & camped some 2 miles about in a little valley which I will call Fountain Valley as it is full of springs & is a beautiful place and will be valuable some day as a stock ranch. This whole country is a vast pasture.

June 20 We continued our journey up the river for some 5 miles & camped for noon & it rained so we lay over for the day.

June 21 Got off about noon as the morning was wet & traveled up the river about 8 miles. Good traveling. No mineral. Beautiful stream.

June 22 It was wet and we did not move.

June 23 We moved out early & took the ridge on the right of stream & came back to it in about 3 miles but had to leave it on account of miring the animals. We left it entirely at noon & traveled West of South some 7 miles & came to a beautiful stream running southwest & camped.

June 24 We traveled down the stream southwest about 7 miles when a rain came up & we camped for the day.

June 25 We lost a canteen off the pack yesterday & had to go back & it rained at noon again & we did not move.

June 26 We moved down the stream about four miles & struck the main Bavispe River, went up a short distance & camped on account of rain. We had been mistaken in thinking that we were on the main stream which was the north fork. The main stream is large & runs South East.

June 27 We left the river & went up the mountain on the left & traveled some ten miles & came to an open country & camped on a beautiful meadow. There we found our first porphery & quartz "narty".

June 28 We did not move & spent the day in hunting some wild cattle whose tracks we had seen, but did not find them. This is a prarie 6 x 8 miles long & is the finest stock range that I have seen. There can be got 500 acres of farm land, level & rich, & would need no irrigation. There are some 8 or 10 head of cattle running here. No signs of Indians nowhere around.

June 29 We got off at noon & traveled south of west

& made 8 miles. Saw 2 deer & one bear, first that we have seen for many days. Country round our camp very broken & rough.

June 30 No rain last night & I took the train & went up the mountain & pard went down the canyon to prospect. I made about 6 miles traveling in a circle to the right & west. I camped on a nice little river running north of west. I suppose it to be the fork of the Bavispe River judging from the course it runs & is about 15 miles south & west of the main river. I shot a bear today but did not get him. Night & my pard is not in yet.

July 1 Pard is lost & I have been to his camp this morning & he had left. I supposed he had come in but he is not here at 10. It may be serious as it appears as he cannot follow the trail. This is a sad day. In keeping a smoke for him the camp caught fire & burned all the saddles, ropes, clothing & blankets & tent, about 75 dollars worth. Saved some flour. Pard still out.

July 2 Hunted pard today. Went to old camp. He had been there & had a turkey but had gone. I felt great relief to see that he had something to eat. I think he has started home while he has meat. I am very lonesome.

July 3 I went to work this morning to make saddles & fix up again. I will be in traveling order by the 5th. At least pard is certainly homeward bound.

July 4 I work all day except when it is raining. No tooting of horns or feasting.

July 5 Work until noon & then it rains. Will get off tomorrow.

July 6 Got started at noon & got on top of mountain & had some trouble in finding the pass & camped.

July 7 Moved out early & got through the pass all right except in fixing the saddles I had to use bayonet for ropes & latigoes & they do not suit for such rough country. I made about 10 miles & camped. I crossed a mineral belt but did not look after it.

July 8 Got off late on account of rain during the night. Made 4 or 5 miles & camped on account of rain for the day.

July 9 Started at 10 o'clock. Went a mile & killed a deer & camped. This is the first deer on the trip. There

is plenty of Indian sign. This appears to be their hunting ground. I think that they left some weeks ago on account of rain.

July 10 This morning as I was packing up a bear ran the burros up & I shot him in camp. He ran $\frac{1}{4}$ mile & laid down when I followed & killed him. Got off late & went 2 miles to oak timber & camped in order to dry my meat.

July 11 Worked all day drying meat. A beautiful day & night.

July 12 Went out to break rock but found nothing but some porphery. Finished my meat.

July 13 Got off late & made about 6 miles. Country very rough. Course north of west.

July 14 Worked hard all day & made about 4 miles. This is the worst place that ever I saw. It is an Indian stronghold. The pass runs in to a rocky wedge & they have a fort built on the ridge. I had to leave the ridge & pass & go down in the canyon. How I got there is more than I can tell now.

July 15 Got off early & worked hard. Made about 7 miles. Camped on a small stream running west. The country south is very rough & red. There must be gold in there somewhere but I am too short of rations to undertake it as rough as it is. I am moving on downstream west.

July 16 Off early & made good headway. Rained hard 1 hour. I came to the junction of 3 streams & camped; 1 comes from the west; 1 from the south & I came in on the other from the S.E. This is the first place that looks good prospecting. The country is red & scrynite on top, full of tiff & I think well of this place. I tried the gulch for gold but did not get a color. There is nice gravel here. The main stream runs East of North. I made about 10 miles today. I am tired you bet.

July 17 Tried to go down the canyon but run into a box & had to climb out on the west side. Soon came into open country. Made about 8 miles, camped.

July 18 Got off early & crossed the summit. Hard work.

July 19 Got off early & worked hard. The worst mountain I ever saw. Plenty of porphery & signs of mineral country, red. Made about 4 miles. Camped in the hard-

est looking basin in the world.

July 20 Trouble all day. I made about 4 miles & camped. There is a canyon that I cannot cross.

July 21 Have been trying all forenoon to make a crossing & have failed so far. Going to the left got in canyon & camped. Made 2 miles. Grub getting short. No bread, all meat with a little flour for gravy. Things look a little blue just now but where there is a will there is a way.

July 22 Started early & went about 2 miles & killed a deer. Bless God. I found the route impossible & came back to camp. Spent the day in jerking the meat & dressing the hide. Got terrible wet at night.

July 23 Did not move & spent the day in drying meat.

July 24 Completed meat & hide & here I had my blanket piled full of fly blows, a quart or more, & had to spend much time in getting them off.

July 25 Got off late & moved about 6 miles & camped in 2 miles of the place I was last Sunday noon but crossed the canyon. Heavy rain & got very wet. All my cinches & everything was fly blowed & the wet hatched & every place covered with the little worms. I am pouring on hot water. This is the worst deal of my life. The country is broken & red. Looks well for gold but have not seen any yet.

July 26 Laid over in order to dry up & get rid of the worms which are plenty as well as to get a little rest. I am worn out & look more like a corpse than a prospector. I was scared the other day when I saw myself.

July 27 Made about 8 miles over the worst country I ever saw. No mineral yet. Think I am too high up. Timber, oak, streams running S. E. but little game or anything else.

July 28 Made about 8 miles, up hill all the way. Had to go back to the high mountains to head the canyons.

July 29 Made about 4 miles & was tired out & camped & roasted some mescal.

July 30 Worked hard all day among the canyons & camped on the mountain. Made about a mile.

July 31 Killed a deer & camped to jerk meat & tan the hide. This is a hard looking country, everywhere cut with

deep canyons & almost impassable. I see plenty of horse manure so someone has beeен ahead of me.

August 1 Remained in camp & fixed up saddles & completed drying meat.

August 2 Got off early & went back over the same ridge that I tried the other day. Lucky. Moved N. W. & struck a plain trail about 4 o'clock running N. down a canyon. Feel good.

August 3 Continued on trail & came into creek. The trail is lined with horse bones. Canyon gets very rough. Wind out on the East side. Traveled 3 miles top hill & had to return having lost the trail in the creek. Came back & camped.

August 4 Have been trying all day to find the trail down the canyon & have failed & have to climb the hill in the morning & am suffering with the piles and am entirely worn out. Trust in God as it seems He has been with me along. Just when I need a deer I get it & it seems to me that there is some one that is interceeding for me & my preservation. I have made up my mind if God is so good as to permit me to get out I will go to the land of sunshine & flowers & never take any more chances in the mountains for gold or silver.

August 5 I went back on top of hill & tried to find a way along the summit but I failed as it is nothing but cliffs. On investigating I have concluded this is the Crook trail as I find bottles & cans along & the trees chopped out of the way & have returned to the creek & intend to go down the canyon if in the range of possibility. I feel some better today & think I will be all right in a few days. My coffee is just gone & my flour which I have been using for gravy is about out. Then it will be meat straight if I can kill any more, if not a burro must be killed. I have a jenny that will have a colt in a few days and then I will kill the colt and have milk.

August 6 I have failed again in getting down the canyon. Have worked hard all day & am in the same camp I left this morning. I take the other end of the trail south in the morning and see how it comes out. There is cattle sign & heads and feet on the upper end of trail. I think

they have come from some ranch below, taken by the Indians. This is a hard problem for me to solve.

August 7 I moved out early & gained the top of the hill & went down on the other side about 3 miles & camped on account of rain. Here there is plenty of sweet acorns & that will make meal, & some deer. I have to stop soon as I am giving out in the legs.

August 8 Traveled west on good trail. Country rough & plenty of water. Camped on mountain.

August 9 Traveled west all day. Came in to smooth & grass country. Trail plain & good. Malpi. Drainage west.

August 10 Trail turns more south & comes into a well traveled trail. I stop as it is taking me too far south. I think I missed the junction. I will go back. Had to kill colt.

August 11 Layed over to dry meat. I am now satisfied I want the other end of the fresh trail as it is a good pack trail.

August 12 Did not move.

August 13 Got up late & went back on trail. Pack train went up canyon & had to leave the trail but I see some Mexicans & they showed me the route to Bavispe & they are going on I notice & they gave me some bread & it tasted good you bet.

August 14 Took trail early & soon came in a plain trail & soon again came in main trail way up. Stop for noon & when I went to pack up my burros were gone. I found a horse track mistook for theirs & concluded that some one was running them off. Was down and I followed to watch on a rise and I got two men to get them for 5 dol. It happened to be a trail of two men and burros who came in the trail & my burros were at camp all the time. 5 dol. lost and it went to the meanest man in the world. After I paid him his money for most nothing he wanted to send me away hungry but I understand it & made him come down with the beans and cheese, no bread, that is too mean to have bread for his own family.

August 15 Got boots, had milk for breakfast & came to north of here 3 miles.

Membership

NEW

Mr. and Mrs. Otto W. Haase
 Doyce B. Nunis, Jr.
 Mr. and Mrs. Clark R. Paulsen
 Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Sage
 Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius G. Ullman

HONORARY

J. H. Morrison

SUSTAINING

Richard Bard
 Roger Edwards
 Mr. and Mrs. Milton M. Teague
 Mr. and Mrs. Lester T. Shiells
 Mrs. Henry A. Levy

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Philip Bard
 Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Borchard
 Henry M. Borchard
 Mrs. E. C. Canet
 Mrs. Effie Bartlett Daly
 Mrs. Harold Dudley
 Mrs. Rosemary H. Duncan
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 Mrs. Helene Holve
 Carmen Camarillo Jones
 Mrs. Mary H. Norcop
 Mr. and Mrs. Francis Petit
 Mrs. Grace H. Smith
 Grace S. Thille
 John P. Thille
 Harry Valentine

Half a Century of Service

California Mutual Insurance Co. Organized on April 4, 1898 as the Ventura County Mutual Fire Insurance Co. with E. P. Foster, president; Nathan Blanchard, vice-president and Charles Barnard, secretary. This old Ventura County business firm has faithfully followed the high standards set by its pioneer founders.

Santa Paula Savings and Loan Association. Organized in April 1890 as the Santa Paula Building and Loan Association with J. R. Haugh, president; Caspar Taylor, vice-president and H. H. Youngken, secretary. This organization has served the interests of home owners and builders, as well as those of the investor.

County Stationers, Inc., 532 E. Main, Ventura. Successor to John J. MacGregor. Since 1898 Ventura County's complete stationer and office furniture dealer.

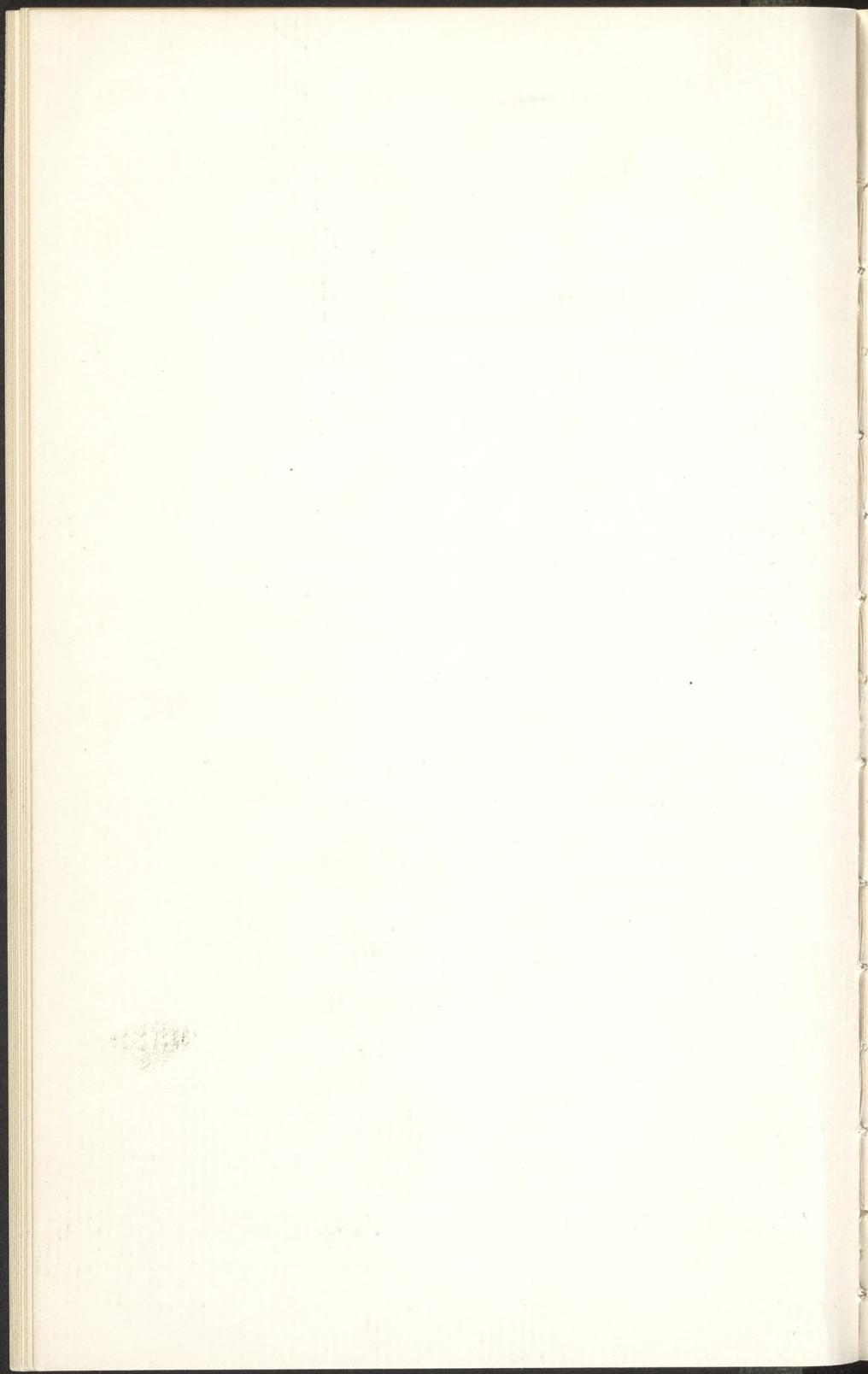
Bank of A. Levy, 143 W. Fifth St., Oxnard. Founded in 1900 by the late Achille Levy, who came to Hueneme in 1875. Since its inception Bank of A. Levy has been closely allied with the farm and ranch industries of Ventura County.

Title Insurance and Trust Company. Successor to Ventura Abstract Company, founded in 1893 by Charles Barnard and incorporated in 1898 by him and four associates, Lloyd Selby, J. S. Collins, Robert C. Sudden and John H. Reppy. The office has been in continuous operation in Ventura County since that time.

Joseph P. Reardon Funeral Chapel, 757 East Main Street, Ventura. Successor to the business established by the Reardon family in 1911 and conducted continually in Ventura since that date.

Janss Investment Corporation. The company began its first real estate development activities in 1889. Operations were moved to the Conejo Valley in 1954 with offices in Thousand Oaks and Newbury Park.

Union Oil Company of California. Incorporated in Santa Paula in 1890, its operations have spread from Ventura County to become world-wide.



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VENTURA COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY QUARTERLY

Vol. XIII, No. 2

February 1968

The Ventura County Historical Society

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The Ventura County Historical Society's headquarters is the Pioneer Museum, 77 North California Street, Ventura, California. There are four classes of membership: active, \$5 per year; husband and wife, \$7.50 per year; sustaining, \$25 per year; and life, \$100.

The *Quarterly* is published in February, May, August and November from the Society's headquarters at the Pioneer Museum. Grant W. Heil is Editor and the staff includes F. L. Fairbanks, J. H. Morrison, R. G. Percy, Mrs. Rafelita O. Philbrick and Richard D. Willett.

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Ventura County Historical Society
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THE HOBSON FAMILY OF VENTURA

By R. G. Percy

Notice

Mrs. Greenwood and Mr. Browne tell us again of the Indian and Spanish civilization their archeological excavations are exposing. The building they describe is almost identical with the Costa Mesa Estancia.

While Mr. Percy's account shows the written sources which were consulted, he also knew the Hobsons personally and by first hand report. The manuscript was checked by Mrs. Walter H. Hoffman, Jr. We have included the Flying H brand on the cover.

THE LOST CHAPEL OF SANTA GERTRUDIS

By ROBERTA S. GREENWOOD AND R. O. BROWNE

The notion of a "lost mission" is both appealing and romantic, and yet there are a number of mission chapels and outposts which were so well known during their useful life that no one bothered to record their locations. One of these was Santa Gertrudis, missing for nearly one hundred years. Although its rediscovery and archaeological excavation has been one of the happier chapters in local history, the remains were in peril of being buried once more under new highway construction for Route 33 between Ventura and Ojai.

It was the location, size and description of Santa Gertrudis which awaited rediscovery, not the proof of its existence. The Chapel had been built between 1804 and 1808, during the years when the present Mission of San Buenaventura was under construction. Sol Sheridan left this description of the "temporary adobe chapel" called at that time Santa Gertrudez:

The Chapel of Santa Gertrudez (it was no more than a chapel, nor was it ever meant to be more) stood under the high hill directly north of the Southern Pacific station of Canet . . . The spot had always been a sacred one to the Indians. There at the point where the Casitas Pass road branches from the road to Ojai, stood their own sacred tree, a great sycamore under whose wide-spread boughs they had always assembled to worship their primeval god; and amongst whose leaves, even down to modern times, they used to hang their offerings of gay feathers and bright cloth and the skin of animals.

Many of the local Indians settled in the vicinity of the Chapel, and their willow-thatched little houses gave the name Casitas to the region. Although the Chapel was erected primarily to minister to the inland Indians, it may have become the seat of worship for several months after December 8, 1812 when a succession of earthquakes rocked the coast; fearing a tidal wave the padres and their flocks moved to the interior until the front of the Mission was repaired. Again in 1818 the Mission of San Buenaventura was temporarily abandoned, this time in fear of the threatened invasion of Captain Hippolyte de Bouchard and two ships of Peruvian privateers. Jose Senan wrote of moving

"three leagues to the sierra in the interior," but there is no real evidence for the exact location of their refuge.

Research has, however, confirmed that the Camino Real passed directly by the suspected location of the Chapel. In 1931 Johns Harrington traced on foot the entire 595 miles of the ancient route from Los Angeles to Sonoma. With the aid of many outstanding historians (H. E. Bolton, Robert G. Cleland, Maynard Geiger and others) he established that the road turned north after leaving the San Buenaventura Mission, followed the course of the Ventura River and then traversed the Casitas Pass, rejoining the coast highway near Rincon Point. The location of the Chapel was fixed "about a half a mile south of the confluence of the Ventura River and Coyote Creek Canyon." In 1966 further studies by Russ Leadabrand verified this route, a deviation from the earlier path of Portola and Anza who had followed the coast line.

Since the original annual reports of the Mission begin only in 1810, they do not specifically mention the construction of the Chapel. One possible reference occurs in the 1828 report of Francisco Xavier Uria wherein he describes the rancherias along the Ventura River. His "third rancho" might be Santa Gertrudis with fourteen neophytes and the best of the Mission lands with oxen and horses. Geiger recalls reading that Santa Gertrudis was once a vineyard of the Mission.

Knowing only that the site was about seven miles inland, the researchers were delighted to find a map prepared November 10, 1847 as evidence in the land claim case of Joaquina Alvarado. Senora Alvarado had appealed to the Board of Commissioners to verify the patent to the Rancho Canada Larga o Verde, originally granted to her in 1841. The map showed the chapel by name, and located it with reference to the Ventura River and named canyons; this location coincides exactly with the results of the excavation. In his testimony before the Commissioners, Pablo de la Guerra verified that there were Indians living on the land in 1847, and that the property had been "occupied" by the Mission of San Buenaventura in 1828 and subsequently. He also called the canyon itself Santa Gertrudis. The United

Escala de Mellado

Cerro

- B. Sisa de Montañas
- C. Catedral - Oficio de Brea
- D. Oficio Pumiceo sin agua
- E. Oficio con la f. 300 gramos de f. 100
- F. Oficio de la Brea
- G. Oficio de la Brea y arena
- H. Oficio de la Brea y arena
- I. Oficio de la Brea y arena
- J. Oficio de la Brea y arena

Escala de Mellado

1 2 3



States attorney also declared that the lands were "possessed, occupied and cultivated by numerous Indians (Neophytes) of the said Mission of San Buenaventura."

Both Zephrynn Engelhardt and Mildred Hoover report that the Chapel once again substituted for the Mission in 1857 when the roof of the latter was damaged by earthquake. Hoover claims that the Chapel was being used in its stead as late as 1868; and apparently a group of Chumash, a surviving remnant of the rancheria of neophytes, was still in residence. Old Luis, a former Mission alcalde considered the chief of those Mission Indians yet in the area, reported that he had forty subjects "at the Canada in San Buenaventura valley" in 1861. By the 1880's, however, an eye-witness account describes the Chapel as in ruins:

Sometime later the buggy, with its load of rather weary travelers, reached Santa Gertrudes Mission. It was in ruins, its adobe cracked by time and weather, its tile roof sagging, but its small rooms could be seen. Near by were its tuna cactus and its fig tree. The mission garden, which was across the road, had only seven old pear trees still standing.

All the historical evidence and the old map suggested that the ruins would be found somewhere in a cultivated bean field of some thirty acres. But where? Shell, animal bone and stone flakes left by the Indians were widely scattered over the surface by years of plowing. The next clue came from ranch foreman, Mike Pulido, who pointed out where he had regularly encountered rocks during cultivation. Careful surveying confirmed a slight elevation in contour at this likely spot. The final routing of the new freeway revealed that this area was squarely in the middle of the right-of-way, so that if an investigation was not attempted promptly, the opportunity would be lost forever since the new roadbed will be elevated on top of twenty feet of fill.

With more hope than confidence, the archaeologists obtained a grant of funds from the Division of Highways for a salvage project. Juggling a schedule to accommodate both the timetable for planting beans on the ranch and the plans for highway construction, the crew assembled on a foggy morning in March, 1966. The first steps were to establish a permanent datum point and lay out base lines from which all measurements could be made. Then lines

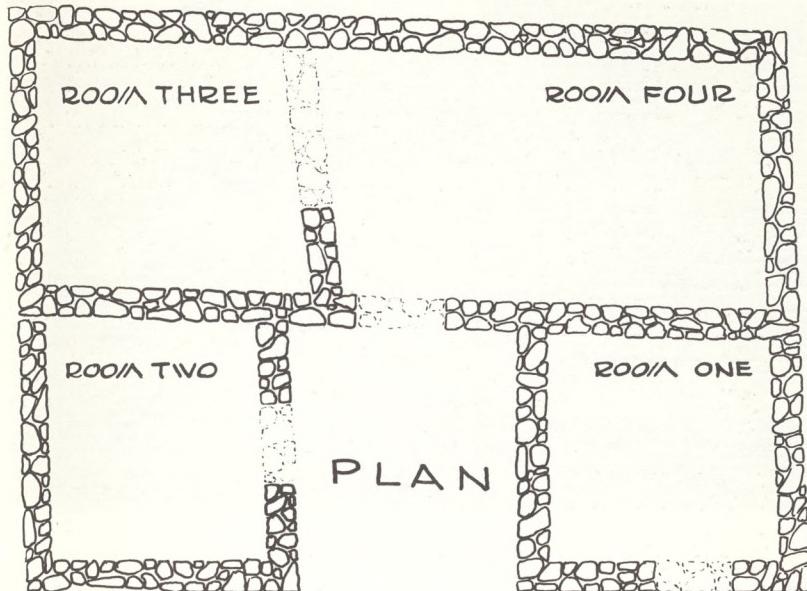


Foundations after excavation

were strung out in a grid pattern cross-crossing the most probable location. Since all thirty acres could not be dug up by hand, a trenching machine was hired to cut exploratory trenches. As the operator lowered the blade, members of the team stationed themselves to examine all dirt removed and scrutinize the walls of the cut for any change in soil color or consistency, stone or other evidence of human activity.

Whether it was the diligent research or pure luck, the machine struck a concentration of stone in the first half-hour of what might well have been a months-long search. The operator lifted the blade immediately and was directed to cut a second trench at right angles to the first. Here again, at an appropriate distance, he found rock. He had now worked himself out of a job since all the rest of the task would be done by hand; and the crew now picked up shovels, trowels, whisk brooms, dental picks, spirit levels, measuring devices and all the other equipment of scientific archaeology.

It was soon apparent that the rocks were no accident of



nature but a carefully laid foundation. No mortar was used, but the stones were precisely fitted together in a prepared trench to form a foundation wall about one foot wide and three rock layers high. With probes and shovels the field party traced the wall to establish the size and orientation of the building. When they reached the first corner, to their surprise the wall continued on; and they realized that the structure contained at least two rooms. A few more days of work and a few surprises later, the nature of the Chapel was finally revealed: four rooms arranged in U-shape around the typical early California patio or courtyard, a far larger and more impressive building than anyone anticipated.

The adobe walls which once rose from the stone foundations have long since melted back into the earth, but many structural details emerged from the digging. Fragments were recovered of the handmade curved roof tiles and the flat tiles used for flooring. Substantial quantities of asphaltum, patted to an even thickness of one-half inch and encrusted with twigs, suggest that perhaps the patio or one of the wings was roofed with this early building material.



Corner showing drain

Differences in height and size of foundation stones seem to indicate where the doorways were, and handmade square cut nails once secured the wooden lintels. The main entrance through the patio faced northeast, which is in accord with the old map showing the route of the Camino Real further east than Ventura Avenue runs today. It is probable that the two larger connecting rooms were used for worship, while the smaller chambers served the needs of the padres or neophytes. One of these, Room 2, may have been living or cooking quarters since there is an opening in the wall (the only "cold joint") which could have served as a drain.

The many artifacts recovered from the 350 cubic yards of earth passed through one-eighth inch screens included the base of a bronze candlestick, an iron door latch, lockplate, and strap hinges, a spoon of old coin silver, bone buttons, handmade wine bottles, 18th and 19th century pottery, and a small silver crucifix. Senan wrote to his friend Captain De la Guerra in 1819 that 200 such crucifixes were being sent to him "for distribution to pious people," and this may be one of them. It is nearly identical to others which were distributed in Arizona and New Mexico by Franciscan friars from the middle of the 18th century until the early 1800's.



View of the two kilns

The representation on one side is the Immaculate Conception with the words *Vitam Presta Puram* (Grant us a pure life) taken from a hymn in the breviary. The bottle fragments have been identified by the Corning Museum of Glass as typical of those in use between the late 1700's to mid-1800's.

Among the Indian items were a projectile point made out of glass, shell beads, stone pestles, tarring pebbles used for basketry and a small stone mortar. Two adobe ovens were found about 24 feet behind the rear wall of the structure. These were more likely kilns than cooking ovens since they were sunk deeply into the earth and fired with asphaltum. They were conical in shape, with comparatively small openings, resembling those in use throughout the mission system.

According to a plan adopted by the Ventura Board of Supervisors, Cultural Heritage Board and Division of Highways, the foundations were removed from the original location to spare them from destruction by the new freeway. A monument with an informative plaque will be erected, so that the Santa Gertrudis Chapel will not become the only link in the mission chain that has been lost twice.

THE HOBSON FAMILY OF VENTURA

By R. G. PERCY

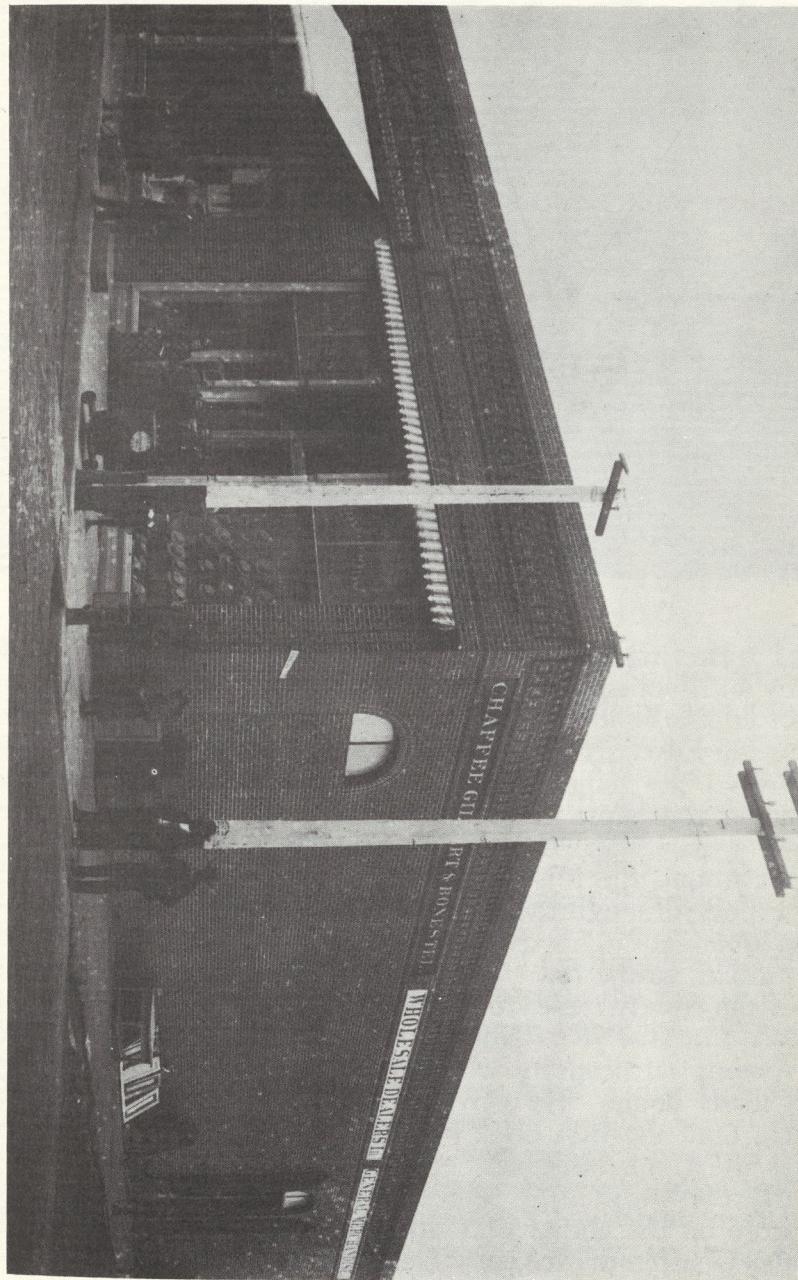
The story of the Hobson family, which has been prominent in Ventura for over one hundred years, begins long before the county was even formed. Three generations are still living. William Dewey Hobson was the grandfather of Mrs. Fred Smith of Ojai and Mrs. Walter H. Hoffman, Jr. of Ventura. Their grandchildren make the fifth generation of the family.

W. D. Hobson

William Dewey Hobson was born in Green County, Illinois June 20, 1829. His father, Peter John Hobson, was a native of England and the son of a minister of the Church of England. His mother was Eloisa Dewey of Bennington, Vermont and a cousin of Admiral George Dewey. W. D. Hobson came to California in 1849, crossing the plains from St. Joseph, Missouri by ox-team. He became a miner in Weaverville in Placer County. Here he built large sluice-ways for the miners. Later in Sacramento he engaged in other activities, working as a brick layer and builder; and for a few years he operated the Western House, a famous hotel in that city. From mining and hotel keeping he finally changed to buying and driving cattle to the northern mines.

His buying activities took him to many parts of the state. There is a report that one of his trips brought him to Ventura County, then a part of Santa Barbara County, as early as 1854. It is known for a fact that he did arrive here to stay in 1857. At that time he was a young man of 28.

When he arrived here, he stated that there was only one house between San Buenaventura Mission and Rancho Camulos, this being an adobe where the town of Santa Paula now is. The mustard was so thick that a rabbit could scarcely get through it, and higher than a man's head on horseback. Later he mentions the Dominguez vineyard with a cluster of four adobe huts on the other side of the Santa Clara River, where Vineyard Avenue is today.



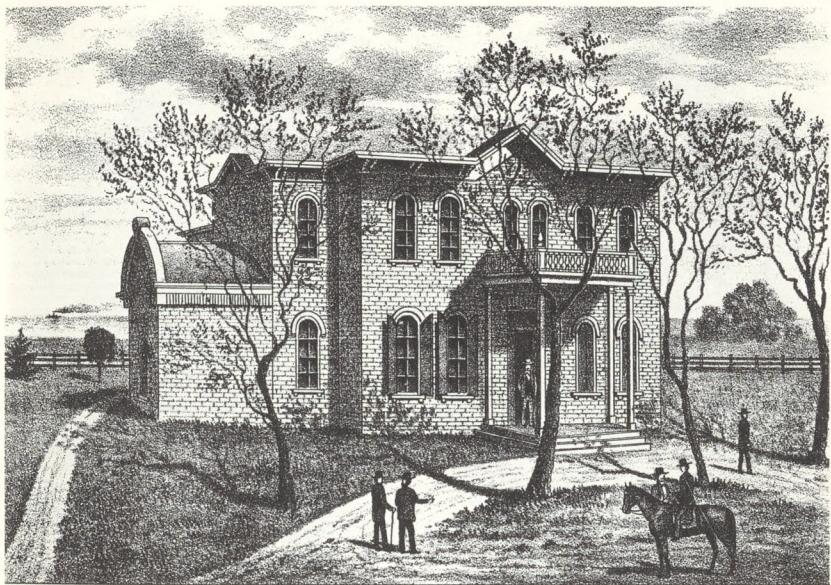
Corner of Palm and Main Streets



Bar in Spear's Hall

He first settled on the Rancho Sespe which was owned by an American, T. Wallace More. Here he built a number of adobe buildings for him, and another on what is known as the Edwards Ranch near Saticoy. More at this time also owned the Rancho Santa Paula y Saticoy which extended along the Santa Clara Valley to the outskirts of Ventura. Two years later Hobson moved into the little town growing up around the Mission. He was among the first American settlers although there had been a few others who were not permanent. The rest of the population was Spanish-Californian, with a few Chumash Indians. All of the best lands of the county were still held by sixteen Mexican land grants.

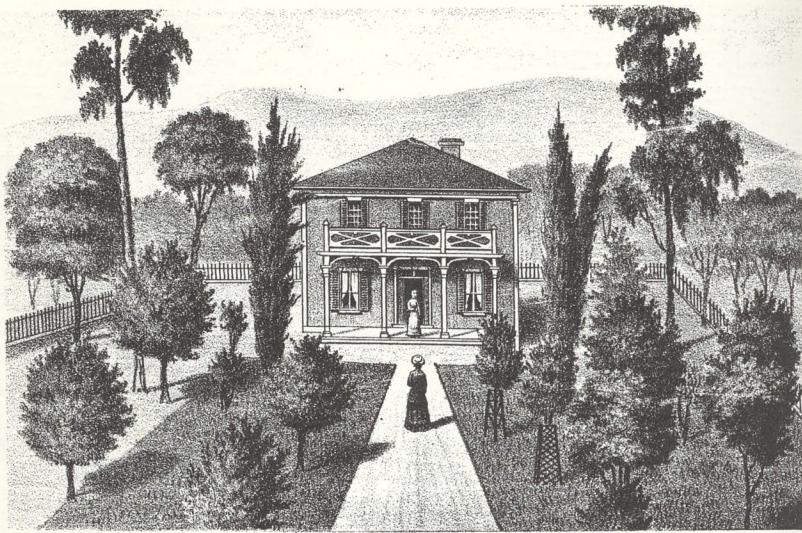
For five years Hobson farmed in what is now Ventura Avenue on property which was later known as the George Gilbert home. He moved to town and became a builder. He built the first brick building in the town; it was known as the Cohn building. Among other brick buildings were the two-story brick schoolhouse on Poli Street, the brick store on the corner of Palm and Main Streets occupied by the Chaffee & McKeeby General Merchandise and what is



Ventura County Court House

now the Peirano Grocery Store. These were started in 1872 and finished in 1873. Another was called Spear's Hall. The first floor was a saloon and the upper floor was used for social gatherings in the early years. It was also the first courthouse, and the meeting place of the Masonic Lodge which had been organized in 1870. In 1875 W. D. Hobson was awarded the contract of \$10,000 for the first courthouse building. Bishop Amat of the Roman Catholic Diocese donated the site, a full block between Santa Clara and Meta Streets. A jail was included. It served as the courthouse until a new one was built at the head of California Street in 1913. Hobson is credited with constructing the first stucco house in Ventura. It was a two-story home for George Gilbert on his Avenue property.

A proposal to separate Ventura from Santa Barbara County was first made in the 1860's but nothing was done about it. The Legislature was in session again in 1871-72. Feeling for separation was now stronger and better organized. W. D. Hobson, now a leading citizen of San Buenaventura and supported by the *Ventura Signal*, was chosen to go to



Gilbert Residence

Sacramento to lobby for the separation. The *Signal*, Ventura's first newspaper, was founded in 1871. Hobson's efforts were so successful that the bill was passed with only one dissenting vote. He became known as the Father of Ventura County.

Hobson continued to take an active interest in civic affairs of the community and new county. He served a term as Justice of the Peace. In that capacity he once fined his friend, George Gilbert, \$15 for marketing kerosene without a license; Gilbert did not appear, but apparently paid his fine later. Another case involved the young son of Juan Camarillo, another friend; Adolfo threw a rock through the school house window. This was settled by the father paying for a new one.

W. D. Hobson had been married in Sacramento in 1851 to Isabel Jane Winemiller. There were ten children born to the family: Francis Marian, Clara Jane, Cyrus H., Abram Lincoln, Peter John, William Arthur and May Bell; three died in infancy.

Mr. Hobson was always a staunch Republican, even when the party had not been exactly popular during the

Civil War. He and a few others met secretly during that period. There had been only nine American votes cast in the county at the election of President Lincoln. For a short time during the 1870's he became a newspaper publisher, because the *Signal* had opposite leanings. He soon grew tired of this venture and sold the newspaper to a Mr. McLean. The little town could not support two newspapers, and it suspended publication. Only once in later years did he run for office. He was candidate for lieutenant-governor when General Bidwell ran on the Prohibition ticket. They were both defeated.

It was in 1876 that the Hobson family first became engaged in butchering in Ventura. This was a business with which members of the family were to be associated for many future years. Hobson had a crude slaughter house, such as were common in those days, and was also in the retail business. At this time he had no regular butcher shop. That was to come later. Apparently Hobson continued in the butcher business until the early 1880's.

At one period Mr. and Mrs. Hobson were proprietors of the Occidental Hotel in Ventura. The wedding of one of their daughters was held there and attended by many of the early settlers of the town. After the death of his wife W. D. Hobson lived for a number of years in the Anacapa Hotel. He had a long and active life and died on August 28, 1915 at the age of 86.

Although he had had only the school education of the early days of our country, he was an ardent reader. He kept abreast of current events locally and nationally. In 1876 W. D. Hobson wrote what is undoubtedly the first history of Ventura County.

Hobson Bros.

Abram Lincoln Hobson and William Arthur Hobson were sons of Mr. and Mrs. William Dewey Hobson. There were two other brothers, Cyrus and John. Abe and Bill, as they were more familiarly known from the time that they were in their teens, were the two who were to stick together throughout their lives. They were the ones who took over the butcher business from their father in the 1880's, and

were soon known as Hobson Bros. in the business world. The firm name continued for many years even after the tragic death of Bill.

Abram Lincoln Hobson was born in Ventura March 22, 1861. His early schooling was tutoring by his father since the first real school was not established in Ventura until 1869. Prior to that some classes had been conducted in an adobe house near the corner of the Avenue. At the age of 15 young Abe went to work with his father in the meat business. Boys started to work at an early age on the frontiers and the Hobson sons were no exception. Even before the elder Hobson entered the butcher business his sons had worked with him in the construction of some of Ventura's first brick buildings.

William Arthur Hobson was the youngest son of the family. He was born in Ventura July 10, 1865. He probably began school in the little frame schoolhouse on the corner of Ventura Avenue and Harrison Avenue, but after 1875 continued in the brick school on Poli Street built by his father. After graduation he attended Heald's Business College in San Francisco for six months. Returning home he first clerked in Morrison's grocery store. Then in 1883 joined his father and brother in the butcher business, when he was 18. During this time the two young men received their first training and experience in the livestock business, which they were to follow for the rest of their lives.

A few years later the two brothers bought the business from their father. The Hobson brothers were young, energetic and hard workers. They did not know the meaning of an eight hour day. From daylight until dark was ordinary for the times. Their meat markets opened at five o'clock in the morning to prepare for the day's business. Work on the range often called for a sixteen hour day. In 1889 there appeared in an advertisement in the *Ventura Vidette* the first mention of the firm name of Hobson Bros. The advertisement was short and to the point:

Will Hobson A. L. Hobson
Hobson Bros. Meat and Provision Depot
Eggs & Provisions



Hill School

The firm of Hobson Bros. was in business, and was to continue for many years.

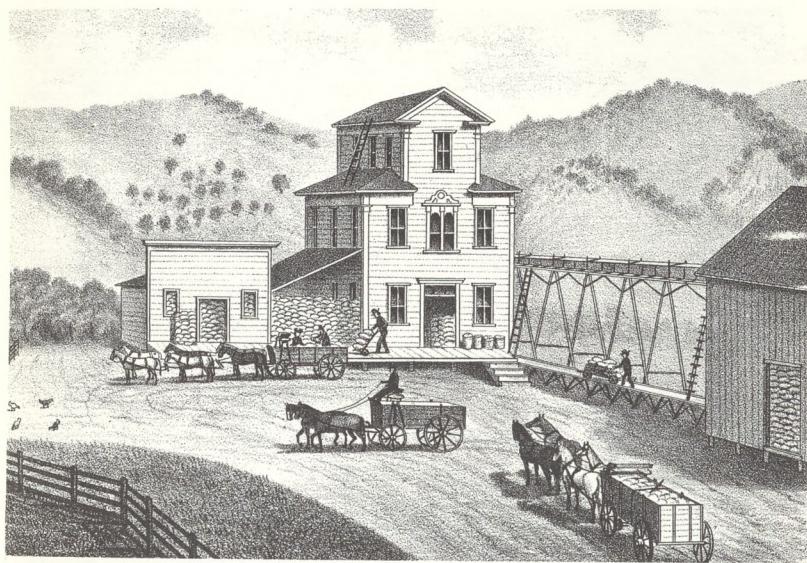
According to a Ventura newspaper item of June 4, 1889, "A. L. Hobson married Miss Helen Barnard, daughter of W. E. Barnard." His brother, Will, soon followed Abe's example for another item dated August 2, 1889 states, "William A. Hobson married Miss Effie Sargent in Oakland." Miss Sargent had been a teacher in the Ventura County schools. A little over a year later yet another item appeared in the *Ventura Signal* on August 17, 1890: The home of Mr. & Mrs. Will Hobson has been made glad by the arrival of a young lady, who in sixteen or seventeen years will be breaking the hearts of Ventura boys.

The Spanish Californians were said to have been among the world's finest horsemen. They were raised in the saddle. The Hobson boys grew up among them, and from childhood learned to ride. They both became expert horsemen and lovers of good horses. They early learned to handle cattle as well. Contemporaries have said that Will Hobson was equal to any of the vaqueros. One old timer who grew up with them said that Bill could roll a cigarette with one hand with his horse on the run. The author remembers seeing Abe parting cattle on his black stallion at the Aliso Ranch when in his early 60's. He handled his horse as perfectly as any vaquero. Both were very graceful riders and sat a horse like they were a part of it.

During this early period Will's main interest was in the meat and livestock business. Abe, like his father, frequently had other irons in the fire. The *Free press* of July 29, 1890 announced that "A. L. Hobson was nominated by the Republican Convention for County Assessor. He is a young man well qualified for the position." According to the newspaper Abe was away during the campaign that fall on frequent business trips. The issue of November 4, 1890 reported that "A. L. Hobson, Republican, was defeated by James Donlon, Democrat, in the election for assessor by a vote of 1128 to 1264."

During the years from 1891 until 1894 A. L. Hobson continued frequently to be away from Ventura for periods of time. An item dated August 4, 1891 shows that "A. L. Hobson left for Stockton and may go to Salt Lake City before returning"; another dated November 14, 1891: Mr. & Mrs. A. L. Hobson left for Ogden, Utah where Mr. Hobson has business interests; and a later one the same year: Hobson & Wilkerson's bid of \$29,700 secured the contract to build the sewer system for Boise, Idaho.

According to Sheridan's history, "for a number of years Hobson Brothers were among the leading street paving contractors of the West and handled various large contracts in several cities including the building of the gravity outlet sewer for Salt Lake City." During this period Abe evidently carried on the contracting under the Hobson Bros. name, while Will continued to operate the Hobson Bros. meat and



Avenue Flour Mill

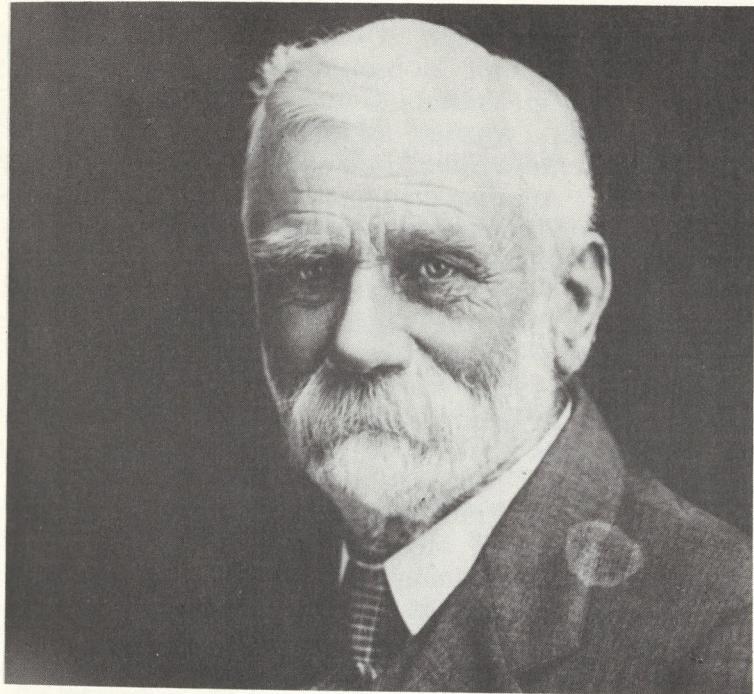
livestock interests in Ventura County. An item of August 4, 1891 advertises that "Hobson Bros. are fixing up their market with a new railing and office."

Hobson Bros. not only bought livestock for slaughtering from the local ranchers, but were in the business of raising cattle and sheep on leased lands at this time. The livestock business is not always a bed of roses for the producer. California is subject to wet and dry years. The wet years produce an abundance of nutritious grasses which fatten stock on the hill ranges. Dry years mean trouble for the ranches. Hobson Bros. were not immune to this trouble either. After a series of good years during the 1880's, dry years struck again in the early 1890's. By this time the Hobsons were well occupied with raising livestock in addition to their slaughtering and retail meat business. Abe was engaged in contracting in Idaho and Utah. Will was in charge of the operations of Hobson Bros. in Ventura. He moved their cattle north to the delta region of the San Joaquin River for pasture. Mrs. Hobson accompanied him to Stockton. He saved the majority of their stock, but had some losses when cattle mired down in the sloughs.

In 1893 a partnership was formed between Hobson Bros. and Leon J. Rose, Jr. in the livestock and butcher business. The firm was known as the Ventura Livestock and Slaughtering Company. Fifty percent was owned by Hobson Bros. and fifty percent by Rose. L. J. Rose was the son of L. J. Rose, Sr. who owned large ranch properties near Pasadena. He raised and raced fine horses, and was a very wealthy man. L. J. Rose, Jr. became interested in Ventura in 1887 when the first railroad was built to Ventura. He invested heavily in Ventura property on Main Street. It was the beginning of a big land boom in southern California. Among his other investments was a flour mill on Ventura Avenue and the Rose Hotel which he built on the corner of Main and Chestnut Streets, and a home. He also leased the 14,000 acre Tapo ranch in the Simi Valley and stocked it with cattle.

Shortly after the Ventura Slaughtering and Livestock Co. was formed, they leased the 23,000 acre Rancho Guadaluasca from the Broome family. They bought 750 head of cattle from the Broomes for \$22.50 a head, 1,000 head from the Santa Paula Horse & Cattle Co. for \$15.00 a head and 2,000 from Tehachapi owners at the same figure. These cattle were put on the Guadaluasca. There are other things to take the joy out of stock raising as well as dry years. Disease is sometimes a big factor. The cattle bought from the Broomes were strong and healthy. Soon after moving the new cattle on the range they began to die for some unknown reason. The local veterinarian could not diagnose the trouble until a state veterinarian came from Sacramento. It was the dreaded Texas fever caused by a tick which had been brought into the area by cattle bought by an adjoining rancher. The Broome cattle apparently had developed an immunity, but the new cattle brought in were infected at once. 1250 head died before the cattle were moved off the range onto clean pastures. As a sequel the Ventura Slaughtering & Livestock Co. sued Mrs. Broome for \$45,000 claiming that she had known of the infection on the ranch. They were awarded \$11,000 damages by the court although they had paid \$9,000 rental for the property per year.

The advertising in the local paper changed again by



E. P. Foster

the middle 1890's from the Ventura Livestock & Slaughtering Co. back to Hobson Bros. Markets; evidently the partnership with Rose had been dissolved. It was later in the 1890's that Hobson Bros. leased the 8,000 acre Taylor Ranch, and about that time bought the 5,000 acre Callis ranch adjoining it.

1898 was another dry year; but after that came a series of good years with good grass on the ranges and profits for the livestock men. Regardless of good or bad years people ate meat, and for many years Hobson Bros. practically had a monopoly of the business in Ventura. This helped them through the off years when the range suffered.

One thing that helped the Hobson Bros. through good years and bad was their reputation which gained them good credit. Banking in those days was different from today; and the Bank of Ventura under President E. P. Foster

loaned money not so much on collateral, or financial statement as on reputation. Hobson Bros., like many another family of wealth in Ventura County today, owe it to the fact that the banks carried them through the bad years. The Bank of Ventura stood behind Hobson Bros. through thick and thin. Another characteristic of Hobson brothers was their ability to pick employees who were loyal to them and stayed with them year after year. Two generations of the Yanez family worked for Hobson Bros. on Aliso Ranch. Other employees spent the larger part of their working lives with the Hobson Bros. Packing Company.

After several good years of the early 1900's an item appeared in the Riverside County newspaper November 4, 1905. It tells that the 40,000 acre Blythe Ranch on the Colorado River had been deeded to Will Hobson et al of Ventura County and Frank Murphy of Kings County. This was another project of Hobson Bros. The article stated that no price was mentioned, but that in turn the buyers had transferred the property to the newly organized Palo Verde Land & Water Company, and taken back a mortgage for \$200,000. A. L. Hobson became president and Frank Murphy vice-president of the new company. Several other Ventura County men became stockholders. A bit of history of the Blythe ranch is needed at this point. This comes from the Riverside *Examiner*: The estate is a beautiful tract of land, exceptionally rich, and in a position to be watered by the Colorado river, which borders it on the east. It comprises about half of the Palo Verde Valley, about seventy miles up the river from Yuma. This property was taken up under the Swamp & Overflow Act by J. W. Blythe, a San Francisco capitalist. This was 1864. Under the act the buyer of such lands must pay \$1.25 an acre and agree to reclaim it. Blythe made efforts to reclaim the property by building levees, reservoirs, planting orchards and alfalfa. He built a large adobe ranchhouse, and other necessary buildings as headquarters. A postoffice was established which can be found on the old maps. Upon his death the improvements went into decay, levees and ditches were washed away, machinery rotted away in the jungles. At the time of the purchase by the Hobson interests it had been

only used as a cattle ranch for many years.

The Hobson Bros. played a big part in the development of the Blythe Ranch and so did Charles Petit. At the time Charles Petit was a young graduate civil engineer and was made Superintendent of the Palo Verde Land & Water Company.

Undoubtedly Mr. Foster helped Hobson Bros. to finance their part in acquiring this immense property. He made a trip to it with A. L. Hobson, going up the river on the one remaining river boat. He told after his return of it being 108 degrees at midnight in August. He appeared to be enthusiastic about the possibilities of the large development project. Although the original purchase price by the Hobsons and Murphy is not known, it is true that with the formation of the Palo Verde Land & Water Company they realized a substantial profit over the purchase price. At this time the property was sixty miles across the desert from the railroad on a dirt road. Miles of levees and irrigation canals were built during the next few years. The lands were subdivided into tracts from forty acres up and put on the market for settlers. A townsite was laid out in the center of the property and given the name of Blythe.

Hobson Bros. apparently were busy men during the latter part of 1905. An article in the *Ventura Free press* of December 22, 1905 announces "A new business is about to be launched. Tuesday, articles of incorporation of the Hobson Bros. Packing Company were filed with the County Clerk, the concern is capitalized for \$100,000, divided into 1000 shares of par value of \$100 each. Seven shares have been subscribed by the following: A. L., W. A., and P. J. Hobson, Clarence Chrisman and George P. Dennis, the directors; and Frank J. Dennis and Percy W. Dennis. The principal place of business will be San Buenaventura. On the first of January the new corporation will take control of the retail business of Hobson Bros." The real estate holdings of Hobson Bros. were not included, except the lease on the Taylor Ranch. The active management of the new corporation, and the Hobson real estate holdings in Ventura County was once again mostly in the hands of Will Hobson as Abe became more and more involved in the development

of the Palo Verde Land & Water Company, as President during the following years. However everything in which the two brothers were associated continued to be a joint project.

April 18, 1906 the *Free press* notes the death of the young son of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Hobson at the home of his parents in Los Angeles. The funeral was held a couple of days later in Ventura. This left the A. L. Hobsons with only their daughter, Grace. The Will Hobsons also had only one child, Edith.

Another large ranch property was acquired by the Hobson interests, the sale being completed on April 10, 1908. After the death of J. R. Willoughby and the settlement of the estate, Hobson Bros. bought the 7,172 acres of the Willoughby ranch in Aliso canyon for \$53,500 from the heirs. This was one of the best livestock ranches in Ventura County, with fine grazing lands and a good area of hay. The affairs of Hobson Bros. were continuing to expand.

The first half-page advertisement appeared in the *Free press* for the sale of the Palo Verde lands. It offered land from 40 acres up at from \$35.00 to \$55.00 an acre with 1/3 down and the balance in three years. The head office was listed in the Bank of Oxnard Building, but information could be obtained at the office of Hobson Bros. in Ventura also.

By this time Hobson Bros. were the largest livestock operators in Ventura County on owned and leased lands. In addition to the Willoughby and Callis ranches they had now acquired the Santa Paula Horse & Cattle range lands of four or five thousand acres. They had slaughtering plants in Ventura and Oxnard, a retail market in both places and a controlling interest in the Santa Barbara Packing Company and retail markets. In Ventura and Oxnard they ran butcher wagons to the outlying farms and ranches. In this way they were able to gain profits from the range to the consumer.

On January 4, 1910 Mrs. Will Hobson and their daughter, Edith departed for a year's tour of Europe and the Holy Land. On May 27th Will Hobson left to join his family in Europe. The *Free press* notes on June 10, 1910 that Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Hobson and daughter had returned from Los



William Arthur Hobson

Angeles and would spend the summer as guests of the Anacapa Hotel. For a number of years before Mr. and Mrs. Will Hobson and daughter had made their home in the Rose Hotel in Ventura. During the absence of Will Hobson on the European trip Abe was needed in Ventura to keep in close touch with the many affairs of Hobson Bros. and also with the development of the Palo Verde property.

The W. A. Hobsons returned from their European trip in December of 1910. They had visited Jerusalem and Syria, and all of the interesting parts of Europe and England. Shortly after their return the Ventura *Free press* published an article by Miss Edith Hobson telling of their recent trip and the places visited. Soon they began plans for their new home at Ann and Main Streets in Ventura. It became one of Ventura's most attractive homes. Apparently A. L. Hobson and his family became interested in what his relatives had to tell about their European trip. On August 11, 1911 the A. L. Hobson's left for a trip through the southern and eastern part of the United States, and went on from New York for an extended trip to Europe.

It was during this time that Hobson Bros. made another land investment which was eventually to be worth a fortune to their heirs. Will bought 512 acres of the former Dixie Thompson property lying between the sea and the bluffs in what is known as the Pierpont Bay area. This was largely slough and swampy land; and although no price is given, was land of little value at the time. However Will Hobson had an idea of how to reclaim it. A barranca which drained a large section of the hill lands lying north of the Ventura area ran through it to empty into the sea. During heavy rains it carried a large volume of silt. A headgate was built across the barranca with an outlet to turn the waters into the slough where the silt laden waters would then settle. Foster remembers Will coming into the bank to tell him, "Mr. Foster, I just made fifty acres on the Thompson property of good land during the heavy rains of the past week." It was true although it did take some years to change the slough and swamp land into farming land. The development of the Pierpont area showed an example of the foresight of the Hobson brothers.



Engd by E. G. Williams & Bro. N.Y.

A. Z. Hobson



4th of July Parade Marshall

After the return from Europe both Hobson brothers became more interested in civic affairs. This was at a time that there was an active interest in Ventura and Santa Barbara for the promotion of a sea level road along the Rincon connecting the two cities. Will had seen stone causeways in Europe and proposed that they be built on the Rincon in the places where there was no room because of the cliffs to build a road except to go over the ocean. He was elected President of the Ventura Chamber of Commerce, and active on the joint committee promoting the road.

Will Hobson was Grand Marshall of the big 4th of July parade of 1913 in Ventura. His escort included about twenty vaqueros mounted on horseback. He made a splendid figure, mounted on the beautiful black stallion, Walter H, with a silver decorated outfit. Hobson Bros. had acquired this famous horse when they bought the Santa Paula Horse & Cattle Co. property. The Hobson brothers always had fine horses both for riding and driving before the days when automobiles were common, and they took pride in their horsemanship.

Tragedy struck the Hobson family on Thursday, July 22, 1913. About four o'clock that afternoon Will Hobson left Ventura for Fillmore with Robert Sudden in his Pope-Hartford automobile. An accident took place on the dirt road between the Sespe bridge and Fillmore. According to an eye witness the Sudden car was not traveling more than 25 miles an hour at the time of the accident. The statement of the witness as published in the *Free press* is that, he was driving towards Fillmore and saw the Sudden car coming up behind him; in passing his car the front wheel of the Sudden car clipped his back wheel, apparently throwing the Sudden car out of control; it shot cross the road at almost a right angle through the willows into a ditch striking a pipe; the car turned over on its top and both men were caught in the wreck. Sudden was not badly hurt, but Hobson was unconscious. Both men were brought to Ventura. Mr. Hobson died on Sunday, July 25, 1913. He was only 48 years old. Besides his wife and daughter he left three brothers and two sisters to mourn his passing.

Abe and Will Hobson had been closer than many brothers are during their lives. They had perfect confidence in each other. This was evidenced when the will of W. A. Hobson was offered for probate in August. Abe was named as executor to serve without bond. A generous monthly allowance was provided for the widow and daughter. In an agreement attached to the will and made a part of it, A. L. Hobson was given a term of years to settle up the Hobson Bros. affairs. It is believed that both brothers had a similiar agreement, in their wills. The estate of Will Hobson, estimated to be over \$250,000 in value, was left after the final settlement to his wife and daughter. The value of the holdings increased a great deal under the careful, business like management of Abe Hobson by the final date of the distribution at the end of the period of time given in the will to settle up the affairs of the joint partnership.

Membership

NEW

Mrs. Richard R. Gunter
KVEN Radio
 Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Mahan
 S. Joseph's Novitiate

LIFE

Philip Bard
 Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Borchard
 Henry M. Borchard
 Mrs. E. C. Canet
 Mrs. Effie Bartlett Daly
 Mrs. Harold Dudley
 Mrs. Rosemary H. Duncan
 Mrs. Robert G. Haley
 Mrs. Edith H. Hoffman
 Walter Wm. Hoffman
 Mrs. Helene Holve
 Carmen Camarillo Jones
 Mrs. Mary H. Norcop
 Mr. and Mrs. Francis Petit
 Mrs. Grace H. Smith
 Grace S. Thille
 John P. Thille
 Harry Valentine

HONORARY

J. H. Morrison

SUSTAINING

Richard Bard
 Roger Edwards
 Mrs. Henry A. Levy
 Mr. and Mrs. Lester T. Shiells
 Mr. and Mrs. Milton M. Teague

Half a Century of Service

California Mutual Insurance Co. Organized on April 4, 1898 as the Ventura County Mutual Fire Insurance Co. with E. P. Foster, president; Nathan Blanchard, vice-president and Charles Barnard, secretary. This old Ventura County business firm has faithfully followed the high standards set by its pioneer founders.

Santa Paula Savings and Loan Association. Organized in April 1890 as the Santa Paula Building and Loan Association with J. R. Haugh, president; Caspar Taylor, vice-president and H. H. Youngken, secretary. This organization has served the interests of home owners and builders, as well as those of the investor.

County Stationers, Inc., 532 E. Main, Ventura. Successor to John J. MacGregor. Since 1898 Ventura County's complete stationer and office furniture dealer.

Bank of A. Levy, 143 W. Fifth St., Oxnard. Founded in 1900 by the late Achille Levy, who came to Hueneme in 1875. Since its inception Bank of A. Levy has been closely allied with the farm and ranch industries of Ventura County.

Title Insurance and Trust Company. Successor to Ventura Abstract Company, founded in 1893 by Charles Barnard and incorporated in 1898 by him and four associates, Lloyd Selby, J. S. Collins, Robert C. Sudden and John H. Reppy. The office has been in continuous operation in Ventura County since that time.

Joseph P. Reardon Funeral Chapel, 757 East Main Street, Ventura. Successor to the business established by the Reardon family in 1911 and conducted continually in Ventura since that date.

Janss Investment Corporation. The company began its first real estate development activities in 1889. Operations were moved to the Conejo Valley in 1954 with offices in Thousand Oaks and Newbury Park.

Union Oil Company of California. Incorporated in Santa Paula in 1890, its operations have spread from Ventura County to become world-wide.

VENTURA
COUNTY
HISTORICAL
SOCIETY
QUARTERLY

Vol. XIII, No. 3

May 1968

W. S. Smith

The Ventura County Historical Society

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The Ventura County Historical Society's headquarters is the Pioneer Museum, 77 North California Street, Ventura, California. There are four classes of membership: active, \$5 per year; husband and wife, \$7.50 per year; sustaining, \$25 per year; and life, \$100.

The *Quarterly* is published in February, May, August and November from the Society's headquarters at the Pioneer Museum. Grant W. Heil is Editor and the staff includes F. L. Fairbanks, J. H. Morrison, R. G. Percy, Mrs. Rafelita O. Philbrick and Richard D. Willett.

The Society assumes no responsibility for the statements or opinions of authors of various articles. All communications should be addressed to the Society at the Pioneer Museum. Memberships include subscription to the *Quarterly*. Additional copies are available at \$1.00 each.

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The

Ventura County Historical Society

Quarterly

Vol. XIII, No. 3

May 1968

Contents

HISTORY OF VENTURA COUNTY
By William D. Hobson

Notice

Although there is believed to be a pamphlet, our copy was from the July 8, 1876 issue of the Ventura *Signal* (no. 12, p. 1.).

PREFACE

The following history of Ventura county has been written in compliance with the request of the President of the United States, U. S. Grant, for the first centennial celebration of American independence on July 4th A. D. 1876. In the short time since the author was appointed by the committee of arrangements for the celebration, it has been found impossible to compile as concise a relation of the many interesting events connected with the early settlement of the county by the Spanish as could be desired. The source from which it was expected a full account could be obtained, the records of the old Catholic Mission, have been found to be very imperfect, the greater portion having been destroyed or lost during the decline of the Mission after the emancipation of the Indians by the Mexican government.

HISTORY of Ventura County

Compiled by W. D. Hobson

Chapter I

That portion of the State of California now called Ventura County was until within the last century almost unknown to the inhabitants of other portions of the globe. The country was in its natural state, unimproved by the work of man. The trails of the wild animals and Indians formed the only roads, the welcome sound of the woodman's axe was never heard. The rich valley soil, which needed only the toil of man to develop, appeared during the dry season an arid barren plain. The people who then inhabited it were savages, who roamed through its mountains and over its plains unclothed, except the female portion, which wore rude garments, woven of sedge or cut from the skins of wild animals. Their origin and the date of their settlement in this county as well as the whole Pacific coast is, and probably will ever remain, one of the unwritten pages of history.

Cronise, in *The natural wealth of California*, endeavors by a lengthy argument to prove they are of Mongolian extraction, and fixes the date of their landing upon this coast about the year A. D. 1280. He says the investigations of ethnologists and phylologists, who have studied the Hindoo, Chinese and Japanese annals during the present century, have brought to light such a chain of evidence as to place beyond doubt that the inhabitants of Mexico and California discovered by the Spaniards were of Mongolian origin, that the aforesaid annals all correspond in recording the fact that about the year 1280 Genghis Khan, a great Mogul chief, whose name was a terror in Europe, invaded China with hoards of barbarians from Tartary and subjugated its people whom his descendants hold in subjection to the present time. Having accomplished this object, he fitted out an expedition consisting of 240,000 men in 4,000 ships under the command of Kublai Khan, one of his sons, for the purpose of conquering

Japan. While this expedition was on its passage between the two countries, a violent storm arose destroying a great portion of the fleet and driving many of the vessels on the coast of America. He further asserts that there are proofs clear and certain that Manco Capac, the founder of the Peruvian nation, was the son of Kublai Khan, the commander of this expedition, and that the ancestors of Montezuma of Mexico, who were from Assam, arrived about this time. But the most interesting feature of these recent revelations of the ancient history of Mexico and California is the strange fact that many of the Tartar invaders of these countries were Christians, and after stating that he could furnish an almost endless number of facts in support of this theory, winds up with the assertion that a gentleman by the name of Henly, a good Chinese scholar, who acted as interpreter in the courts of this State, published a list of words in the Chinese and Indian languages to show that they were of the same origin. Although we are fully satisfied that vessels from Asia and the adjacent islands have from time to time been wrecked upon this coast, we are not prepared to accept the theory of the historian in regard to the date of settlement, at least of this particular locality. We have also compared the language of the Chinese as therein given with that of the Indians of this part of the coast, and find no resemblance whatever as will appear from the following list of words of general use which could not materially change in the short period of five centuries:

English.	Chinese.	Indian.
Man,	Nang,	Autahuch.
Foot,	Keok,	Oor.
Mother,	Ama,	Cheta.
Father,	Apa,	Ka Kaw.
Dog,	Kow Chi,	Teneguas.
Sun,	Yat,	Eshar.
Moon,	Yuet,	Oorahuy.

We have also inquired into their religious belief, and found it to be of anything but the Christian order. It is true they had a kind of belief in a future state but worshipped not the Christian deity, but trees, plants and images of their own creation. For instance, they would take a stick or pole and decorate it with feathers of various kinds of birds, place it upon some high hill and go there and dance and cry and go

through with other extravagant gesticulations of worship. There is a large sycamore tree in the Cañada of San Buenaventura, near the line of the Santa Ana ranch, which they called the Uctopawn or wind tree, about which they will tell you that the wind constantly blows so that its leaves are ever in motion. On the death of a child they would visit this tree, strew pebbles around it and worship it in their peculiar way. There is also a place on the hill across the Ventura River opposite the site of our public school house, where they used to and still go to worship, exactly what we have been unable to ascertain. We have now numbers of Chinese in this county and also Indians who still speak their mother tongue, and remember many of the traditions handed down to them by their ancestors. They inform us there is no similarity of either language or customs between them, and it is plain to be seen that there is none whatever in their features. There are also other incontrovertible evidences that this coast has been inhabited long prior to the thirteenth century, even were the expedition of Kublai Khan not of too recent a date to admit of the great difference, which evidently exists in form, features, customs and language of the two people. We are therefore inclined to believe that we must look either to a much earlier date of settlement or another source for the origin of the Indians of this part of the Pacific coast. We had the pleasure of witnessing the reception of the Japanese embassy at the State Capitol in 1872, and remarked a strong resemblance both in form and feature between them and the Indians of this locality, but are not sufficiently acquainted with either the language or customs of the Japanese to make any comparisons. We must also except to the prevalent historical statements that the California Indian is of the lowest type of man, and must contend that the fact of their displaying but little energy and scarcely any taste for manufacturers or architecture does not necessarily prove the lack of good natural intellectual organism. Living in a land where nature had already anticipated almost every want in the way of food and enjoying a climate so genial and evenly tempered as to preclude the necessity of protection from the elements, their indolence is not surprising. There is abundant evidence of

their natural ingenuity and support perceptive faculties: their baskets made of rushes, dyed of various colors, interwoven in various beautiful patterns, and so closely as to hold water, many of which we have seen; their canoes, some of which were capable of carrying twenty persons a long ways out to sea, made of tule and willow, interwoven with the inner bark of the walnut and cemented with asphaltum, display an ingenuity in the application of the resources at their command fully equal to that of the average man; the rapidty with which they learned the various arts required of them by the padres in the construction of the missions on this coast; the extraordinary dexterity of the females in the art of sewing and embroidering; the fact, that the few who have received a collegiate education learn easily and rapidly. All refute the charge of lack of intellectual capacity, and clearly prove that had their early teachers exerted their wonderful zeal in improving their minds, teaching them the arts and sciences, in a word how to live instead of expending all their labor in preparing them for death, society would not to-day be shocked with the miserable and degraded specimens we so frequently meet with. But it is useless to speculate upon what might have been; they like the Indians all over America are rapidly passing away, and in a few years more must be numbered among the extinct nations. But while we consign them to this their inevitable doom, let us not charge it to the premeditated will of their Creator in withholding from them a sufficient intellectual endowment.

Chapter II

We come now to the first settlement by the Spaniards, which although of such recent date seems to be shrouded in almost as much mystery as the Indian era. We have been unable to find any record, either in possession of Father Juan Comapla, the present minister of the Mission church, or in any history to which we have had access, of the trials, sufferings, success or adversity of the Missionary Fathers, or in fact any records of this particular Mission other than the date of its foundation until many years thereafter. We have therefore had to rely upon what we can gather from the earliest living settlers. From the Mission record of marriages,

baptisms and deaths we learn that the Mission of San Buenaventura was founded on Resurrection Day, the 31st of March A. D. 1782, under the protection and at the expense of Charles III, King of Spain and the Indies, by the Reverend Padre Fr. Junipero Serra, associated with the Reverend Padre Fr. Pedro Benito Cambon, who was appointed the first minister of this Mission by the said Padre Junipero Serra. The first marriage in this record was solemnized on the 8th day of August 1782 by the Rev. Fr. Francisco Dumet, the happy couple being Alexander Soto Mayor of the village of Fuerte, Sonora, Mexico and Maria Concepcion Montiel of Alamos, Sonora, Mexico. The first baptism was that of Jose Crecensio Valdez, the legitimate son of Eugenio Valdez Espanol, baptized by Padre Pedro Benito Cambon April 27th 1782. The first death was that of Jose Leon Rodriguez April 15th 1782. From this record we discover that the padres inaugurated the labor of their Mission, the baptism and salvation of souls, within one month after their arrival. From other sources we learn that they were equally as zealous in the construction of suitable places of worship. There were in the first expedition besides the padres already mentioned a few soldiers, most of them from Mexico although a few were from Spain. Three or four of them had wives with them, and some of the rest soon sent for their wives. They were followed by colonists from Mexico, and there were also some exiles sent here. Don Ignacio Del Valle is one of the oldest living representatives of the Mexican colonists in this county. The padres found the Indians at this place peacable and tractable, proceeded to erect their first chapel on the hill on the present site of our fine school house, some of the remains of which were removed in excavating for its foundation. There appears to be a difference of opinion among the oldest residents as to whether this building was a chapel or a barracks. The oldest resident says chapel. So rapidly, we are informed, did the Indians acquiesce in the new order of things and acquire the use of tools that the present Mission buildings were commenced within a few years after the arrival of the Missionary fathers. The pine timbers used in its construction were brought from the mountains of San Emedia, a distance of 40 miles, by the Indians. The oak



Ygnacio del Valle

timbers were procured nearer, on the Santa Ana and Ojai ranches. The tile and adobes were made on or near the grounds. The lime was procured from the Cañada of San Buenaventura. The rate of progress and date of completion we have been unable to learn.

San Buenaventura, the name given to it, we find was not chosen as many of us have supposed in consequence of the peculiar adaptation of its meaning, "Good Venture" or "Good Luck," but this like all the other Missions was named after a devoted follower of the church, in this case no less notable a person than a bishop and cardinal of Rome who lived in the 13th century, one of the greatest authors and theologians of his day, who had the opportunity to have become the Pope of Rome but declined.

The labors of these missionaries, notwithstanding the rather doubtful means of conversion adopted, were crowned with considerable success, resulting in the conversion of the greater portion of the Indians living on the coast and also

some others brought from the north and from the islands of the channel. There is an old Indian woman still living, who was brought from the Island of Santa Cruz, named Martina. The Indians living here were unable to understand her language, although separated only by a channel of some 28 or 30 miles in width. They were brought over in the willow and tule canoes of the Indians described in the last chapter.

This Mission was probably in its most flourishing condition about the year A. D. 1820. In 1825 the Mission owned 37,000 head of cattle, 600 horses, 200 yoke of oxen, 500 mules, 30,000 sheep, 200 goats, 2,000 swine, a thrifty orchard, two vineyards, \$35,000 worth of foreign goods, \$27,000 in specie, and church ornaments and clothing valued at \$61,000. The value of horned cattle at this time was about \$4 per head, sheep \$2, and horses \$8 to \$10. That the Mission should have accumulated such an amount of wealth in cattle and horses in so short a time is not astonishing when we consider that it cost no more then to raise a cow than a chicken, for they subsisted entirely upon the native wild grasses the year round, and had only to be marked and branded.

The nature of the control exercised by the church over the Indians, (although represented by the padres as being very mild, similar to that of a parent over a child) it is pretty evident from other sources amounted to almost as abject slavery as that of the negroes of the southern states with perhaps the sole exception that they were not chattles subject to sale and purchase. They were certainly required to till the fields, orchards and vineyards, to do all menial labor, and to subsist upon the meagre rations doled out to them of meat, soup and *atole*, from which it is difficult to discover, if we except the promised salvation at death, in what their condition was bettered from the days when they were monarchs of all they surveyed. To one not imbued with a fanatical zeal for the church it would appear that cupidity may have inspired the worthy fathers almost as much as other men; and it may be a question whether it was not a just dispensation of providence that induced the Mexican Government to emancipate the Indians and open the beautiful vales of the Pacific slope to a more general colonization. This at

any rate was evidently the impression and policy of the Mexican Congress; and at the time of the advent of the Americans it had been so thoroughly carried out that nearly all the rich valley lands in this county had been granted away in large tracts of from two to eleven leagues. After the emancipation of the Indians the decay of this mission establishment was very rapid, even more rapid than its rise. As early as A. D. 1831 the population had fallen off from over a thousand to 791, and the amount of stock was estimated at 4,000 cattle, 300 horses, sixty mules, 3,000 sheep, and no swine. From a comparison with the amount of stock in 1825, you will discover that in the short period of five or six years the Mission was despoiled of about nine-tenths of its stock (gathering tithes, we should say, at a fearful rate). This desecration of church property, however, is said to have been as much due to the carelessness of those in charge as to the cupidity of those who wasted or plundered it.

It is certainly an unpleasant task however useful it might be, to trace the decay of any enterprise, therefore we are tempted to hurry on to the advent of the Americans, but before doing so we must tarry long enough to note the fact that the spoilation of the mission establishment was not necessarily accompanied with a general decay on the part of the colony. On the contrary, the colonists, who acquired grants of land, rapidly accumulated a competency and the American invaders found them, if not surrounded with the luxuries of life, at least abundantly supplied with all the necessaries the simplicity of their style of living required, a remarkably healthful and happy people. True, the wealth of cattle, sheep and horses in which it principally consisted, was mainly in the possession of a few landholders, but so munificent was their hospitality that even the poorest shared almost equally with themselves. Actual want may be said to have been unknown. In these times there was not a spoke wheeled carriage in the county. Horses had not been reduced to the menial service of dragging the plow or loaded vehicle, no collar or trace chafed their proud necks or supple bodies; trained only for the saddle and generally held in high estimation by their owners, they pranced over the virgin soil bearing their owners in a style truly majestic. They were almost

as superior for riding to the common American work horse, as is he to the cow, and the feats of horsemanship accomplished with them were truly wonderful to an American. All farming operations as well as all transportation was accomplished with the ox. They were yoked together by means of a stick or yoke placed immediately behind and securely lashed to their horns, muley cattle or such as had lost a horn, enjoying, therefore, an immunity from service. The plow was made of a forked pole, one prong of which served as a tongue which was attached to the yoke, while the other prong was cut off about a foot and a half above the fork and sharpened so as to root or tear up the ground, the butt end or the end below the forks being trimmed down and a stick inserted for a handle, one handle being all that was required. Sometimes the prong used as a plow was furnished with or perhaps we should say shod with a small piece of iron, something similar to the shovel plow. The ground was always plowed twice over, and they generally got it in a pretty good condition before planting, although it was necessarily a very slow process. The vehicle in general use and in which master and mistress and fair señoritas as well rode to church, consisted of a rude frame fastened together, something like a wagon rack although not nearly as long, and having a long pole protruding in front serving as a tongue to which the cattle were hitched, this frame, placed upon wooden or what the Americans call truck wheels, constituted the wagon called by the Spaniards *carreta*. When it was to be used by the ladies in going to church or visiting, the bottom of the frame was covered with a rawhide and poles inserted in holes bored in the sides of the frame so as to stand upright, over which an awning was improvised as a shelter from the rays of the sun. Scarcely aristocratic enough for the young ladies of our time, but doubtless happier families nestled together under those awnings, in the rude, rawhide-bottomed, seatless *carretas* than many that to-day roll through the streets in all the pomp and splendor of modern civilization.

We cannot close this chapter without acknowledging the uniform consideration and even kindness so generally extended to us, and we believe to the early American settler generally, by the Spanish-Californian population, particularly

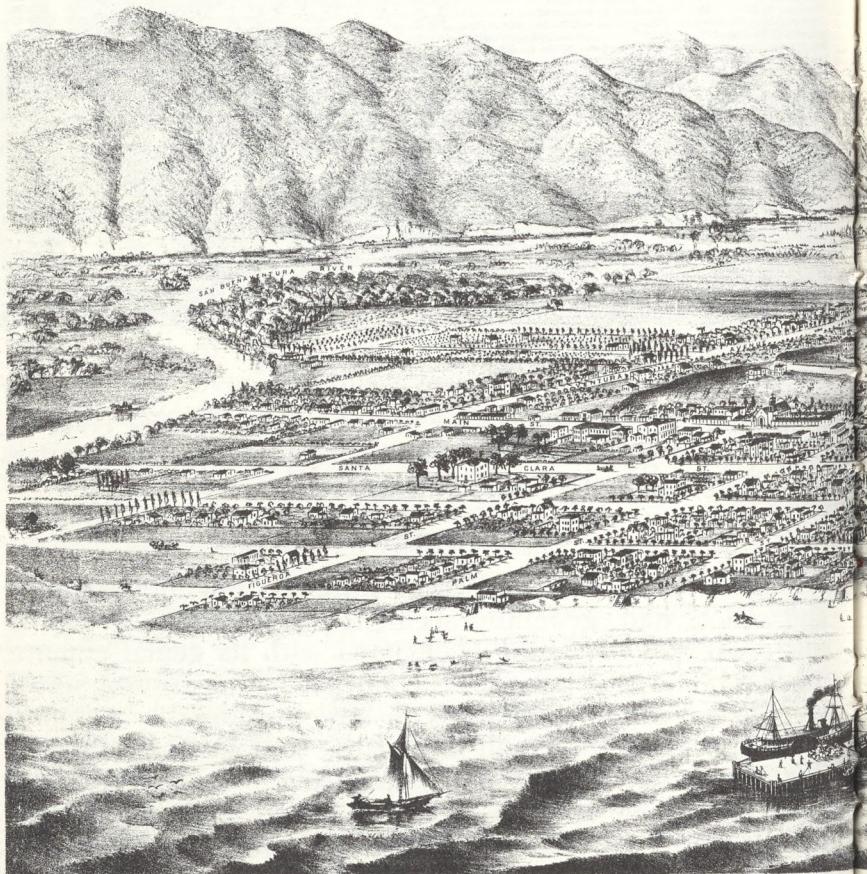


Chaffee residence, Ventura

at a time immediately after the conquest of the country, when we might naturally have expected prejudice and bitterness of feeling to have prevailed.

Chapter III

Although a few American trappers, old mountaineers and sailors had, generally accidentally, found their way to this coast and becoming enchanted with its genial climate, made a home here prior to its conquest by the United States, yet the advent of Americans in any considerable numbers dates from that time, and in fact the settlement by them of this county not until several years after. Prominent among those who came immediately, and within a few years after the conquest, may be mentioned Mr. Calahan, to whom Col. Stevenson entrusted the charge of the Mission followed by Mr. W. A. Streeter now resident of Santa Barbara; Russel Heath and Capt. Marris, who in connection with Don Jose de Arnaz established the first American store in this county; Mr. A. Columbo, the first American farmer; Mr. Ware, the first blacksmith; Mr. John Carl, who kept the first entertainment for travellers. Mr. Thomas Dennis, who established

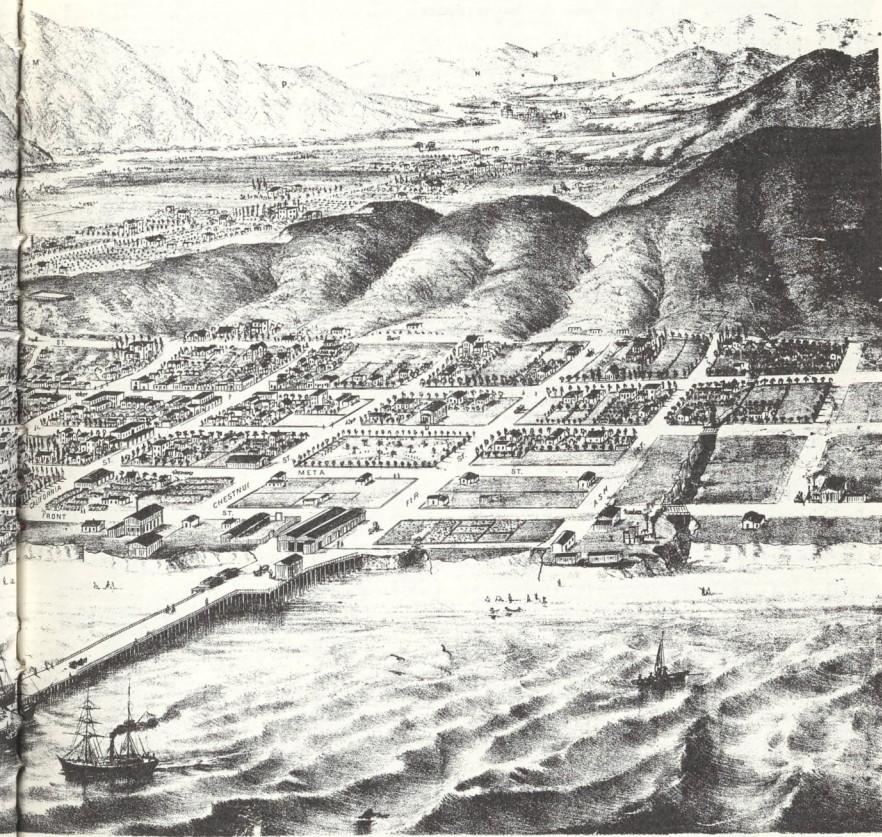


Drawn and Published by E. S. Glover.

REFERENCES.	
A—Mission Buildings.	E—Public School.
B—Methodist Church.	F—Court House.
C—Presbyterian Church.	G—Post Office.
D—Congregational Church.	H—Santa Ana Water Co. Reservoir.

BIRDS

SAN BUENAVVENTURA FROM THE BIRDS



A. L. Bancroft & Co., Lith., San Francisco.

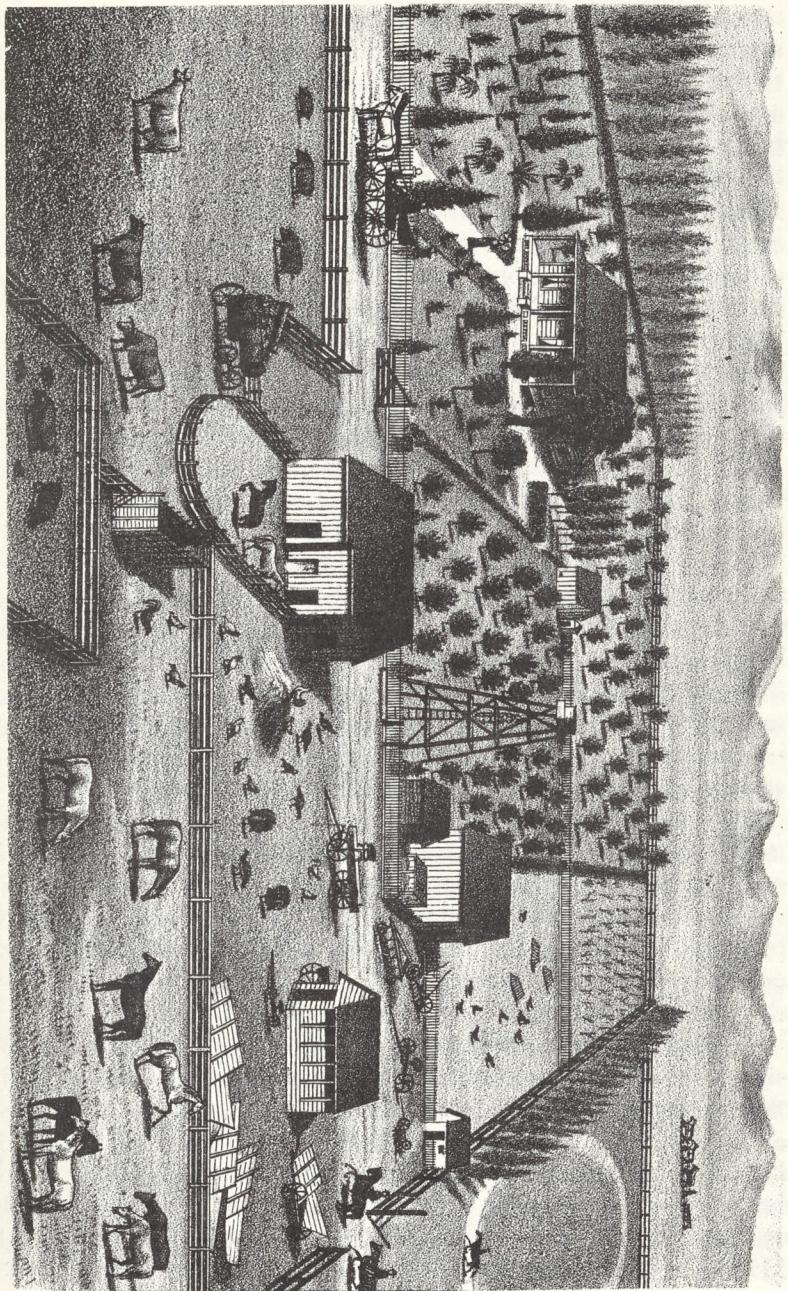
VIEW OF
BAKERSFIELD, CAL. 1877.
LOOKING NORTH.

REFERENCES.

- | | |
|------------------------|----------------------------|
| I—"Star" Oil Refinery. | M—Oil District. |
| J—"S. P." Oil Works. | N—Location of Oil Wells. |
| K—Devil's Cation. | O—Hot Springs. |
| L—Ojai Valley. | P—Oil and Sulphur Springs. |

the first lumber yard, Mr. J. W. Beebe and Mr. Welch, who were, we believe, the first American magistrates of this county or of what was then the first township of Santa Barbara County. All of these parties seem to have made but short residences here. Mr. A. M. Cameron is undoubtedly the oldest permanent resident at present living in the county, although his residence cannot date back more than 22 years. Your historian, Mr. V. A. Simpson, John Hill, G. S. Gilbert, and a few others followed within a few years after. But even as late as the date of President Lincoln's first election we polled only nine American votes in this town, and there was not, at the beginning of the Southern rebellion, more than about half-a-dozen American families and perhaps a dozen bachelors in the country. Messrs. Chaffee & Robins, succeeded by Chaffee & Gilbert, kept the only American store in the place at that time, and took the only daily newspaper taken among us, the *Bulletin*, and the half dozen or so of us who were loyal to the government met nightly at the store to read it and to mourn over the reverses or rejoice at the successes of the Union arms, and discuss the probabilities of the war reaching California and its final termination.

Mr. George S. Gilbert, about the spring of 1861, first attempted the development of the oil interest of this county. He put up retorts and erected a small dwelling at what was afterwards known as Number One of the California Petroleum Company's locations. Mr. Gilbert retorted considerable oil, and succeeded in making a very fair burning fluid, but owing to the fall in the price of the article and numerous reverses, being burned out twice, his enterprise and energy were not rewarded with the success they merited and would have met with under more favorable circumstances. He was obliged, after spending considerable money, to seek another field of labor. Enough, however, had been accomplished to encourage others to make more extended efforts, several large companies were formed, prominent among which were the Philadelphia, superintended by Mr. J. B. Letterman, the Hayward Company, superintended by Mr. Wheeler, and the California Petroleum Company, superintended by Mr. Stone, soon succeeded by Mr. T. R. Bard. Stanford & Co. and some others also engaged in the work. A considerable amount of



Ranch of John C. Hill, Hueneme

money was invested by these companies in boring wells, erecting works and tunneling. The deposits of oil seemed to be quite different from those of Pennsylvania, the earth and rock were found to be saturated with it, but no collective body of oil was struck. Tunnelling proved generally to be the most successful, but in no instance we believe did they succeed in securing a flow of over 30 barrels per day, and after over two years trial, owing mainly to the continued decline in value of oil in the East, and the great disadvantages under which they were compelled to operate, difficulty of transportation and high prices of labor, all of these companies finally suspended, not without however a general conviction, that immense quantites of the article would at some future day be obtained. This oil excitement was not without its beneficial results. Besides materially increasing our population, many of our most enterprising men found their way here with the influx of oil seekers.

In 1861 an Englishman by the name of Spencer placed a retort at the head of Sulphur Cañon, a branch of the Cañada Larga, and retorted some very nice flour of sulphur, sufficient to prove that a good article could be made from the deposits in this great Sulphur Mountain, which is about thirteen miles in length, but like most enterprises at this early date, the high prices of labor, transportation and bad roads proved an obstacle too formidable to permit of his competing with other sources of supply where better facilities for manufacturing it prevailed, and the heavy wet winters of 1861 and '62 destroying his road and damaging his works, it was abandoned, since which time the place where they were erected has become so grown over as to be almost obliterated, and it remains for some future trial to prove whether this vast deposit can be made a source of wealth.

Don Jose Arnaz as early as 1848 laid out a small town site at the Mission of San Buenaventura, and advertised in the eastern papers, of New York we believe, offering lots to any who would come and locate here, but did not succeed in inducing immigration; and the property falling into other hands it was not until 1862 that the town was regularly laid out by Waterman, Vassault & Co., who then owned the Ex-Mission grant, and even this survey was finally rejected by

the first board of trustees after the incorporation of the town and another substituted. The first attempt at incorporation was made in 1863. Messrs. Simpson, Beebe, Stow, Escandon, Chateauneuf and a few others met at the old American Hotel, kept at that time by Mr. V. A. Simpson, drew up a description of the town and petitioned the legislature for its incorporation, but our local representative, Mr. Ramon Hill, being unfavorable to the measure, it was not passed until the next session of the legislature.

Prior to 1861 the seasons for at least ten years had been very similar to the last three or four, but in the winter of 1861-2 we experienced a remarkably wet winter. Rain commencing in the early part of the month of November, giving us a sufficiency in that month, and beginning again a little before Christmas, it continued to rain more or less almost every day until about the 1st of March, causing the hills and mountains to slide in many places, and killing a great deal of stock. This wet winter was followed by a remarkably dry one in 1863-4, so dry that the ground was not during the whole winter wet over three inches in depth. During the summer following stock died by thousands, in fact about two-thirds of all the cattle, horses and sheep perished, and since that date the cattle interest, that is horned cattle, has never recovered or risen to the proportions it had then attained. With these two exceptions the seasons here for the last quarter of a century have been fair average seasons for agricultural pursuits, never, we believe so dry but that fair crops could have been raised with proper cultivation, or so wet as to do much injury. It is true we had higher water in the San Buenaventura in 1867 when our friends Wolfson, Stow and a few other of the then gallant youth of the berg assisted in ferrying the young ladies of the lower end of town out of the raging waters on their backs. The whole of that portion of town west of the point of the school house hill was submerged from one to three feet in depth, but this was not caused by excessive rainfall, but by a heavy warm shower at a time when the mountains were deeply covered with snow.

Our first post office was established at this place in 1861 with Mr. V. A. Simpson as postmaster, the most obliging

postmaster we have ever had. The mail being then so small that he could easily stow it all away in the crown of his hat, and being always sociably inclined he would frequently deposit the last mail under his sombrero and start out for a chat with his few American neighbors, distributing as he went.

During all these years from the time of the conquest of the country until about nine years ago agriculture and horticulture were almost entirely neglected, stockraising having been the general pursuit of the inhabitants with the exception of the little interest manifested as already related in the researches for oil. But with the subdivision of the ranches Santa Paula y Saticoy and the Rio de Santa Clara o Colonia, a new era of enterprise and progress has commenced, from this date the county began to settle more rapidly. The division of Santa Barbara County, and organization of a new county began to be agitated. In the election seven years ago this fall the question was the citizens of this portion selecting Mr. A. G. Escandon as the standard bearer of county division and electing him. Although Mr. Escandon did everything that could have been done at the time, we did not succeed until the session of 1871 and '72 in securing that important measure for our future progress, and the bill did not take effect until the first of January 1873. The commissioners appointed by the governor for the purpose of effecting the organization of the new county to be called Ventura consisted of S. Bristol, T. R. Bard, A. G. Escandon, W. D. F. Richards and C. W. Thacker. The governor also appointed as the first County Judge Milton Wason. About this time we began to be affected with the rinderpest of office seekers. Although we had fixed the salaries very low there was any number of aspirants willing to serve the county. The first election was held on the 25th of February A. D. 1873 at which the following county officers were elected: District Attorney, J. M. Brooks; County Clerk, Frank Molleda; Superintendent of Public Schools, F. S. S. Buckman; Sheriff, Frank Peterson; Assessor, J. Z. Barnett; Treasurer, E. A. Edwards; Surveyor, C. J. De Meritt; Coroner, C. L. Bard; Supervisors: first district, James Daley; second district, J. A. Conway; third district, C. W. Thacker. From this time we had a name and place among the political divisions of the state. Our little news-



J. Marion Brooks

paper, our first, the *Ventura Signal*, which had been established April 24, 1871 by Mr. John H. Bradley, and which had lent material aid in the accomplishment of the division, began to be sought after for information regarding this portion of the state, farmers, merchants, tradesmen and mechanics of all classes began to flock in, and the development of the country became more and more rapid until at the present date we have advanced from the tail end of a cow county to almost the first rank among the agricultural counties of the state. With the rapid growth of the last few years other towns sprung up. Hueneme meaning, if we are correctly informed, camp-ground, situated twelve miles below San Buenaventura on the coast, laid out by T. R. Bard, where he in 1871 constructed a substantial wharf, soon became the shipping point for the third district. Santa Paula, but recently laid out by Messrs. Blanchard & Bradley, is rapidly building

up with good business houses, and becoming the centre of trade for the second district. Nordhoff was laid out by R. G. Surdam, nestling away up in the elevated plateau of the Ojai under the shade of the evergreen live oaks, is rapidly becoming one of the famous health resorts of the coast and still other towns are projected.

Chapter IV

Ventura County is bounded on the north by the counties of Kern and Los Angeles, on the east by Los Angeles County, on the south by the Pacific Ocean, and on the west by the Ocean and Santa Barbara County. The county seat is at San Buenaventura, where a substantial court house and jail were built in 1874. The area of the county in square miles is 1,870. Of this vast area less than one fourth is good agricultural land, valley land. About one fourth is hill side, or grazing lands; the balance high mountains, generally covered with sagebrush and rocky. There is however a large portion of the Sierra Pinal or Pine Mountains that are covered with heavy timber, some of the trees being five feet in diameter and as much as 40 feet of the trunk free from limbs. There has however up to this time been no road opened into this pinery; whether it can be profitably done remains to be solved. The mountains are known to contain gold, iron, copper, lead and cinnabar and doubtless many other metals, although mining has only been prosecuted for gold from time to time and not extensively. The grazing lands are covered with alfilaria, clover, wild oats, bunch and other native grasses, forming a very nutritious pasturage. The valley lands are equal to the best in the United States, producing under favorable circumstances as heavy crops as are to be obtained anywhere. In different localities they are well adapted to the cultivation of Indian corn, wheat, barley, rye, oats, hemp, flax, tobacco, hops, cotton, and in fact almost all the products of both the northern and southern states. Of course, all of these various products do not thrive well in every portion of the county, but there is such a variety of soil and temperature, that portions of it will produce nearly all the products of the temperate and tropical climates. The same may be said in regard to vegetables,

fruits, flowers and nuts. In fact most of the fruits and flowers of temperate and tropical climates flourish side by side in our principal valleys. The following is a table of the temperature for the months of May and December:

AVERAGE FOR THE FIRST WEEK IN MAY:

Morning -----	52
Noon -----	67
Sunset -----	59

Daily average for the week 59.

AVERAGE FOR THE FIRST WEEK IN DECEMBER.

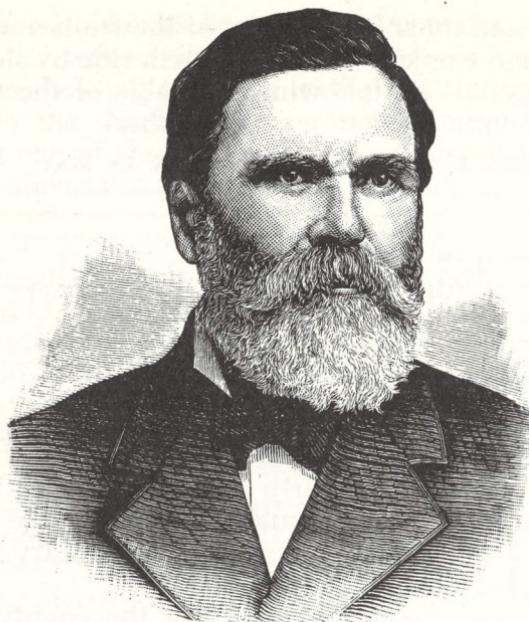
Morning -----	54
Noon -----	69
Sunset -----	62

Daily average for the week 62.

From a perusal of which, and a further consideration that our spring, or rainy season, usually begins before the month of December, covering the earth at that time with a beautiful green coat of grass, it would appear that the psalmist must have had his eye on our portion of country when he wrote "December's as pleasant as May."

The principal streams of water in the county are the Santa Clara, which rises in Los Angeles County, flows in an easterly direction from 80 to 90 miles, and empties into the ocean about three miles southeast of San Buenaventura; and the San Buenaventura, which rises in the northern part of the county, flows in a southerly direction a distance of about 25 miles and empties into the ocean immediately west of the town of San Buenaventura. These streams with their tributaries water the greater portion of the county. Artesian water is obtained over a large portion of the county, at a depth of from 90 to 250 feet; some of the wells, of 7-inch bore, affording sufficient water for milling purposes. Fish are not abundant in the streams of this county, although many trout are to be found in the mountainous districts.

The present county government consists of the following officers: District Judge, Eugene Fassett; County Judge Milton Wason; District Attorney B. T. Williams; County Clerk, L. F. Easting; Treasurer L. Snodgrass; Assessor, J. S. Harkey; Superintendent Public Schools, F. S. S. Buckman; Surveyor, Ed. T. Hare; Sheriff, J. R. Stone; Coroner, F. Delmont; Supervisor, 1st district, James Daly; 2d district, A. W. Beckwith; 3d district, T. R. Bard.



Milton Wason

There is very little agricultural public land in the country, and most of what there is has been taken up. According to the assessment roll of the present year there are 96 claims of 160 acres each, assessed. The greater portion of the agricultural lands were granted to colonists by the Mexican government prior to the conquest by the United States. The following is a list of the ranches granted and number of acres in each as far as we have been able to ascertain:

	Acres.		
Santa Ana -----	21,522	Rio De Santa Clara	
Ojai -----		o la Colonia -----	44,883
San Miguelito -----	8,887	Guadalasca -----	31,000
Part of Rincon -----		Calleguas -----	9,998
Cañada Larga -----	6,659	Las Posas -----	26,623
Ex-Mission of		El Conejo -----	48,671
San Buenaventura -----	48,822	Simi -----	103,000
Santa Paula y Saticoy -----	17,772	Temiscal -----	13,339
Santa Clara Del Norte -----	13,998	Sespe -----	8,880
		San Miguel -----	4,693

Of these ranches the Ojai, Santa Ana, Cañada Larga, Santa Paula y Saticoy, Rio de Santa Clara o la Colonia, El Conejo and a small portion of the Ex-Mission have been sub-

divided, and the greater portion of them sold out to settlers. The rest of the ranches yet remain in the hands of individuals or companies, and when subdivided will open a large tract of valuable land to settlement. From the assessment roll we have copied the following figures, giving if not a very accurate value of property in the county, at least a good approximate one. Judging from the values given of property we are acquainted with and selling prices of the same, assessment is at two thirds of selling prices generally.

First grade lands are assessed per acre at from \$20 to \$125; 2d grade lands at from \$8 to \$20, and 3d grade at from \$1 to \$8. 1st grade is all well located farming land, 2nd grade is a poorer quality of farming land and in poorer locations, and 3d grade is generally grazing land, although there are some large ranches assessed entirely without classification among this grade.

Total value of all		Beef cattle -----	1,475
1st grade lands -----	\$741,220	Goats -----	364
Total value of all		Sheep, fine -----	1,514
2d grade lands -----	602,453	Sheep, graded -----	10,615
Total value of all		Sheep, common -----	173,973
3d grade lands -----	663,579	Lambs -----	18,370
Length of telegraph wires (miles) -----	67	Mules -----	8,738
Amount of money assessed -----	19,043	Oxen -----	140
Value of wagons or other vehicles -----	46,824	Hogs -----	28,668
Harness, saddles, and robes -----	11,782	Bee hives -----	6,693
Libraries, value -----	\$ 3,472	Furniture -----	35,813
Farmers' utensils -----	10,867	Poultry -----	2,917
Horses, thoroughbred -----	1,135	Total value of personal property -----	\$699,993
Horses, American -----	39,165	Total value of town lots -----	248,788
Horses, half-bred -----	22,681	Improvements on town lots -----	213,280
Horses, Spanish -----	22,055	Improvements on other real estate -----	145,243
Colts -----	7,012	Total value of all real estate -----	2,007,252
Cows, American -----	14,290	Total assessment for the year 1876 -----	\$3,451,605
Cows, mixed -----	8,542		
Cows, Spanish -----	2,758		
Calves -----	2,711		
Stock cattle -----	32,764		

Mortgages and solvent debts were not assessed this year.

There are over fourteen hundred names of voters on the Great Register of this county and considering the number of foreigners and Chinese not entitled to vote, we think an estimate of five inhabitants to each voter not too much, which would place our present population at 7000. The occupations of the inhabitants at the present time are principally

agriculture, horiculture, viniculture, stock raising, principally of sheep and swine, aparian, merchandise and the mechanical arts. Manufacturers have as yet received but little attention. Among those classes which are pursued to a limited extent are the manufacture of boots and shoes, saddle and harness, furniture and upholstery, petroleum oil, soap and rock soap. There are of mills in the county, one flouring mill, one saw mill and one planing mill. The religious societies that have built churches in the county are the Catholic, Presbyterian, Congregational and Methodist. There are two weekly newspapers published in the county seat, the *Ventura Signal* published by Shepherd & Sheridan and the *Ventura Free Press* published by H. G. McLean. Education has, from the organization of the county received a very liberal attention. There is a good, two-story brick school house, accomodating four grades of scholars, built at a cost of \$10,000, in the town of San Buenaventura besides two private schools and other good school houses, located at convenient distances, generally, throughout the settled portion of the county. The indebtedness of the county amounts to \$20,000. The rate of taxation last year was \$1.83 on the hundred dollars, the rate for this year is not yet fixed.

Membership

NEW

Tom Roe
Mrs. Erma Varnum

HONORARY

J. H. Morrison

SUSTAINING

Richard Bard
Roger Edwards
Mr. and Mrs. Milton M. Teague
Mr. and Mrs. Lester T. Shiells
Mrs. Henry A. Levy

LIFE

Philip Bard
Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Borchard
Henry M. Borchard
Mrs. E. C. Canet
Mrs. Effie Bartlett Daly
Mrs. Harold Dudley
Mrs. Rosemary H. Duncan
Mrs. Joyce Totten Fraser
Mrs. Robert G. Haley
Mrs. Edith H. Hoffman
Walter Wm. Hoffman
Mrs. Helene Holve
Carmen Camarillo Jones
Mrs. Mary H. Norcop
Mr. and Mrs. Francis Petit
Mrs. Grace H. Smith
Grace S. Thille
John P. Thille
Harry Valentine

Half a Century of Service

California Mutual Insurance Co. Organized on April 4, 1898 as the Ventura County Mutual Fire Insurance Co. with E. P. Foster, president; Nathan Blanchard, vice-president and Charles Barnard, secretary. This old Ventura County business firm has faithfully followed the high standards set by its pioneer founders.

Santa Paula Savings and Loan Association. Organized in April 1890 as the Santa Paula Building and Loan Association with J. R. Haugh, president; Caspar Taylor, vice-president and H. H. Youngken, secretary. This organization has served the interests of home owners and builders, as well as those of the investor.

County Stationers, Inc., 532 E. Main, Ventura. Successor to John J. MacGregor. Since 1898 Ventura County's complete stationer and office furniture dealer.

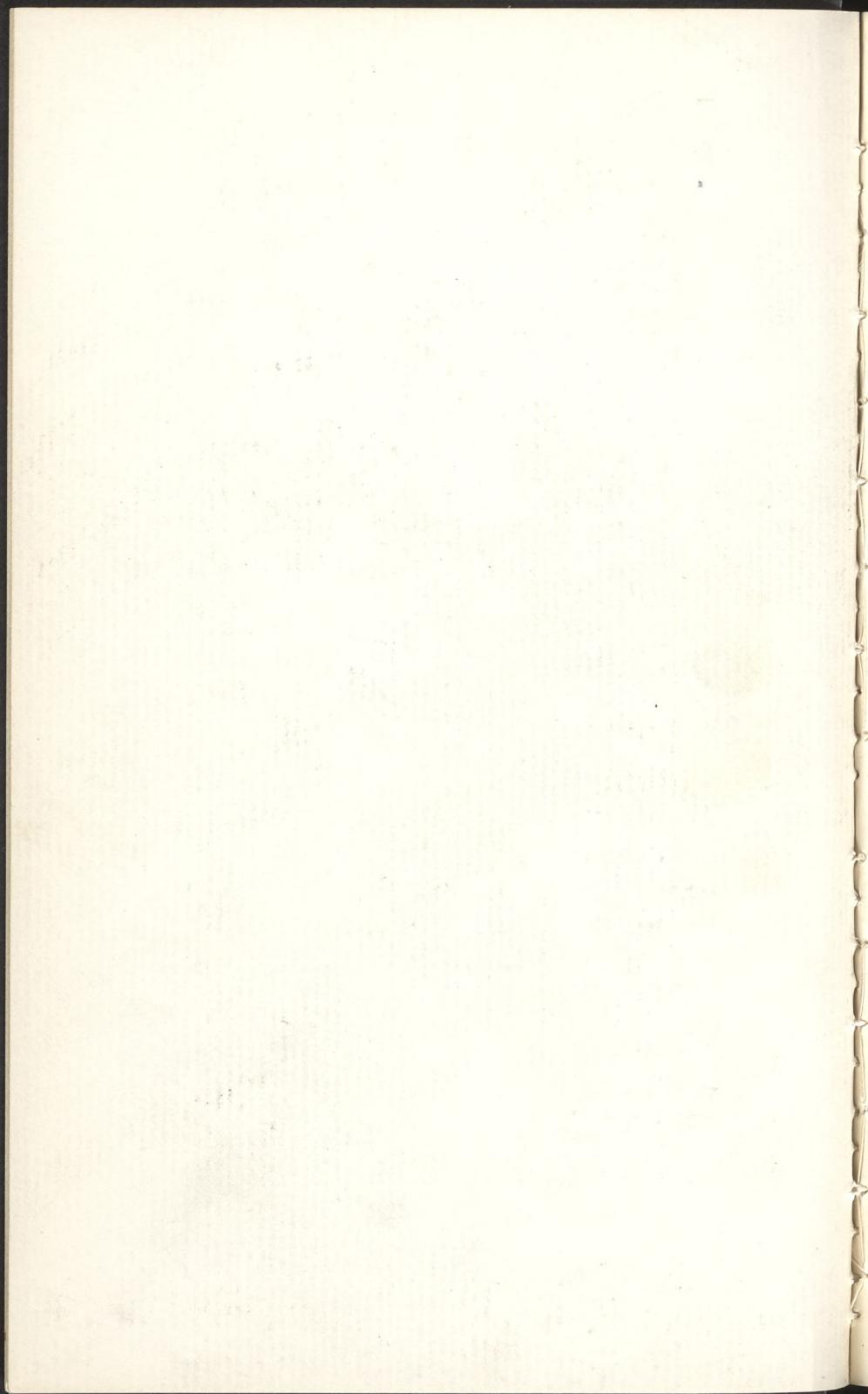
Bank of A. Levy, 143 W. Fifth St., Oxnard. Founded in 1900 by the late Achille Levy, who came to Hueneme in 1875. Since its inception Bank of A. Levy has been closely allied with the farm and ranch industries of Ventura County.

Title Insurance and Trust Company. Successor to Ventura Abstract Company, founded in 1893 by Charles Barnard and incorporated in 1898 by him and four associates, Lloyd Selby, J. S. Collins, Robert C. Sudden and John H. Reppy. The office has been in continuous operation in Ventura County since that time.

Joseph P. Reardon Funeral Chapel, 757 East Main Street, Ventura. Successor to the business established by the Reardon family in 1911 and conducted continually in Ventura since that date.

Janss Investment Corporation. The company began its first real estate development activities in 1889. Operations were moved to the Conejo Valley in 1954 with offices in Thousand Oaks and Newbury Park.

Union Oil Company of California. Incorporated in Santa Paula in 1890, its operations have spread from Ventura County to become world-wide.





JAMES H. ROTH

VENTURA
COUNTY
HISTORICAL
SOCIETY
QUARTERLY

Vol. XIII, No. 4

August 1968

The Ventura County Historical Society

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The Ventura County Historical Society's headquarters is the Pioneer Museum, 77 North California Street, Ventura, California. There are four classes of membership: active, \$5 per year; husband and wife, \$7.50 per year; sustaining, \$25 per year; and life, \$100.

The *Quarterly* is published in February, May, August and November from the Society's headquarters at the Pioneer Museum. Grant W. Heil is Editor and the staff includes F. L. Fairbanks, Mrs. Dorothy Vickers Hart, Junius H. Kellam, J. H. Morrison, R. G. Percy, Mrs. Rafelita O. Philbrick and Richard D. Willett.

The Society assumes no responsibility for the statements or opinions of authors of various articles. All communications should be addressed to the Society at the Pioneer Museum. Memberships include subscription to the *Quarterly*. Additional copies are available at \$1.00 each.

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The
Ventura County Historical Society
Quarterly

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OF THE SIMI VALLEY FROM 1795 TO 1960

By Crane S. Miller

Notice

This agricultural account was abstracted from Chapters II and III of *The changing landscape of the Simi Valley, California from 1795 to 1968*, a master's thesis at the University of California at Los Angeles, 1968.

In Memoriam

JAMES HENRY ROTH, 1887-1968

Jim Roth was one of the founders of the Ventura County Historical Society, and the principal author of its constitution. A charter member, he was its first vice-president, its second president and served on its Board of Directors for ten years. One of his last acts was to become a life member.

THE CHANGING AGRICULTURAL LANDSCAPE OF THE SIMI VALLEY FROM 1795 TO 1960

By Crane S. Miller

Lying in the Transverse Ranges of southeastern Ventura County, the Simi region possesses an enviable physical setting of alluvial valley surrounded by picturesque hill country, which coupled with a mild sub-tropical climate has long attracted the attention of man for agricultural settlement. The interaction of man with this natural environment gave rise to a succession of two distinct cultural landscapes in the period 1795 to 1960. During the Hispanic and early American periods of occupance, 1795 to 1895, a pastoral landscape, one in which cattle and sheep ranching and later dry grain farming were the dominant land use activities, characterized the region. From 1895 to 1960 as more people migrated to the valley and growing markets for high-value agricultural products were brought closer by the railroad, a rural landscape as characterized by intensive farming of sub-tropical fruit and nut crops came to prevade the scene.

The Hispanic era in the Simi Valley was inaugurated in 1795 with the issuance in that year of the initial land grant for Rancho Simi. Spanish settlement of the valley moved at a slow pace and never involved more than a handful of people; but it did, in the early decades of the 19th century, eliminate almost all evidence of the aboriginal settlement that had long preceded it. Before the advent of the Spanish, and for some time after their arrival, the Simi region was occupied by a small population of inland Chumash Indians. These people and their predecessors had resided there for perhaps as long as a thousand years before the arrival of the Spanish, yet the landscape remained relatively unaltered under their long occupance. This was due to a utilization of the land that was limited to hunting, food gathering and some settlement for cultivation of the land was a technique unknown to them. Their cultural indolence could be attributed as much to the geographical isolation of California, which was remote from the culture centers of the New World, as to the mild, "winterless" climate of coastal southern Calif-

fornia, which precluded the necessity of storing food against times of shortage. Isolation of the Simi region itself is illustrated by the fact that, although Spanish exploration of the Ventura region began as early as 1542 and colonization of California had its belated beginnings in 1769, the valley remained largely unexplored until the last decade of the eighteenth century. The first Spanish land expedition to venture close to Simi Valley was under the leadership of Captain Gaspar de Portolá. By August of 1769 the expedition had made its way into the Santa Clara River Valley, the next transverse valley lying to the north of the Simi. From a camp near present-day Camulos a group of Portolá's men explored the Santa Susana Mountains and ventured as far south as the upper reaches of Tapo Canyon. A few years later a second land party, led by Juan Bautista de Anza, probed even nearer to the Simi Valley when it camped near Triunfo in the Russell Valley just south of the Simi Hills.

The Spanish-Mexican era, or what might better be termed "Simi's rancho days," introduced a long period of extensive utilization of the valley's lands, first for the grazing of sheep and later cattle. It followed that a pastoral landscape came to pervade the Simi region and persist even long after California was lost by Mexico to the United States. Hispanic occupancy of the Simi Valley spanned a period of some seven decades, from about 1795 until midway in the 1860's. During this period ownership and control of the valley and its environs was held by two Spanish families, first the Picos and later the de la Guerras. Thus the earliest extensive land use of the Simi region depended almost entirely upon the activities of these two families. The original grantees (the Picos) did little to develop their empire, and during the revolution in which Mexico won independence from Spain (1822) their title to the rancho lands may even have lapsed. But to their more imaginative successor, Don José de la Guerra y Noriega, the verdant bottom lands and hillsides of the Rancho Simi became the basis for a vast sheep and cattle-raising enterprise. Early in his term as governor of Alta California, Diego de Borica granted to Patricio, Miguel and Francisco Javier Pico the rancho San José de Garcia de Simí. The 1795 grant, as later confirmed by a United States

survey, contained an area of 113,09 acres. Rancho Simi proved to be one of the largest ever granted in California. Of the eighteen Hispanic grants issued in Ventura County, only two were bestowed by Spain: Simi and Conejo; the rest were granted by Mexico.

There is some question as to whether the Picos, or any other Spaniards for that matter, actually occupied the Simi Valley before the beginning of the 19th century. Bancroft wrote that there was "some room for doubt" about the Simi grant, for two reasons: when an exploring party visited Simi Valley in August of 1795, they mentioned no rancho; and Governor Borica refused to grant Pico permission to leave the pueblo and settle on a rancho. In apparent contradiction to the above, there is a quotation from a book of records of Santa Barbara County of the 1850's and 60's stating that "Three brothers, Javier, Patricio and Miguel Pico had long occupied this land under the authority of Governor Borica in 1795." In any event the first rancho building, located in the extreme western end of the valley adjacent to Tierra Rejada Road, was not built until early in the 19th century. Completion of the first dwelling was probably in 1801 or 1802, for in the latter year it is known that at least one of the Pico brothers and one Louis Peña, also a possible grantee, were residents in the Simi.

The earliest detailed description of the Simi Valley was written in 1797 by Father Vicente de Santa Maria from Mission San Buenaventura. The rather dismal report which was based on a reconnaissance of the valley in August 1795 by Father Santa Maria and which ultimately precluded the Simi from consideration as a new mission site read as follows:

In the middle of the forenoon, going toward the east, by little and little we reached a valley which is called Simi. In the middle of the valley we came upon a small pool of water in a dry arroyo which crosses the valley halfway. In the afternoon the ensign, sergeant, two soldiers and I went to reconnoiter a place which said Jose Antonio Lugo claimed to have seen, and which, he said, had water and land. After examining everything, we found the water to be not too abundant, the valley very narrow and dismal, and consequently unserviceable.

Extensive utilization of Simi Valley land was initiated with the importation of sheep into the region early in the 19th century. The raising of sheep was an undertaking conducted jointly by the Pico brothers and the fathers of the San Fernando Mission (Mission San Fernando Rey de España was built in 1797 and Simi was included in its jurisdiction). The extent of sheep raising in the early days of Rancho Simi (that is, in terms of number of head and income derived from the sale of wool) is unknown. The operation was probably never of great significance, for in February of 1816 Governor Sola received word from Mission San Fernando that there was no place for the mission sheep to feed now that Patricio Pico had notified the padres to remove them from his land; and in 1819 the last of the sheep had been driven from the Simi by the Picos. Another deterrent to sheep ranching in the Simi was the lack of any substantial market for wool or mutton in southern California. The Picos also maintained a small herd of cattle, but never large enough to venture seriously into the hide and tallow trade.

Although the most apparent manifestation of a pastoral landscape was in the flocks of sheep that roamed the valley floor and hills of the Simi region, there were two other important features of that early landscape: the settlement at Rancho Simi located in the western end of the valley and the road that traversed the valley from east to west. The essential elements of the rancho area were a large adobe structure which provided residence for the Picos and their families, and orchard and gardens which represented the first attempts at cultivation in the Simi. As to the road, which formed the main link between Mission San Fernando and Mission San Buenaventura, it was first mentioned in a letter to the governor written in April 1804 by Father José Señan. Father Señan spoke favorably of the Simi route as compared to the "very bad" Camulos road which led into the Santa Clara River Valley.

Other than the Pico brothers, their families and a few Indians, there were no settlers in the Simi Valley during the first two decades of the nineteenth century. There was a temporary increase of the valley's population in 1818 when a number of people moved inland from San Buenaventura

to avoid an anticipated seaborne attack by the French privateer Hipolyte de Bouchard. Since a landfall by Bouchard and his men never materialized in the Ventura region, the San Buenaventurans returned to the mission settlement.

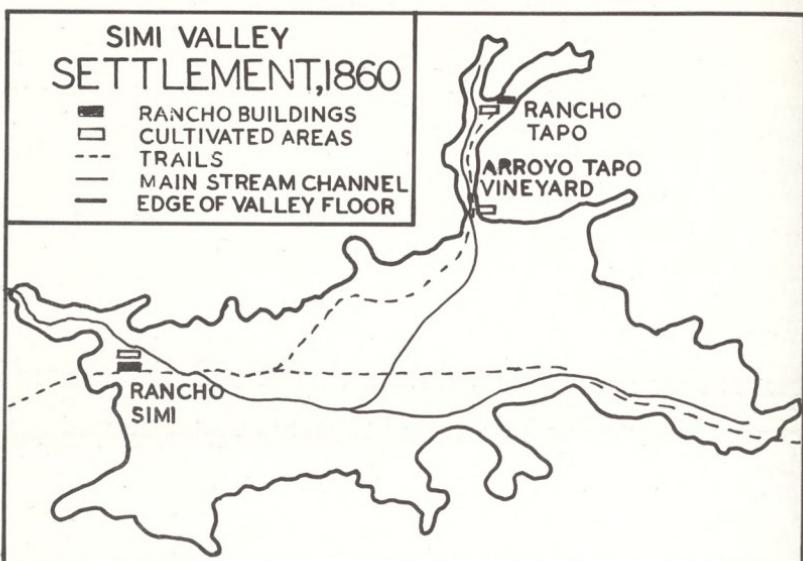
During the twenties and thirties settlement of the Simi Valley all but ceased. The burning of a portion of the Simi buildings in 1820 by Indians may have dissuaded the Picos from further development of their Simi holdings. Although their title to the rancho was reconfirmed by Governor Sola in 1821, little is known of their land use activities after this date. In Sol Sheridan's *History of Ventura County, California* it is recorded that "during the revolution in which Mexico won independence from Spain their title to the land lapsed." However, this last statement is open to dispute, for a nineteenth century book of records of Santa Barbara County reports a continuation of the Pico claim to the Rancho Simi until 1842, at which time the rancho was sold for a fixed sum of money and goods. Authentication of the validation of title to José de la Guerra, but not until 1842, is further substantiated by Judge Ogden Hoffman.

The Simi region did not see the full blossoming of its pastoral days until late in the Mexican period when it became the domain of Don José de la Guerra y Noriega. Although de la Guerra did not acquire Rancho Simi until 1842, he was not new to the California scene. A native of Spain, de la Guerra first came to California in August 1801 at the age of 22. His early years in California were spent as an officer in the service of the Spanish army. It was while he was commander of the presidio at Santa Barbara (from 1815) that his name was first linked with the Simi: in 1818 Father Señan corresponded with de la Guerra regarding the dispatch of soldiers to the Simi during the Bouchard threat. De la Guerra's first land-buying venture came with his purchase of a portion of the 48,671-acre Rancho El Conejo in 1822. In 1827 he was elected to the post of *diputado* to the Mexican Government, but he failed to take the seat and subsequently returned from Mexico City in 1829 to devote his energies entirely to ranching. De la Guerra's next purchase of land was of Rancho Simi, which was later followed by his acquisition of the 26,623-acre Rancho Las Posas, bringing his total

holdings in the Ventura region to nearly 200,000 acres.

The sum paid to the Pico brothers for the 113,000-acre Rancho Simi included \$800 in cash, \$219 in goods and a promise by Don José de la Guerra to pay a debt of \$2,000 owed by one of the Picos to the Mission San Gabriel. Governor Alvarado officially transferred the grant to de la Guerra in April of 1842 and Governor Pico validated it in 1845. Once California fell into American hands, de la Guerra wasted little time in validating his title to Rancho Simi, lest his holdings be thrown open to public settlement. Under the provisions of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo which ended the war between Mexico and the United States and ceded California to the United States, the United States was bound to respect and protect all property rights under certain conditions. De la Guerra filed his deed with the General Land Office of the United States and in 1854 he received a decree of confirmation to the entire Rancho Simi.

It has been said for Hispanic California that the secularization decree of the thirties signaled the decline of the missions and the rise of the ranchos. But it was the Gold Rush of the late forties and early fifties that brought the first significant economic prosperity to Rancho Simi as well as to many other southern California ranchos. The mining camps of central California provided a new and eager market for beef. Being well grounded in the cattle business, Don José de la Guerra was quick to respond to the new opportunity. Through the importation of cattle from Texas and the Midwest he increased the size of his rancho Simi herds to several thousand head, until the landscape of the region came to resemble that of "cattle on a thousand hills." The cattle preferred to graze the hill lands for their abundance of wild grasses and other forage plants, especially alfileria (*Erodium cicutarium*, a pin-clover). During the early fifties the de la Guerra sales amounted from \$50,000 to \$100,000 annually, with most of the revenue coming from the sale of cattle, and a smaller proportion being derived from the sale of sheep products. The forty-niners were also responsible for reviving the sheep industry in California. Thus the demand for wool and mutton brought with it an increase in the number of sheep on Rancho Simi lands; several large herds were brought



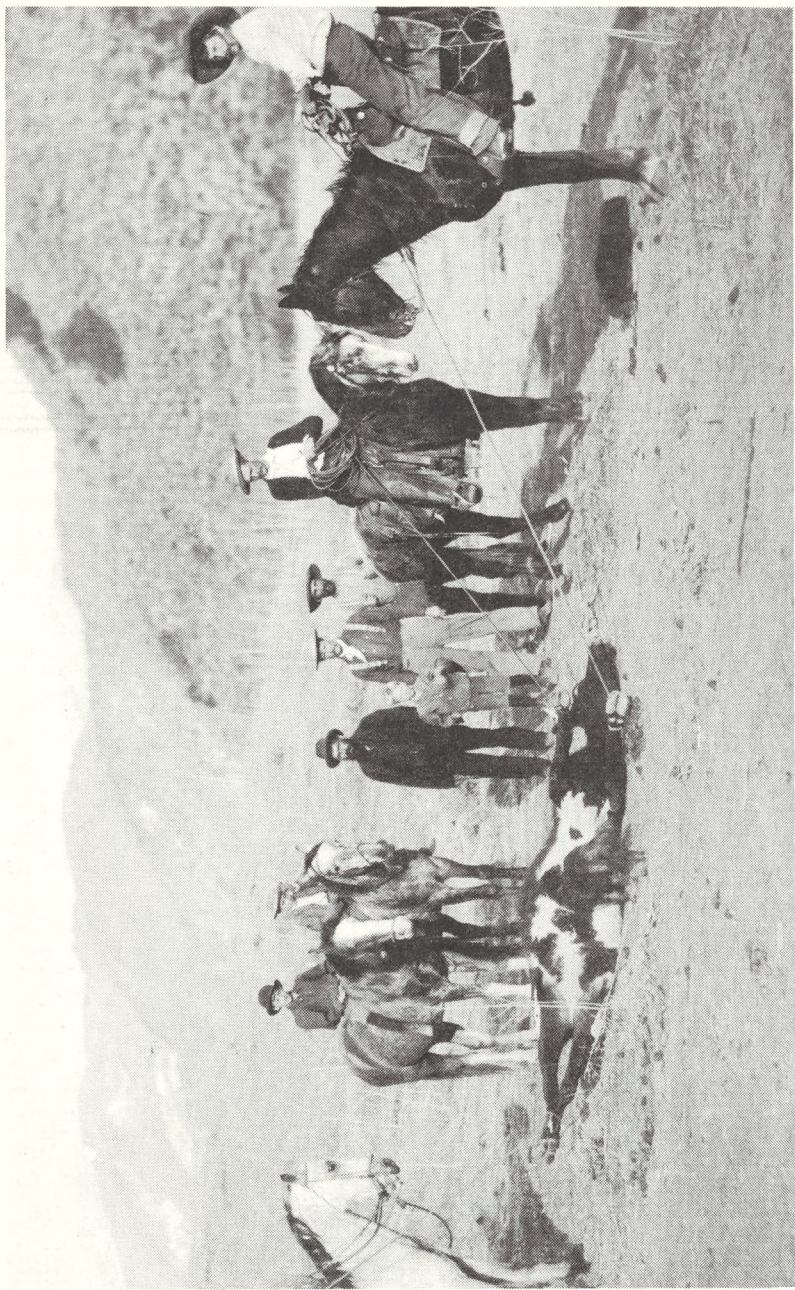
in from Mexico and New Mexico.

Although agriculture during the forties and fifties was based on a pastoral economy, some gains were made in efforts to cultivate the soil, notably in the eastern end of the valley floor at Rancho Simi and in Tapo Canyon. At Rancho Simi the gardens and orchards originally planted by the Picos were enlarged to an area of some forty acres, the most notable additions being a large vineyard of mission variety grapes and several olive trees. In 1858 a major portion of the adobe dwelling at Rancho Simi was again destroyed by Indians, causing the de la Guerra family to move to Tapo Canyon where a large adobe structure had been built several years earlier. Another consideration in relocating in Tapo Canyon was the presence of a dependable water supply from Tapo Creek which was considered to be a perennial stream in the 19th century. Known as Tapo Alta, this now became the headquarters for the de la Guerra operations in the Simi region. In the upper portion of Tapo Canyon adjacent to the adobe, the de la Guerras planted a large flower garden and orchards of white olive, fig, orange, apple and pear trees. Farther to the south, near the mouth of Tapo Canyon, the

de la Guerras had earlier in the 1850's planted several acres of mission grapes. A winery was later established, and by the end of the decade the wines and brandies of the Tapo had become renowned throughout the state for their excellence. Heretofore, the de la Guerras had maintained a town house in Santa Barbara, only visiting the Simi to review the cattle or to be present on festive occasions: for example, sheep shearing time in the spring and grape harvesting and wine making time in the fall, which events were often accompanied by elaborate fiestas; but with their move to Tapo Alta, the rancho now became their main residence.

In February of 1858 José de la Guerra died, bequeathing Rancho Simi to his nine children (his wife had died in 1843). The rancho continued to prosper under the guidance of his sons (Antonio, Francisco, Miguel and Pablo de la Guerra) until 1863-64 when an unprecedented drought struck a near death-blow to the California cattle industry. In Santa Barbara County (present-day Ventura County was then a part of it) out of some 200,000 head of cattle listed on the tax rolls, 190,000 died. Rancho Simi was especially hard hit, losing by death or forced sale almost its entire stock of cattle and a great many of its sheep. Early in 1862 the San Francisco market was swamped by thousands of head of cattle from debt-ridden owners of Santa Barbara County, the de la Guerra family alone disposing of 4,000 head. Although sheep ranching would later be revived by the Americans, cattle-raising in the Simi region would never again reach the proportions it had attained under José de la Guerra.

For most of the last four decades of the 19th century, agriculture in the Simi Valley continued to be based on extensive utilization of the land: first through a revival of sheep ranching; and later by utilization of a large portion of the valley floor for dry grain farming. Early in this period, ownership and control of Rancho Simi shifted from the de la Guerra's into the hands of American interests. Initially, American investors had harbored hopes of discovering oil in the Simi region; but, when this venture failed, they turned to leasing the land to prospective American ranchers and farmers. During the seventies and early eighties less than a dozen Americans settled permanently in Simi Valley; their activities



Branding a steer

centered on raising sheep and some crops, with little prospect of economic gain. On the other hand, the appreciation of land values due largely to the real estate transactions of Thomas Bard during the *Boom of the eighties* proved quite profitable to certain valley landholders. The land boom was short-lived, but by the end of the decade much of the valley had been planted to barley in anticipation of an increasing demand for the grain. The demand materialized and the valley was soon exporting its first cash crop in significant quantities.

During the sixties and seventies, ownership of the vast Rancho Simi passed through the hands of several people with little thought of what the property would someday be worth. The loss of its cattle accompanied by a depression forced the de la Guerra family to execute a mortgage covering the rancho and other property for \$25,000 in favor of Isaac Cook in 1861. A year later Cook commenced action to foreclose his mortgage and by October of 1864 he acquired a valid title by virtue of a sheriff's deed to all of Rancho Simi. A few weeks later Cook conveyed the entire property to Levi Parsons and he in turn to John Church and John Wyeth. Meanwhile, the de la Guerras had executed an oil lease to Albert Packard, who eventually passed the mineral rights on to Eugene Sullivan. In 1865 Thomas Bard, representing Thomas Scott of the Philadelphia and California Petroleum Company, came on the scene and immediately moved to settle the de la Guerra litigation. But it was not until September of 1870 that a final settlement was reached, with Rancho Simi coming under the sole control of the Philadelphia and California Petroleum Company. It is said that Scott, largely through the efforts of Thomas Bard, acquired all of his Ventura region holdings including Rancho Simi at an average cost of sixty-five cents an acre. In settlement of the litigation the de la Guerras were allowed to retain 14,000 acres in Tapo Canyon and were also given grazing privileges for their sheep in Simi Valley. But financial troubles continued to plague the family, resulting in the sale of the canyon property to Thomas Bard in 1879. The boundaries of Rancho Tapo were later fixed and the 14,000-acre property eventually sold to A. Bernheim for less than \$10,000.



Stage on Santa Susana Pass

Although Packard, Sullivan, Bard and others found seepages of *brea* (tar) in the foothills of the Santa Susana Mountains, the actual discovery of oil in the Simi region did not occur until the turn of the century. Oil was found elsewhere in the Ventura region, and the prospect that it would someday be found in the Simi induced Thomas Scott to hold the rancho lands until his death in 1882.

Other than the grazing of de la Guerra sheep, the only evidence of land use in the valley during the late sixties was a stagecoach road which traversed the valley from east to west and an inn with stables located at the foot of Santa Susana Pass. The Butterfield Stage Line operated in the Simi until 1875, providing the main overland route between San Fernando and Santa Barbara. This stage road, although it was later improved and given the name Los Angeles Avenue, remained the only road to serve the valley until the 1890's.

With the de la Guerra litigation settled (1870) and little likelihood that oil would be found, the Philadelphia and California Petroleum Company authorized Thomas Bard to lease the valley floor for agricultural purposes. In 1871 Bard leased 12,000 acres in the eastern end of the valley to Charles Hoar who became the Simi's first American farmer; Hoar was to pay one-fifth of any crops he raised as rent. A short time later Hoar entered into partnership with A. W. Brown and a man named Bates. The three men leased all of the valley floor, utilizing the land solely for the raising of sheep.

By 1880 there were 13,000 head of sheep in the partnership's herds. The importation of blooded stock had not only increased the size of the herds, but also the wool-clip to a yield two to three times that of the de la Guerra era. Nevertheless, income from the sale of Simi Valley wool provided little more than a livelihood for the members of the partnership.

In a canyon fronting on the northeast corner of the valley floor, Hoar built an adobe ranch house and planted ten acres to fruit orchards and vegetable gardens; the ranch settlement was given the name, Humming Bird's Nest. Brown established a ranch house, barns and corral in the center of the valley, near the intersection of Erringer Road and Royal Avenue.

To augment their incomes, the members of the partnership turned to sub-leasing parcels of land in the center of the valley for growing of crops. The first to sublet was a man named Evans who is given credit for growing the valley's first crop, sixty tons of oat hay. He was succeeded by Eli Barnett, who continued growing introduced grasses for hay at first, but later was responsible for introducing barley to the Simi Valley. A few more Americans came to the Simi to try their hand at wheat farming, the total American adult population in the valley reaching eight by 1884.

Thus the valley landscape of the early eighties was much as Thompson and West had observed and described it with "forests of live oak at the upper end and clothed with fields of wheat far down the wide plains; here and there, though far apart, stand the quaint farmhouses of this region;" they also gave an account of potential land use in the greater

98,000-acre Rancho Simi area of 11,000 acres for farming, 67,000 acres for grazing and 20,000 acres of 'no use except for bee pasturage.' On the last item it is noteworthy that the ranchers often complained that the "only one who ever made any money" in the valley was an apiarist named Samuel Easley whose bees in one year produced 120,000 pounds of white sage honey which he transported to Port Hueneme and sold for five cents per pound.

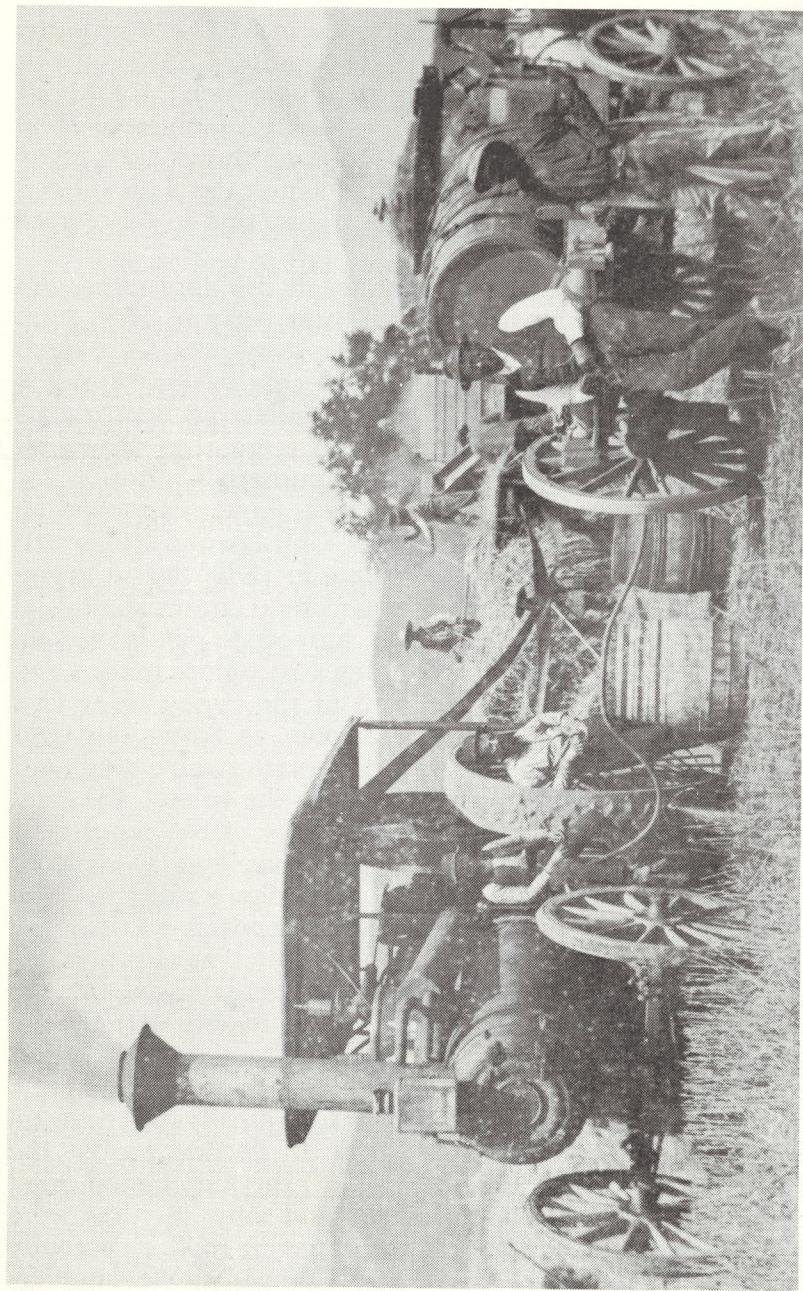
The arrival of the Southern Pacific Railroad in 1876 increased immigration to southern California; when the Santa Fe came in 1885 and the ensuing rate war reduced the fare from Kansas City to Los Angeles to as low as one dollar, tourists and prospective settlers began swarming into the Southland. Out of this influx was born the land boom of the 1880's in southern California. It soon spread to the Simi Valley and initially took form with the creation of the Simi Land and Water Company.

In 1882 Thomas Scott died, leaving Thomas Bard to settle his affairs in Ventura County. Bard offered to sell the Simi Valley floor area to the partnership of Bates, Brown and Hoar for one dollar an acre. Hoar attempted to raise the money for his share, but Bates and Brown eventually grew wary of the venture and the negotiations collapsed. Bard next moved to invest his own money in Simi land. In liquidating the estate of Thomas Scott and the Petroleum Company, the Simi and Las Posas Syndicate was formed with Bard's initial investment amounting to one-fifth (\$30,000) of the syndicate's assets: 99,000 acres in the Simi region and 25,000 acres in the Las Posas region, at a total book value of \$62,500. In the opening quarter of 1887 Bard increased his syndicate holdings by buying out some of the eastern owners; later that year Bard sold part of his interest in the syndicate to Daniel McFarland, but still retained three-tenths of the syndicate's assets. It is noteworthy that the *Los Angeles Tribune* hailed the sale of the Rancho Simi in 1887 to the syndicate as the "largest individual transaction . . . consummated in this county since the boom began." In the summer of 1887 Bard, McFarland and five others formed the Simi Land and Water Company to subdivide and sell the syndicate's lands; the company was capitalized at \$650,000, issu-

ing 6,500 shares of stock at a par value of \$100 each. Bard's three-tenths interest in the syndicate became 1,884 shares in the Simi Land and Water Company, of which McFarland sold more than 1,100 shares during the flush months of 1887 for a return to Bard of \$113,000, thus netting a tidy profit on his total investment in the original syndicate. This proved to be the most lucrative real estate transaction in the career of Thomas Bard.

As for the development activities of the Simi Land and Water Company, they began in earnest early in 1888 with the construction of an imposing three-story hotel on a knoll in the eastern part of the valley and subdivision of valley lands for sale at ten to one hundred dollars an acre, prices which the *Los Angeles Express* noted were "less than half the prices asked anywhere else in Southern California for lands of the same quality." When the company launched an advertising campaign in Los Angeles, Chicago and Cincinnati newspapers, the first to respond (late in 1888) was a group of eight Chicago doctors who formed the California Mutual Benefit Colony of Chicago. They agreed to join the Simi Land and Water Company in buying two square miles (sections 8 and 9) in the western end of the valley to erect a health resort and a town to be known as Simiopolis. But Simiopolis never became a reality: although twelve ready-cut houses were shipped into the valley by the colony, the land boom had begun to wane and only a few of the purchasers who had originally signed with the colony ever made it to California from the East. In 1891 the colony was dissolved and the Simi Land and Water Company repossessed the land; however, those colonists who had invested money and expressed a desire to remain in the Simi were allowed to keep their houses. From 1888 to 1890 some twenty settlers not connected with the colony, who had also seen the newspaper advertisements, came to the valley.

The *Boom of the eighties* had figuratively put Simi on the map, but when the boom began to decline, so did the interest in this "small, isolated valley"; the anticipated flood of immigrants had not materialized and only 38 votes were cast at the first election held in the valley in 1890. Eventually most of the Simi Land and Water Company's stockholders



Threshing grain

exchanged their shares for valley and hillside land. Thomas Bard for his remaining shares had acquired 852 acres of valley land which he pooled with the acreage owned by his family and friends for renewed operations in barley, wheat and sheep. Bard never again figured prominently in valley affairs, but the Berylwood Investment Company (formed by the Bard family partially as a result of the aforementioned pooling of resources) retained their valuable acreage in the center of the valley until the middle of the present decade.

Despite the realty upheaval and the beginning of subdivision, valley farmers increased their acreage in forage grasses, wheat and especially barley. The year 1887 saw the Simi's first major crop of barley harvested, and by the end of the decade most of the valley floor was devoted to dry farming (the only notable exception being the woodland-grassland area of 2,000 acres at the eastern end of the valley, which was retained as sheep pasturage).

Barley was an annual crop, usually being sown in late fall before the first heavy rains and harvested in mid-summer; for a short time following the harvest, the sheep in the region were allowed to graze on the stubble. For the harvest each farmer maintained a number of horses, mules, wagons and an impressive array of steam-driven heading, threshing and cleansing equipment. Every summer several hundred men were hired to operate the equipment and haul the grain out of the valley to Port Hueneme. From 1887 to 1895 annual production of barley in the Simi averaged 100,000 sacks or about one-third of that produced in Ventura County as a whole.

After 1893 barley acreage and production steadily declined in Simi Valley as well as in Ventura County as a whole. This could be ascribed as much to competition from the grain belt counties of the San Joaquin Valley as to the desire of increasing numbers of small landowners to irrigate the land and raise specialty crops. Perhaps the new arrivals had read of the lush gardens and orchards of the de la Guerra era at Rancho Simi or heard of the exploits of the water-witch (Maroni Stones) whose successes in locating artesian and subartesian wells in the valley and Tapo Alta had become legendary. Or it was simply a matter of economics: since the



10-horse team hauling 15 tons of barley up a hill

railroads from the East were pushing ever-closer to the valley, there seemed every likelihood that vast new markets for high value agricultural products would soon be available and that seasonal labor to harvest and process the crops would be more readily obtainable. In any case, the "new agriculturists" of the mid-nineties inaugurated the period of more intensive land use which has continued to the present decade.

The introduction of deciduous fruits in the mid-nineties marked the beginning of intensive farming in the Simi Valley. It was found that prunes and apricots did well in the southern portion of the valley plain; but there was only limited expansion of acreage or gain in production until after the turn of the century, when irrigation was instituted on a larger scale and the Southern Pacific Railroad came to the Simi. These events served to spur agricultural development for apricots, which were sun dried and shipped mostly to western Europe, became the mainstay of the Simi economy. By 1925 four separate communities had come into being, and population in the valley was nearing one thousand. World War I seriously curtailed exports of dried fruits, thus temporarily halting further expansion of deciduous fruit acreage. However, during the war years farmers experimented with other tree crops including various varieties of walnuts and oranges, finding that conditions of soil, air, drainage and water supply were nearly ideal, especially in the higher, north-central section of the alluvial piedmont. This area of the valley known as the Tapo district became one of California's important producers of navel, and later Valencia oranges and lemons, gaining a reputation which has endured from the early twenties to the present day. There were plantings of walnuts and citrus in other parts of the valley, with the Valencia orange eventually becoming the Simi's most valuable commodity. The centering of the citrus industry below the mouth of Tapo Canyon also affected the texture of settlement with a steady shift of the core of population during the thirties and forties from the southern half of the valley to the north-central portion. In the 1950's, despite the imminence of urbanization (the population increased from 3,000 in 1950 to over 8,000 by the end of the decade) intensive agriculture attained its zenith with almost 6,000 acres under irrigation; and the valley



Prune dipper

accounted for nearly three per cent of southern California's annual production of Valencia oranges.

Irrigation was not a new technique in the Simi region. In the forties the de la Guerras had ditched water from springs in the nearby hills to their vineyards at Rancho Simi, and in the seventies Charles Hoar employed a similar method to sustain his orchards at Humming Bird's Nest. But irrigation played no part in the cattle raising of the pastoral days and was of little significance on the sheep and barley ranches of the early American period. Yet to provide a dependable water supply for his stock and his family's domestic needs, it was imperative that each rancher dig for ground-water. Consequently there was an artesian or pumped well attendant to each ranch house in the valley by 1895. The existence of a subsurface water table at depths of from eighty to fifty feet throughout most of the basin was now a certainty.

The earliest utilization of ground-water for irrigation was in the raising of prunes and apricots. At first, farmers relied on rainfall to maintain their crops, but before the turn of the century a prolonged drought compelled them to begin using well water for irrigation. Acreage in deciduous fruits increased steadily, but at a slow rate until the coming of the railroad in 1904 opened the door for distant marketing of

valley produce. The demand for dried fruits from the Simi now became national and international in scope, resulting in dramatic increases in both acreage and production, especially of apricots. This situation continued until the advent of World War I, when overseas shipments of Simi apricots all but ceased. In the twenties there followed a rejuvenation of foreign demand and thus further expansion of acreage; but at this juncture the apricot was being overtaken by the orange as the Simi's key agricultural product.

In 1893 N. C. Woods became the first to plant a large tree crop in the Simi; eighty acres of prunes on land in the south-central portion of the valley plain. Wood's was the first commercial orchard and within a few years was producing over one hundred tons of dried prunes annually; the leading variety was the French prune, a variety suitable for drying without removal of the pit. His early success prompted others to engage in raising apricots (mainly of the Royal variety) as well as prunes; so that by the end of the century there were several small individually-owned orchards, each one averaging forty to eighty acres in size.

Before the coming of the railroad, exports of dried fruits moved by horse and wagon to markets in Los Angeles County and other parts of Ventura County. To facilitate shipment out of the valley most of the orchards and drying yards were located near the valley's two main roads, Royal Avenue and Los Angeles Avenue, in the general vicinity of the Wood's farm. Other factors weighing heavily in the choice of this area as the nucleus of orcharding included the existence of well-drained, loamy soils of sufficient depth and discovery of the valley's most prolific artesian well at the intersection of Royal Avenue and Erringer Road.

Despite below average precipitation that had extended for several years since the "last wet winter" of 1889-1890, growers relied primarily on rainfall to meet the moisture requirements of their crops. To help alleviate the problems of a prolonged drought, orchardists planted more heavily to the early ripening apricot than to the prune; because it was harvested in early July, the apricot was less likely to require irrigation than the prune which was not picked until mid-September. Nevertheless, it was apparent to some growers

that the meager rainfall of recent years would have to be supplemented by ground-water, even for apricots. In 1894 F. J. Fitzgerald became the first to drill a well solely for irrigation, diverting the subartesian flow to his apricot orchards. In the next few years he was followed by C. N. Norton, R. A. Parr and J. C. Scott; Norton, by virtue of his building the valley's first cement reservoir, could be considered one of its foremost water conservationists. Another pioneer in irrigation agriculture, but of sugar beets rather than deciduous fruits, was R. P. Strathearn who had purchased extensive acreage in the western end of the valley, ostensibly for raising cattle.

Irrigation not only tended to mitigate the ill effects of over a decade of relatively dry years, but also to increase crop production. Its benefits became evident to increasing numbers of growers, resulting in the slow spread of irrigation systems throughout the tree crop areas of the southern plain; by 1912 500 acres were under irrigation. Increased pumping lowered the water table, but a return to a period of years with normal rainfall kept ground water reserves at safe levels. Irrigation agriculture was rapidly becoming the basis of the valley's economy and occurrence of another protracted drought would seriously jeopardize the growth of that industry.

Although the introduction of irrigation provided the basis for intensive farming in the Simi, it was the coming of the railroad that first exposed the valley to rapid expansion of its agricultural potential. For over a century since the advent of the Spanish in 1795 isolation had imposed an effective restraint on the Simi's development. The Southern Pacific Railroad broke that barrier by linking the valley with transcontinental rail routes; Simi farmers could now share in the trade with eastern markets that had helped make agriculture the mainstay of the California economy. Due to a preference for canned and fresh fruit in the United States, Simi dried apricots found their main outlets in western Europe, particularly Germany; the key factor in this trade was rail linkage with the ports of Hueneme, San Pedro, San Francisco and New York. Except for a brief hiatus during World War I, export of dried apricots in the teens and early twenties prob-



Pitting shed

ably amounted to upward of 500 tons annually with growers receiving from five to ten cents per pound.

Construction of the railroad through the Simi Valley, which remained the last gap in the Southern Pacific's main coastal line from Los Angeles to San Francisco, started in 1900 and was completed in 1904. Highlight of the project was the building of a 7,369-foot long tunnel under Santa Susana Pass at a cost of one million dollars. It was with economy in mind that the Southern Pacific Company located its main depot at Santa Susana. Here they were furnished land for a station and section house, whereas elsewhere along the line which parallels Los Angeles Avenue throughout most of its course, landowners were not given to such generosity. Another reason for locating some three miles east of the center of agriculture at that time was the presence of a long stretch of relatively level land at Santa Susana, which facilitated the starting of trains.

Because in early Spanish times the mission fathers had passed this way, and now the railroad had come, it was thought by many that the El Camino Real Highway (U.S.

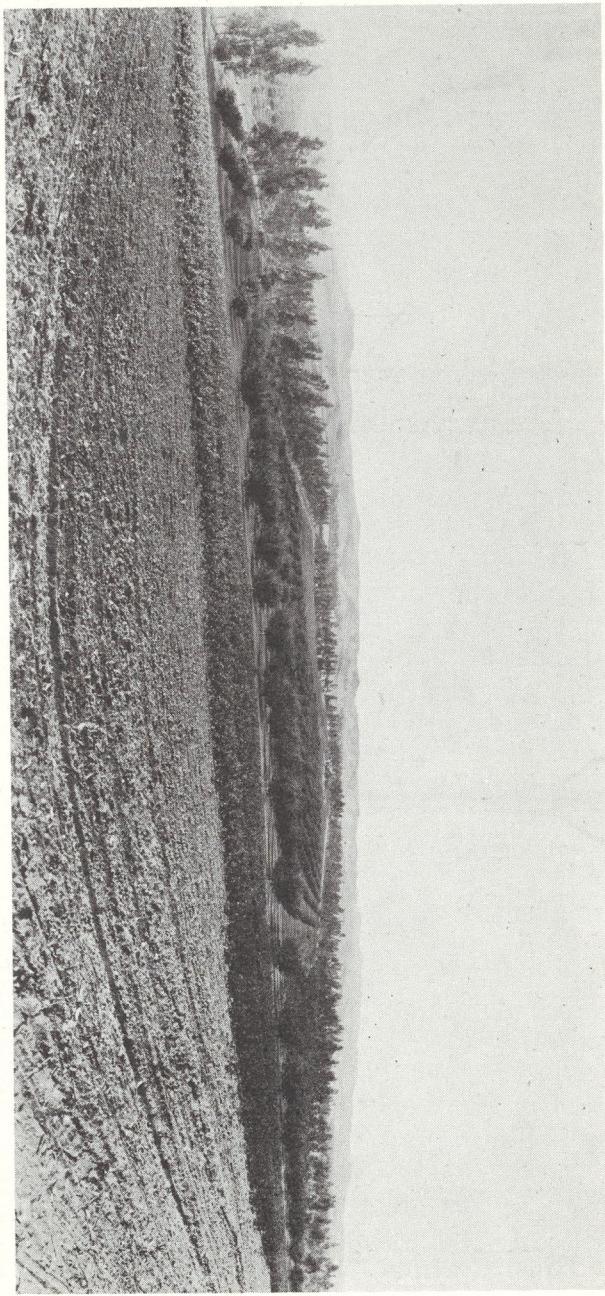
101) would be routed through the Simi. Notwithstanding these historical and practical qualifications (the railroad could readily supply building materials along the right-of-way) the highway was eventually built across the Russell and Conejo valleys to the south. Instead a relatively minor route, State Highway 118, which was paved in 1924 and used Los Angeles Avenue as its route through the valley, became the main motor artery connecting the Simi with the valleys to the east and west.

In 1900 the major part of the population of less than 200 was located at the site of the old Mutual Benefit Colony, which later became the town of Simi, and in the adjoining orchard region to the southeast. The rectangular road pattern, of which Royal Avenue and Los Angeles Avenue were the main segments, was developed only in the south-central portion of the valley floor and at Simi.

A quarter of a century later the population had increased nearly five-fold and had become concentrated in four distinct communities, all located in the southern half of the valley: Simi, Santa Susana, Santa Susana Knolls and Community Center. Settlement in the lower part of the valley was largely the result of the Southern Pacific's locating its main line there. The main roads had been paved and the general street pattern had become somewhat more elaborate on the valley floor. Roads to the tributary canyons were improved; but, except for Tapo Canyon and Meier Canyon, agricultural development and settlement remained largely absent from the hill country.

From 1930 to 1950 the population tripled to 3,000, with the greater part of it becoming concentrated in the central and north-central plain, in response to enlargement of the Tapo District as the valley's main area of citriculture. Development of a partial grid-like street pattern, due largely to the alignment of streets parallel to long rows of eucalyptus wind-breaks, also became most pronounced in this region of the valley.

During the fifties the population increased to over 8,000, and work was started on the first extensive housing tracts. Yet, with an economy still based almost entirely upon agriculture, a typically rural southern Californian landscape

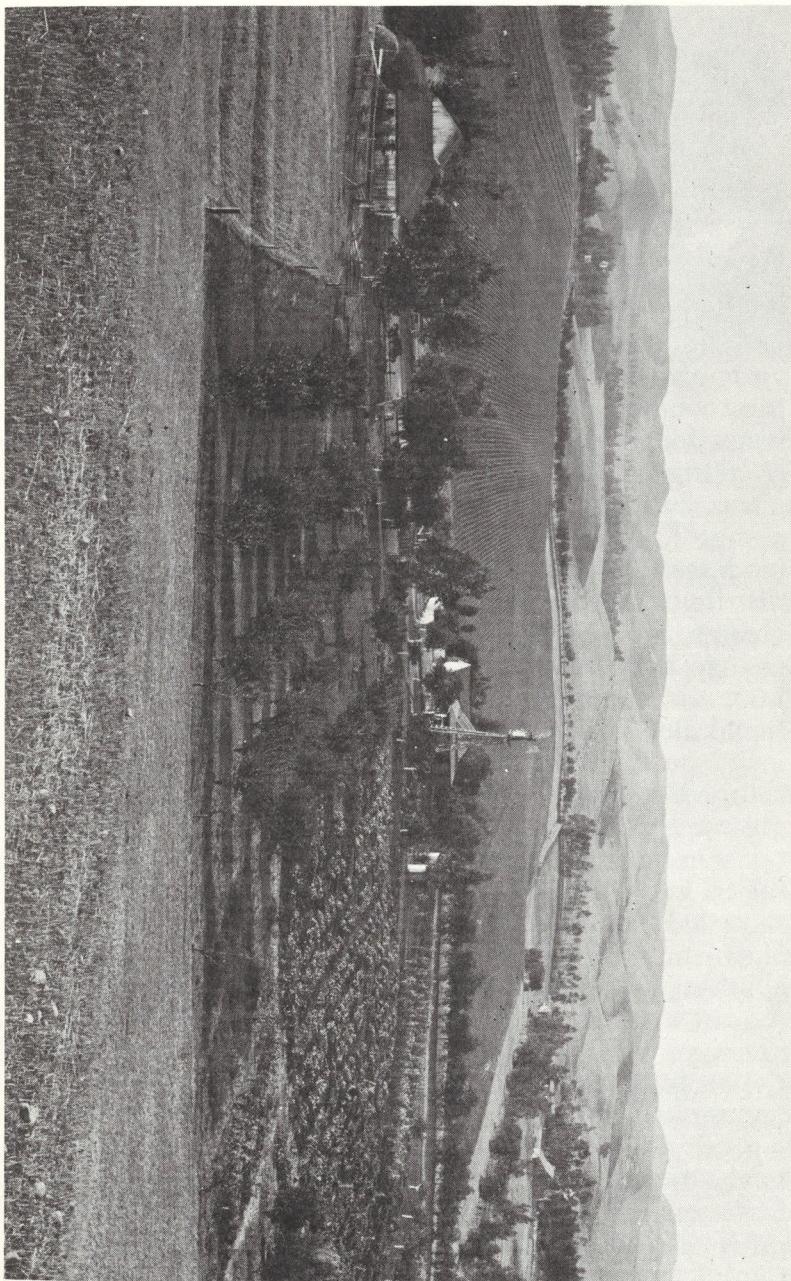


Orchard on the Tierra Rejada

pervaded the Simi Valley until the end of the decade. Small landholdings, rows of eucalyptus windbreaks, orange groves, walnut orchards, small areas of truck farming and grain farming, an occasional poultry or rabbit farm, numerous paved roads and clusters of dwellings sometimes half hidden by trees and shrubs were the essential elements of the scene.

In the 1920's there were ambitious but largely illfated attempts at subdivision and settlement, all in the eastern half of the valley north of Los Angeles Avenue; the successful Tapo subdivision was related in part to the development of citriculture in the Tapo district. The first of these abortive subdivisions, the 720-acre La Placentia tract, was developed on land surrounding the old Simi Hotel by the Santa Susana Development Company, starting in 1922. Small farmsteads were offered and there were a few buyers; but, as difficulties in acquiring well water became increasingly apparent, interest in the project waned and eventually it was abandoned. Another attempt at subdivision was inaugurated in 1925 by W. F. Loomis: the 320-acre Kadota Fig Farm Project. Each prospective purchaser was to buy one acre complete with fig trees and facilities for pigeon farming. Loomis had been successful with a similar project in the San Fernando Valley, but the price asked for land in the Simi (\$2,800 per acre) seemed exorbitant (by comparison, improved land at Community Center sold for \$1,000 an acre in 1923) and the project appeared doomed from the outset. Many fig trees were planted, but with only a half dozen or so eventual buyers the project was largely a failure.

Until the late twenties there were several areas of extensive land holdings in the western half of the valley where neither subdivision nor irrigation agriculture of any significance were undertaken. These holdings included the 16,000-acre Strathearn ranch in the western hill country, the Lloyd ranch north of the town of Simi (owned by the Ventura Land and Water Company until 1929), The Berylwood Investment Company holdings north of Community Center, the Kujawski ranch in the southwest corner of the valley (purchased in the 1920's by the Robertson family under the name Hacienda Sinaloa Company of Simi) and the Runkle ranch in the Simi Hills. Eventually, with the exception of the Stra-

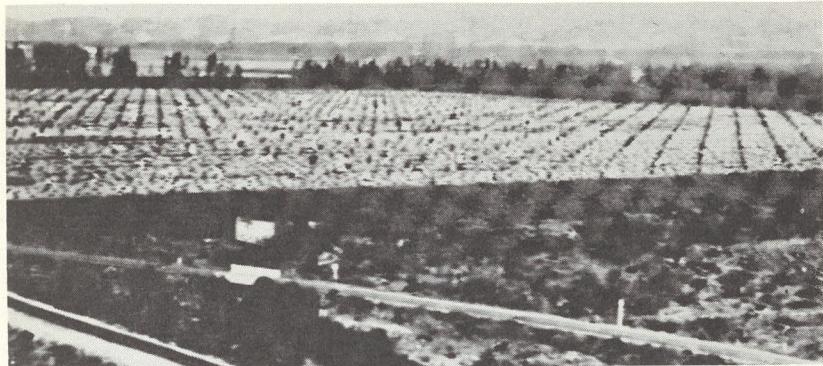


Rural landscape

the earn and Runkle holdings, irrigation agriculture was developed to some extent on the aforementioned ranches.

From 1915 to 1930 irrigation agriculture in the Simi Valley underwent both expansion and refinement so that nearly 6,000 acres were in irrigated crops by 1930. A key feature of the period of expansion was the trend toward the planting of citrus and nut crops requiring a greater annual supply of moisture than the deciduous fruit crops heretofore planted. Not only had World War I tempered apricot production in the valley, but early experiments with oranges and walnuts had proven the suitability of the valley's environment to these more remunerative tree crops. These factors, combined with the already proven presence of ground-water for irrigation and the guaranteed export of fresh fruit by refrigerated railroad car, served as the basis for a viable citrus and walnut growing industry in Simi. By 1915 the orange had become one of California's leading export commodities. This was due largely to the effective marketing and distribution procedures of the Southern California Fruit Exchange, later rechristened the California Fruit Growers Exchange, and more recently Sunkist Growers, Inc., which were instrumental in making the orange a staple item in the national diet. In addition the walnut was also assuming a prominent position on the list of agricultural products being shipped to eastern markets. Thus the time seemed appropriate for Simi farmers to share in this trade.

Oranges of an unknown variety were probably introduced to the Simi region late in the de la Guerra era, the only recorded plantings being at the rancho in Tapo Canyon. However, the introduction of commercial varieties (the Washington navel from Brazil and the Valencia from the Azores were introduced to California in the mid-1870's) did not come until about the turn of the century. Samuel Easley, the erstwhile apiarist, was the first to experiment with growing citrus in the valley. Carrying water to them by hand from a nearby well, he successfully raised a single navel tree and a lemon tree. The earliest planting of a citrus orchard was by C. G. Austin, one of the original colonists, who attempted to grow one acre of Washington navels exclusively on natural rainfall at the northwest corner of the intersection of Erringer



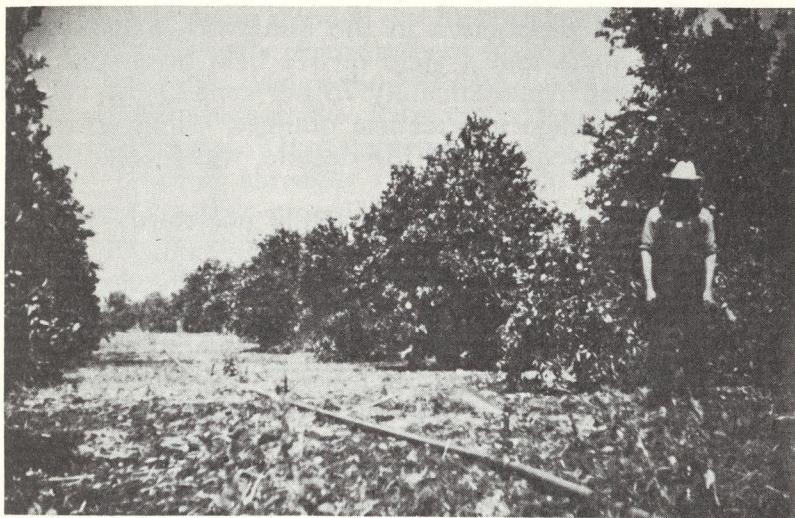
Walnut grove near Santa Susana

and Cochran Streets. Although his initial efforts met with some success, he later undertook irrigation and expansion of his orchards to encompass a variety of fruits, including the nectarine. Easley, Austin and others had shown that the Washington navel, which was harvested in early winter before the first frosts, could be grown almost anywhere on the valley floor. However, it was with intentions of raising the summer-ripening Valencia as well as the navel, that growers eventually chose the higher, nearly frost-free north-central plain (Tapo district) to initiate citriculture on an extensive basis in Simi Valley.

Introduction of a small, hard-shelled variety of walnut may have been as early as 1782 at Mission San Buenaventura; but the larger, soft-shelled commercial varieties were not introduced to the greater Ventura region until the 1860's, and in the Simi Valley not until about 1910. The first plantings were of seedlings brought in from nurseries at Goleta in Santa Barbara County; these were English walnuts of the Placentia and Eurea varieties. Although requiring irrigation the walnuts were more tolerant of winter frosts than oranges, and thus orchards were planted in a variety of locations throughout the basin. During the twenties as walnut acreage supplanted deciduous fruit acreage and spread throughout the southern and northwestern portions of the plain, nurseries were located in the valley, and grafting of wild California walnut (*Juglans californica*) stocks, as another means of propagation, was introduced.

Since 1915 the north-central alluvial piedmont plain, known as the Tapo district, has been the center of citriculture in the Simi Valley. The importance of optimum physical conditions present in this area cannot be over-stressed. Situated as it is below the mouth of Tapo Canyon, the district is the recipient of large quantities of potential irrigation water from the alluvial gravels. During the winter rains Tapo Canyon collects and sends water into the north-central water table, yet being on the upper reaches of the alluvial plain there is little danger of the saturated zone coming so close to the surface as to drown tree roots. Another feature of the district is the excellence of its soils; Yolo silt loam, which has been graded as California's best agricultural soil type, represents a major part of what is now the solum of the Recent alluvium in the district. A third factor of micro-climate is perhaps of paramount importance, since Valencia oranges and lemons to a greater degree demand a nearly frost-free environment. Located higher on the alluvial plain, cold air tends to drain away from the district to the lower, southern portion of the valley, thus minimizing likelihood of frost in January or February.

In purchasing part of Rancho Tapo in 1904, the Patterson Ranch Company also acquired the Tapo district. Until 1911 they utilized the land to raise grain hays, cattle, hogs and sheep. In that year they instituted agriculture on an intensive basis by surveying two large tracts for subdivision, setting out apricot, lemon, orange and walnut trees on these tracts, and laying plans for irrigation and domestic water systems on both tracts. In 1915 Tapo Subdivision No. 1 and Tapo Subdivision No. 2 were opened for sale with five to fifteen-acre lots selling from \$457 an acre, including fruit trees and irrigation water. Encouraged by early sales the Patterson Ranch Company added two more subdivisions in 1918 and a final one in 1920. By the end of that year all the land had been sold and the final limits of the Tapo district set. Comprising some 1,500 acres in sections 1 and 2 and the southern half of Section 36, it is bounded on the west by Sycamore Road, to the north by the lower slopes of the Santa Susana Mountains, on the east by Tapo Street, and on the south by Cochran Street.



Irrigating citrus

The Patterson Ranch Company performed the initial work on the district's irrigation system, but later the Tapo Mutual Water Company was incorporated by local residents and the system was further expanded. More and deeper wells were drilled, electric deep-well pumps were installed, two large reservoirs were built and 22 miles of concrete pipe were laid by the new mutual company.

In 1917 a large citrus packing house was built in the district and the Southern Pacific Company extended a railroad spur to it from Santa Susana. Since then the Tapo Citrus Association and Sunkist Growers have marketed Tapo oranges and lemons in such far-flung locations as New York, Canada and western Europe, and as nearby as Los Angeles.

By 1930 almost the entire Tapo district had been planted to irrigated tree crops, thereafter though there was marked decrease in the diversity of these crops. In the thirties Valencia and navel oranges, lemons, walnuts and some truck crops were to be found. Some twenty years later, the picture had altered appreciably, with Valencia oranges having largely supplanted all other crops. During the 1950's the Valencia orange was the most important single commodity produced in the Simi Valley. In the year 1958 a record was set for

Valencia orange production in the Simi with a harvest of 692,545 field boxes and a yield of 371 field boxes per acre from 1,866 acres. Approximately 75 per cent of the valley's total bearing acreage in Valencia oranges, which averaged 1,900 acres each year during the decade, was located in the Tapo district.

By the early 1930's approximately one-third, or 6,000 acres, of the Valley floor was under irrigation. Unlike the Tapo district, the trend in other parts of the valley in ensuing years was toward a greater diversity in crop types; there was one notable exception to this trend, the supplantation of apricots and other deciduous fruit trees by citrus and walnut trees. In 1932 there were 583 acres in deciduous fruits; by 1950 this acreage had declined to only 21 acres.

The English walnut, mainly the Placentia variety, was the principal irrigated crop grown in the basin, exclusive of the Tapo district. Each year from the thirties through the early fifties some 2,800 acres were in production, with most of the acreage being concentrated in the south-central and northwestern portions of the valley. Although a cooperative exchange for walnut growers was set up on a statewide basis with functions similar to those of the citrus growers' exchange, demand and thus prices for walnuts were less stable than those for citrus. Even during the depression years when bearing acreage in walnuts was double that of citrus in the valley, the value of the crop was probably less than that of citrus.

During the teens and twenties a wide variety of crops, in addition to citrus and walnuts, was introduced to irrigated portions of the central and western plain; included were Tokay grapes (for table fruit and wine) nectarines, quinces, tomatoes (primarily for seed) various varieties of melons and sugar beets. From the thirties through the fifties the list of vegetable crops became more variegated with the addition of carrots, sweet corn and green onions. Several varieties of avocado trees were also introduced; although they bore fruit which was consumed locally, their primary function was the same as that for cypress and eucalyptus trees: to protect citrus orchards from high winds, especially the Santa Ana. The above crops were harvested throughout the year with

most of them being shipped out by truck or train for processing and sale elsewhere in southern California.

In summary, during the last decade, when intensive agriculture had reached the acme of its development, the approximate distribution of irrigated crops for the whole valley was, in terms of acreage: 1,900 acres in Valencia oranges, 300 acres in other citrus, 2,800 acres in walnuts, and 900 acres in truck and irrigated field crops. In terms of space, irrigated agriculture was concentrated in the area west of Tapo Street: in the western two-thirds of the valley floor. Of the some 12,000 acres of the basin not under irrigation, the most conspicuous area was the eastern third of the valley, which was dry farmed or used for grazing and where limited walnut orcharding took place. Other areas devoid of irrigated crops included several large tracts of idle land in the southwestern corner of the valley, and the edge of the valley floor which extends into lower slopes of the surrounding foothills and the lower reaches of the tributary canyons.

Agricultural development in the Simi tended to level off during the fifties, not only because urbanization was on the horizon but also because there was not sufficient water for further expansion of irrigated acreage. In the period 1927-1951 there was an average annual reduction in ground-water reserves of 1,812 acre-feet, which was due to a variety of conditions: the introduction and expansion of irrigated crops, the trend to implantation of crops with relatively high moisture requirements, the increase in urban requirements, the low ratio of watershed area to valley floor area, the drought period of 1945-1950, poor irrigation methods and the lack of adequate water conservation methods. Before the importation of Colorado River water to all parts of the valley in 1963, the availability of water had been the prime determinant of land value; for example irrigated land in the Tapo district was valued at \$2,500 to \$3,500 an acre in the early 1950's, whereas non-irrigated land on the eastern plain averaged only \$1,300 an acre. As a matter for conjecture, had the importation of water come just a decade earlier before the beginnings of urban encroachment, agricultural acreage and production in the Simi Valley might well have been considerably greater than what they were.

Membership

NEW

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Bousquet
 Mr. and Mrs. Howard D. Gally
 Mrs. Dorothy Vickers Hart
 Mr. and Mrs. Julian G. Hathaway
 Charles W. Johnson
 Mr. and Mrs. Ray A. Ransdell
 Rosemary G. Rodriguez
 Scout Troop #120, Saticoy
 Ralph J. Steele
 Francis Thorpe

HONORARY

J. H. Morrison

SUSTAINING

Richard Bard
 Roger Edwards
 Mr. and Mrs. Milton M. Teague
 Mr. and Mrs. Lester T. Shiells
 Mrs. Henry A. Levy

LIFE

Philip Bard
 Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Borchard
 Henry M. Borchard
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 Mrs. Harold Dudley
 Mrs. Rosemary H. Duncan
 Mrs. Joyce Totten Fraser
 Mrs. Katherine H. Haley
 Mrs. Edith H. Hoffman
 Walter Wm. Hoffman
 Mrs. Helene Holve
 Carmen Camarillo Jones
 Mrs. Mary H. Norcop
 Mr. and Mrs. Francis Petit
 James H. Roth
 Mrs. Grace H. Smith
 Grace S. Thille
 John P. Thille
 Harry Valentine

Half a Century of Service

California Mutual Insurance Co. Organized on April 4, 1898 as the Ventura County Mutual Fire Insurance Co. with E. P. Foster, president; Nathan Blanchard, vice-president and Charles Barnard, secretary. This old Ventura County business firm has faithfully followed the high standards set by its pioneer founders.

Santa Paula Savings and Loan Association. Organized in April 1890 as the Santa Paula Building and Loan Association with J. R. Haugh, president; Caspar Taylor, vice-president and H. H. Youngken, secretary. This organization has served the interests of home owners and builders, as well as those of the investor.

County Stationers, Inc., 532 E. Main, Ventura. Successor to John J. MacGregor. Since 1898 Ventura County's complete stationer and office furniture dealer.

Bank of A. Levy, 143 W. Fifth St., Oxnard. Founded in 1900 by the late Achille Levy, who came to Hueneme in 1875. Since its inception Bank of A. Levy has been closely allied with the farm and ranch industries of Ventura County.

Title Insurance and Trust Company. Successor to Ventura Abstract Company, founded in 1893 by Charles Barnard and incorporated in 1898 by him and four associates, Lloyd Selby, J. S. Collins, Robert C. Sudden and John H. Reppy. The office has been in continuous operation in Ventura County since that time.

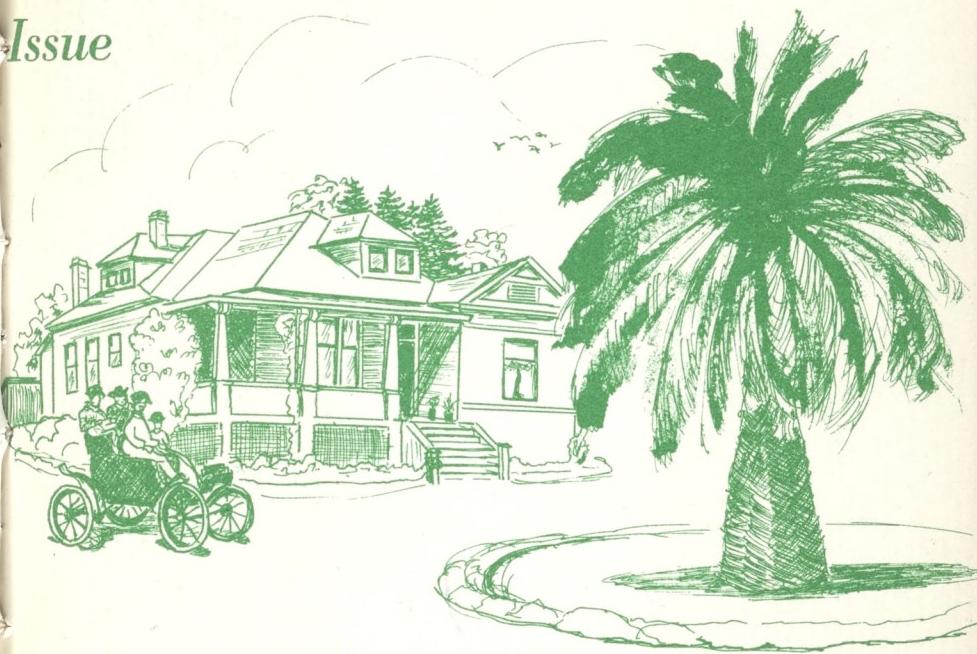
Joseph P. Reardon Funeral Chapel, 757 East Main Street, Ventura. Successor to the business established by the Reardon family in 1911 and conducted continually in Ventura since that date.

Janss Investment Corporation. The company began its first real estate development activities in 1889. Operations were moved to the Conejo Valley in 1954 with offices in Thousand Oaks and Newbury Park.

Union Oil Company of California. Incorporated in Santa Paula in 1890, its operations have spread from Ventura County to become world-wide.

Pleasant Valley

Issue



**VENTURA COUNTY
HISTORICAL SOCIETY
QUARTERLY**

*Charter Day Fiesta
October 1968*

The Ventura County Historical Society

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MRS. STANLEY TAYLOR	JOSEPH P. REARDON
MRS. WALTER H. HOFFMAN, JR.	GRANT W. HEIL
LAWRENCE EVERETT	MRS. LEO J. RAMIREZ
MRS. CARMEN JONES	ROBERT S. RAYMOND

The Ventura County Historical Society's headquarters is the Pioneer Museum, 77 North California Street, Ventura, California. There are four classes of membership: active, \$5 per year; husband and wife, \$7.50 per year; sustaining, \$25 per year; and life, \$100.

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The

Ventura County Historical Society

Quarterly

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PLEASANT VALLEY SCHOOL DISTRICT FROM 1868 TO 1895

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Notice

This sequel to the Camarillo issue of the *Quarterly* of October 1966 commemorates the centennial of the Pleasant Valley School District in 1968. Since the Camarillos and other Californians sent their children away to school, it was this development with its school house that constituted the first center of settlement in the area. The article by Donald D. Howard, the Principal of the El Descanso School, is adapted from his master's thesis. Elmer Hartmann believes there was another one-room building to total three especially constructed for school houses; and he recalls that Miss Langevin could control the unruly boys the previous male teacher could not take care of.

Juan E. Camarillo was the thirteenth child of Juan Camarillo and the younger brother of Don Adolfo. By now he had moved from Ventura to his home just north of town. This section of his diary includes the entries kept in 1910 and 1911 prior to his trip. The editing retains his old fashioned capitalization and spelling, and other peculiarities. The chapel referred to was a small board and batten building used for three years. A *bon vivant*, his social life covers not only the whole county but also takes in the cities of the states. His generosity was backed up by wealth from sound financial management.

THE PLEASANT VALLEY SCHOOL DISTRICT FROM 1868 TO 1895

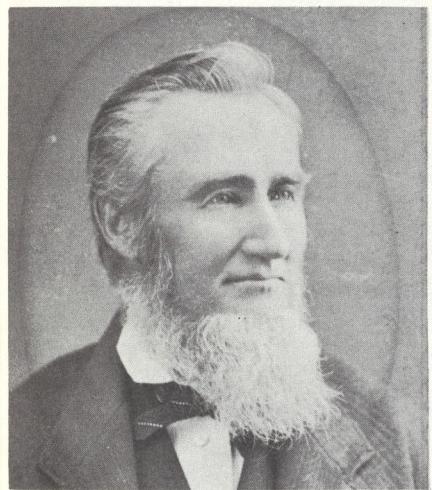
By DONALD D. HOWARD

The mid-nineteenth century found the Pleasant Valley area sparsely settled. The Camarillo family had not yet arrived in the Valley; Rancho Calleguas was owned by the Ruiz family. Cattle raising was the chief means of revenue and very few crops were grown. Some grain had to be planted to supply the cattle during the adverse times of the year, or to meet family needs.

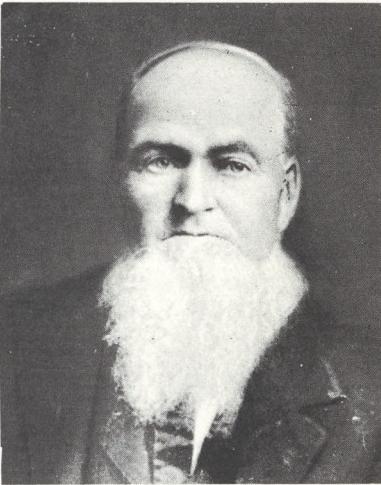
Settlers were coming into the area to work on the large ranches. Those who could afford to go to school and had good horses attended the school in Ventura, the only one in this end of what was then Santa Barbara County. On horseback, with good weather, the rider could reach Ventura in two and one-half to three hours. If the Santa Clara River was flowing to any extent, fording it was impossible.

Sometime in the early part of 1868, John Mahan and his family left Sonoma, California. They spent two weeks traveling in order to get to Pleasant Valley, where they felt the climate was more suited to relieve Mrs. Mahan's asthmatic condition. Mr. Mahan had three children of school age, and he was concerned for their education. This feeling sent him on an all-day journey to the county seat at Santa Barbara. On November 10, 1868 Mr. Mahan obtained a permit from the Reverend T. G. Williams, the county superintendent of public schools, to have a school in Pleasant Valley, the second to be established east of the Santa Clara River. The first to be issued a permit was the Santa Clara School District, on August 13.

The name Pleasant Valley was derived from a governmental land area just north of Camarillo. In 1906 the Southern Pacific Railroad named its new stop Camarillo in honor of the brothers who had become owners of Rancho Calleguas. In the early school registers all visitors from the area had signed their residence as Pleasant Valley; after 1906 those living in the area signed Camarillo. The school district has retained the name of Pleasant Valley throughout its exist-



Jeremiah Sisson



John Mahan

ence. Its boundaries included the Springville area until 1887, at which time the Springville School District was formed.

Frank Davenport and Jeremiah Sisson were living in the school district in 1868 and also had children of school age. With Mr. Mahan they became the first trustees of the new school, and decided to use an abandoned granary to house the six students until more adequate facilities could be located. This old granary stood atop a knoll about a quarter of a mile west of Somis Road, on the Hugo Carlson Ranch. The building was 16 feet long by 12 feet wide. There were no desks, only handmade benches; and the pupils furnished their own school books and supplies. In 1869 the trustees decided to hire a full-time teacher; and D. D. DeNure was employed at \$40 a month. He was to become the Ventura County Superintendent of Public Schools in 1882.

In the fall of 1869 the school was moved to another granary, this one located on Hartman's Hill, a rise just west



Mrs. Mable (Langevin) Adams, teacher

of the present town of Camarillo on what is now Daily Drive. Elmer Hartman recalls that when he and his father, J. C. Hartman, were plowing their field in later years, they would invariably turn up an old brick or two that had been part of the foundation of the granary-school. After two years, the trustees decided to build a more permanent school on land donated by the owners of the Etting Estates, near the present Carmen Road overpass. A rectangular, wood-frame, one-room building, 26 feet wide by 50 feet long, was completed in 1871 and was equipped with a blackboard, seats and hand-made desks. The school was to remain in this location for 23 years, from 1871 until 1894.

Pupils in the school ranged in age from five years to 14 years, in grades one through nine since there was no high school in Ventura County until 1889. The trustees voted to

supply books and supplies for the children to use. The subjects taught were drill in geography, reading, arithmetic and English grammar. Pupils either walked to school or rode horseback, and a rainy day meant no school. A cemetery owned by the Pleasant Valley Baptist Church stood on the hill overlooking the school; and the children often spent their lunch hours in the cemetery, running about the grave markers and playing games.

Following Mr. DeNure, women teachers were the rule: first Helen Holland and Miss Moiser; later Mable Langevin and Anna M. Dilworth. But in the 1880's an unruly group boys attending the school caused the trustees to again hire a male teacher, George Reilly, to manage them. The late Judge David E. Flynn remembered when it was necessary for Mr. Reilly to bring his rifle to school with him for protection. Occassionally he shot squirrels from the school window.

In addition to the original board members, early records list the following as trustees during the period before 1894: C. Bellah, J. B. Robins, John Rice, J. W. Sebastian, J. C. Hartman, and Michael Flynn. By 1894 Miss Dilworth had nearly 50 pupils in her class, and the school board, consisting of J. C. Hartman, John Rice, and Adolfo Camarillo (the latter beginning a term that was to continue for 60 years), decided it was time to hire another teacher. Thus Miss Nell Newby was hired at a salary of \$65 a month to help teach, and a gingham sheet was draped between to make two rooms. This proved to be impractical, and it was decided to build another school. Mr. Hartman wanted the building to be located at the second site on top of Hartman's Hill, but Mr. Camarillo was in favor of a location to the east of the third site. An election was held and Mr. Camarillo's plan was approved by the voters.

In 1895 the new school was completed on the site of the present Pleasant Valley School, at a cost of \$4,700. It was a frame building, octagonal in shape, containing two classrooms, a library and a storeroom. In 1898 the old school building was moved to Oxnard to be used as a restaurant, and the era of the one-room school came to an end in the Pleasant Valley School District.



Pleasant Valley School in 1893

Wednesday
June 1, 1910
Camarillo

Thursday
June 2
Camarillo

Friday
June 3
Camarillo

Saturday
June 4
Camarillo

Sunday
June 5
Camarillo

Monday
June 6
Ventura

Tuesday
June 7
Camarillo

Wednesday
June 8
Camarillo

Thursday
June 9
Camarillo

Friday
June 10
Camarillo

A BOOK by JUAN E. CAMARILLO

I did the collecting. Fernando (Tico) was here in the evening.

I was over to Oxnard on business and then went to Ventura.

The Arnaz party came on their way back from Santa Barbara and stopped here. Leo and Lester Lavelle and Fred Tico were here in the evening.

We, that is Fred Tico, Eliberto and I went to the Quarry¹ and to John Riggs' place to see the stock. In the evening Miss Lena Jones, Natalie, Frank (Camarillo), Carmen (Camarillo) and Fernando were here.

I went to Ventura on the morning train. I attended the ULA² meeting then went to see Mrs. del Campo and family. In the evening I went to Church and then to the La Petit theatre, Ventura. Spent the day with the folks at the rancho.

I attended to some business and then left for home on the noon train. Mrs. Arnaz and the rest, with Eliberto at the wheel, all took a ride around the rancho.

Mrs. Alonzo Arnaz, Adela and Eliberto and I all went to Ventura. I attended to the Bank meeting. In the evening we had company.

Mrs. Arnaz and Party left in their auto for Los Angeles. Charley Orr was here fixing the lights around the camping grounds. Mrs. Arnaz took a young girl from the Quarry by the name of Jeana Revera, daughter of Feliz Revera, a man who sometimes works for me.

The rancho seems quite lonely without all the company.

I attended the Commencement Exercises of the High School. Miss Elizabeth Hernandez being one of the Graduates, I gave her a beautiful necklace. I bought a number of things for the rancho.



Juan E. Camarillo

Saturday
June 11
Ventura

Sunday
June 12
Camarillo

I spent most of the day around town and then after lunch I left for the rancho. Lester and Leo, and also Clarence and Fred, were here and Lester staid here.

There was Church at the Chapel, Rev. Father Ashe came out. Manuela (Hernandez), Ventura (Elwell) and I went to a grand picnic at Orestos Solari's, and we all had a grand time.

Monday
June 13
Camarillo

Tuesday
June 14
Camarillo

Thursday
June 16
Los Angeles

Friday
June 17
Los Angeles

Saturday
June 18
Camarillo

Sunday
June 19
Camarillo

Monday
June 20
Tuesday

I really think there must have been over 150 people there. Doña Elfrida came back with us.

I spent most of the day up at the Village (Camarillo). Roberto (Robert Brown) went over to take Ventura and Doña Elfrida up to Somis. Mr. Thomas Carroll has two men making some additions back of Mr. Skinner's place and also he is making a cesspool for those houses.

I went to Oxnard to attend the K of C³ meeting and Father Laubacher's lecture and it was very good. I came home with Adolfo by the way of Ventura.

I was over to see the Arnaz family and also found Pelis, she is much better.

I came home on the afternoon train. I attended Choir practice in the evening. The Choir is arranging to go to Somis next Sunday.

I was over to the Chapel for a while with Father Laubacher. Adolfo told me I could have the big Auto for the Choir to go to Simi. Chico is still working up town. Roberto helped Manuela to clean the house.

Roberto and I left very early for Simi in the buggy. The Mass was said in the old Presbyterian Church and it was just crowded to the door. I acted as usher, and Roberto served for Father Laubacher. The Choir did themselves proud today. Adolfo and family went up. We took lunch on our way back. We came by way of Moorpark and I bought some young chickens from Miss Wright. Clarence Flynn, Fred Tico, Leo Lavelle, Lester Lavelle and Elmer G. Hartman came over to spend the evening.

Frank Angostura, also Elizabeth Hernandez, came from Ventura and are stopping here with me. Don Nicholas Covarrubias came also today and left on the evening train. I went to the Closing of the school at Oxnard. Rt. Rev. Bistop Conaty spoke.



First Communion Class in front of S. Mary Magdalene

Tuesday
June 21
Camarillo

Chico is still working with another man at the Village. Roberto and I went over to the pasture. Sam Weill took my horse and buggy to go to Oxnard. Adriano (Hernandez) and Frank are still here. Miss Hernandez left for Ventura.

Wednesday
June 22
Camarillo

Roberto went to Oxnard on business. Rev. Father Laubacher is very busy helping the Sisters to get the children ready for Sunday, as a class of 18 will receive their First Communion. Adriano and Frank went away this morning. Fred took supper with us last evening.

Thursday
June 23
Camarillo

I received a letter from Father Manuel Solo from Mexico City. Roberto went to Ventura to bring Watson and also took some fruit for Mrs. del Campo. I was over to the Chapel and treated everyone there with Cornicopia Ice Cream. The cesspool is now about 20 feet deep and they will have to go about 25 all together. Ollie (Dunn) had been picking fruit. Manuela is putting up apricots.

Friday
June 24
Camarillo

Today is *dia San Juan Bautista*. Mr. Barnard of the Southern California Music House is here this morning fixing my piano. Rev. Father Lau-

bacher and I decided to name the Chapel Santa Martina in memory of my mother Mrs. Martina Alta Gracia de Camarillo. Roberto came from Ventura and brought Watson home. I was over to the Chapel and at last decided to name the Chapel Santa Maria Magdalene Chapel. Fred took supper here with us. Chico cleaned the Chapel and then worked around the house all day. Adolfo was here on business.

Roberto and I worked at the Chapel decorating for tomorrow. Manuela went with us after supper to finish up the Chapel work. Chico is still at the cesspool in the Village. Mrs. Charley Elwell telephoned from Ventura that she is to have a supper at her place in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Elwell and wants Adolfo and me to go.

One of the busiest days the Village of Camarillo has ever seen. A big Church day. The Choir sang their first Solemn High Mass and they did very well indeed. Father Laubacher came out with three Sisters and a young man from Menlo. 18 young people received Holy Communion and they were trained fine and did splendid. The Chapel was crowded to the door and some did not get in, not a seat to be had. In the afternoon at 1:30 the children were enrolled in Holy Scapular of Mt. Carmen and the day's festivities ended with the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. Ventura took lunch here with us. In the evening Fred Tico, Leo and Lester Lavelle were here. I went to Ventura with Adolfo, Isabel and Lena and attended the supper at Charley Elwell's and enjoyed it very much.

Miss Ventura came on the noon train and after lunch I took her up to Somis. I sent a roll of my Kodak to Los Angeles. I wrote to Miss Marciel of Saticoy and Segal's of L.A.

Mr. Thomas Carroll was here from Oxnard. Lester Lavelle came over for fruit. Roberto helped Chico at the cesspool and when they fin-

Saturday
June 25
Camarillo

Sunday
June 26.
Camarillo

Monday
June 27
Camarillo

Tuesday
June 28
Camarillo



Mrs. Manuela Hernandez, housekeeper

ished, both worked around the place. I went to Santa Barbara on the evening train. Geo. Hartman and I took supper together. I called on Mrs. Norago and found her sick in bed. I attended the Elks meeting; ten new members came in and Frank Bates was one of them. After the meeting they had a big banquet and we all enjoyed it very much. I saw Manuela Carrillo at the meeting. I stopped at Hotel Potter for the night. I saw Mr. N. Covarubias. Mrs. Ramona Lera died at Ventura age 83.

I left Santa Barbara on the morning train for home. At noon Mrs. del Campo, Mrs. Lomax and her baby girl came over. Eulalia's daughter came with Don Chico Ayala and staid a while and left for Ventura about 5 p.m. Chico and Roberto fixed the place to cook outside and now Manuela most likely will move out about tomorrow.

I was up to the Village most of the day yesterday. I went on the morning train to Ventura.

Wednesday
June 29
Camarillo

Thursday
June 30
Camarillo

I called on the del Campos. I took lunch at the Anacapa Hotel and I attended the meeting of the First National Bank, Adolfo and I took dinner at the Rose Hotel. Ed Tico cut my hair. Lena, Adolfo and I left for the rancho after supper.

Friday
July 1
Camarillo

Roberto went out collecting, and collected about \$400.00 at the Village. I wrote to Mr. Duffie. Fred was here. I was over to Adolfo's place. Manuela is very happy now as she is living out under the shade of the pepper trees.

Saturday
July 2
Camarillo

A beautiful morning. I picked apricots to send to Ventura. Chico is cleaning the back part of the house. I wrote to the *Tidings* and sent them the picture of the First Communion Class.

Sunday
July 3
Camarillo

Mrs. N. A. Covarrubias and her son, Rosmo, came from Santa Maria on the noon train; and Francisco G. Menchaca brought them over from the depot. I went to Oxnard on the evening train, also Israel (Hernandez) went.

Monday
July 4
Camarillo

I took the morning train to spend the day at Oxnard. There was the biggest crowd ever assembled at any one place in Ventura Co. today at Oxnard. The Parade was very good. I was invited to ride with the Ventura Chamber of Commerce. Roberto took his mother, Manuela, Rosmo and Mrs. Tico. Israel went with Watson. Chico went on the train. Ollie and I took lunch at the (Sugar Beet) Factory with the Elks and then went to the Baseball Game, and returned for the fight.

Tuesday
July 5
Camarillo

I came home from Oxnard on the 10 p.m. train last night. The train left Chico and he did not come until this morning. Lester Lavelle came over for fruit this morning. Roberto is cleaning up the things around the barn. A very warm day after the big day at Oxnard.

Wednesday
July 6
Camarillo

I went to the Village this morning. I was over to Mr. Mecum's.⁴ David Flynn was over for apricots. Ollie and Mable with their baby were here to see Louisa. Miss Ventura Elwell came

Thursday
July 7
Camarillo

Friday
July 8
Camarillo

Saturday
July 9
Camarillo

Sunday
July 10
Camarillo

Monday
July 11
Camarillo

Tuesday
July 12
Los Angeles

over and is here for the night. Today has been a very warm day. Sam Weill took my horse and buggy. Vicente Romero brought some gravel. Chico is working at the Village. I. Norman worked at the derrick today.

Miss Ventura Elwell who staid here last night left very early for Somis. Manuela and I took Louisa and Rosmo over to Adolfo, and from there she is going home. I sold Stanley, the year-old Colt from Mollie, to Lester Lavelle for \$135.

Billie Verastigui and another man came here last evening. Israel did not come all day yesterday, Sam being away most of the time. I went up to the pasture and all around the upper part of the rancho yesterday. Rev. Father Robert Kenna of Santa Barbara, Rev. Father J. L. Laubacher, Mr. James and Mr. Gisler were here in the afternoon, coming in an Auto. Mr. Thomas Carroll and daughter were here in the afternoon. I went to the store after supper and Ollie brought me back.

I went up to the Village to take some mail. I received the *Tidings* and the picture of the first Communion Class is fine, also the Choir. I wrote to ("Bache") Monlong and also to Mr. Wm. Cantwell of Butte, Mont. Adriano sent some *chorizo* (sausage) from Ventura.

Mass at the Chapel. Rev. Fr. Ashe came out. Miss Ventura spent the day with us. Adriano Hernandez is also here. Billie Verastigui was here in the afternoon.

I went to Santa Barbara to attend Tommie del Valle's funeral. I left Santa Barbara on the evening train for Los Angeles. I was over to see Mr. Geib and also to the Lagomarsino Rooming House. Mrs. Maria Taylor and Mrs. Anita Thompson were with me on that train.

I came to Los Angeles on the evening train. Mr. Everet Dana of Redlands is here and came to call on me at the Hotel. I bought some plates

Thursday
July 14
Los Angeles
Friday
July 15
Los Angeles
Saturday
July 16
Camarillo

Sunday
July 17
Los Angeles

Monday
July 18
Camarillo

Tuesday
July 19
Camarillo

Wednesday
July 20
Camarillo

Thursday
July 21
Ventura

and other little things for the Home. I also bought some beer and wine and sent it on home.

I was over to see the Arnaz family. Dana was here to see me at the Hotel Hollenback.

I met Mr. Joseph Scott. We went to a moving picture show, and took a car for his home.

I went to the Sisters Hospital to see Mrs. Joseph Scott and she seemed to be very glad to see me. Rev. Father Leun and Rev. Fr. Glass were also there. Dr. Maloney brought them to the Hospital in his auto. I attended the Banquet given in Honor of Rev. Fr. Leun at the Hotel Alexander and we, the old St. Vincent boys, had a good time and enjoyed the gathering very much indeed.

I went to early Mass and then took the train for home. Ollie brought me from the Station. Manuela is spending a few days at Matilija with Maria Lobero and Chepa Rodriquez. Israel and I took supper at the restaurant and then Eddie Ferando and Norman were here to spend the evening. Answered a number of letters. My, I had lots of mail waiting for me this time.

It rained a little in the morning. Mr. O'Shaughnessy's oldest boy came over for fruit. I was talking to Rev. Father Laubacher and he told me he was at Simi and said mass up there.

I was over to the Chapel and unpacked the chairs I got in Los Angeles for the Altar. Roberto went to Moorpark for some hens I bought from Miss Wright. Miss Palm and Miss Ventura Elwell were here today. Ollie took some fruit. Young Lavelle and the Silvas' boys were over for fruit.

Manuela came today from Matilija, Wheelers Springs; and Eddy brought her from the depot. Eddy and Fernando took supper here and we had some *carne seca*.

I went to Ventura. I attended the N.S.G.W.⁵ meeting and also went to La Petit Theatre. I

Friday
July 22
Ventura

was over to see Mrs. del Campo and Martina. Mrs. Molleda and Frances were also there. Mr. H. S. Hall sent me the Cerf rent.

Saturday
July 23
Camarillo

St. Mary Magdalene day, but we had it postponed for Sunday at the Chapel. I was over to see Natalia and her baby girl. I took supper at Mrs. J. J. Tico. I was at Ed Tico's in the afternoon. Mr. Castlebury and I went to the depot to see about some Mexican passes.

Sunday
July 24
Camarillo

Roberto and I came very late from Ventura and brought a horse of James Blackstock to try and sell to Len Smith. Mr. Carroll has a man working on some bookcases I am having built for the dining room.

Monday
July 25
Camarillo

Last night Manuela, Roberto and I went over to the Chapel to decorate for tomorrow. There was quite a number at Mass. Rev. Father Laubacher and Mr. James came out. Mr. N. Hearne of Ventura also Charley Elwell and wife, Orestos Wagner and Miss Ruiz were at Church. Eddy Richardson came over with Roberto and took supper here. Len Smith and Les Lavelle were here.

Tuesday
July 26
Camarillo

Roberto took the Blackstock horse to Ventura. Chico is fixing the ditches for the new tank for water to be changed from the corner of the store to near Mr. Meyer's barn. In the evening we went to the Village to a sheet show^a and it was pretty good. I was over to Adolfo's and also at Pat Flynn's place. Adolfo's girls and another young lady with them were at the Chapel in the afternoon. Miss Belle Elwell and her friend Mrs. Oliver were here from Somis. Clarence Flynn brought a fine piece of venison that Dave (Flynn) killed yesterday.

Mr. Carroll was out to the house to see his man who is making some bookcases for me. Adolfo and Mr. Mike Flynn were here. Mr. (James) Bell and Chico changed the water pipes to the back of the brick store and across the street. I

went to Santa Barbara on the evening train. I attended the Elks meeting. I was over to see Mrs. Moraga. I stopped at Colburn's place.

Wednesday
July 27
Santa Barbara

I was over to the Ruiz house and then telephoned to Mrs. Taylor. I took lunch with Mando at Fazzao's place. I left for Ventura on the local train. I saw Mrs. del Campo and family. Rev. Father Eldefonzo, Mr. James and I took lunch at Sewell's. I stopped at the Father's home. I left for Camarillo on the late train. Israel and I walked home. Chico and Roberto are cleaning the house. The carpenter is still at work. Fred was here. They moved the big wardrobe from the chicken coop upstairs.

Thursday
July 28
Camarillo

A most beautiful morning and not as many mosquitoes. Billie "Grande" was here in the morning. Roberto and I were up to the store in the forenoon. Chico is working around the place. Mr. White is still at the bookcases in the dining room.

Friday
July 29
Camarillo

Lena and Natalie were here. Fred took supper with us. I wrote to Rev. Fr. Grogan, Father Godby, Frank Griffin and two or three others.

Saturday
July 30
Camarillo

Manuela left the ranch and went to Carpinteria to a funeral of Frank Angostura's three-year-old baby girl who died at Seacliff yesterday.

Monday
Aug. 1
Los Angeles

Frank Lamb was to see me at the Hotel. I saw Adolfo and family today. I bought a number of things to send out to the rancho.

Tuesday
Aug. 2
Los Angeles

I was over to see Mrs. Arnaz and family. In the evening Mr. Cook and I went to the Orpheum and it was splendid and we both enjoyed it very much indeed. I was over to see Mrs. Joseph Scott.

Wednesday
Aug. 3
Los Angeles

Donald Murry was over to the Hotel to see me, also Emmett Flynn and a friend of his called to see me. I spent the afternoon at Mrs. Lavin's, and Mrs. Arnaz and Mrs. Mongomery were also there. I was to see Julian Cerf.

Thursday
Aug. 4
Los Angeles

I bought some curtains. I left for Camarillo on the afternoon train, a very warm day. Found

everything O.K. at home. The carpenter has finished at last and Manuela is back from her trip. Roberto and Chico have everything looking fine and clean.

Friday
Aug. 5
Camarillo

Adolfo paid me \$45.00, the last half of the rent for this year, and also agreed to rent the rancho. Roberto is painting the tank derrick. Don Jose Ruiz, Florentino Garcia and Fred were here in the evening, also Lester.

Saturday
Aug. 6
Camarillo

I was over to Adolfo's for a short time. I went to Ventura by way of Oxnard. I paid a \$3,500.00 note I had at the National Bank at Oxnard. In the evening I went to hear the Ventura Band, and they do play very good indeed. After that I took in the show with Orestes Wagner and Gus Solari. I met Mr. and Mrs. John Walker and Mrs. Robertson and I promised to call on her tomorrow. Adam, Judge Clark and F. Tico were over to my room at the Bank.

Sunday
Aug. 7
Ventura

I went to the last mass and then went over to Mr. John Walker to see Mrs. Robertson from Fallbrook. I took lunch and then I attended Senora Acension Sanches' funeral from the Old Mission Church. I took supper and then went to Ollie's place and left for the rancho. Fernando was here today. Billie and Israel went to Oxnard and returned on the late train.

Monday
Aug. 8
Camarillo

Billie Elwell was here at noon. Mr. White, who works for Mr. T. Carroll, came over to finish the bookcases. Roberto finished the painting job. Chris (Yager) was here to do a little fixing up. Billie V. brought a new horse for Israel's wagon so Queen will rest now.

Tuesday
Aug. 9
Camarillo

Fred sent over a nice piece of pork. Roberto is fixing the pantry and putting it in order. I killed a poor black cat. I took some pork to Mrs. Silva's.

Wednesday
Aug. 10
Camarillo

I went to Moorpark for the day and met many old people I know but had not seen for a long time. I took lunch at the Hotel. Walter

Bell and I took some ice cream. I went to Fairview to see Billie Scheckel and bought 1 - 1/2 doz. chickens from him. Fred Tico was here in the evening. Billie Elwell was here and brought the basket they took some time ago with fruit.

Thursday
Aug. 11
Camarillo

I was over to Mrs. Lavelle's. They are building a buggy shed. I bought some wheat and also brought some barley home for my chickens. Roberto brought two doz. melons from Mr. Givin's place. Chico went to Oxnard on the 5 p.m. train to return tonight. Ollie wrote to me from Matilija. There was no water part of yesterday, but the pump is O.K. today and everyone is happy again.

Friday
Aug. 12
Camarillo

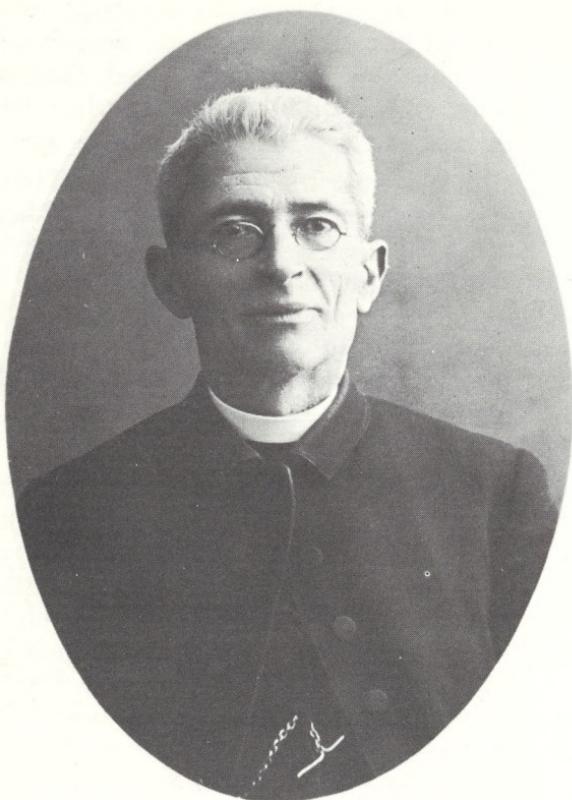
Billie Elwell was here in the morning on his way home from Ventura. Mr. Meehan of Springville brought some cucumbers. Roberto went to Billie Shekel at Fairview and brought a box of pears and one doz. and a half of chickens. Leo Lavelle took supper with us. Chico cleaned the chapel. Ollie telephoned from Ventura telling me of his baby being quite sick. Chico and I cleaned house in the forenoon. I sent some papers to Rev. Father Grogran.

Saturday
Aug. 13
Camarillo

Manuela and I went to the Chapel to decorate. Fred took lunch with us today. Billie Grande was here this morning. We got word that Ollie's baby is very sick at the Bard Hospital in Ventura. I was over to Mrs. Lavelle to see Mr. Chamberlain who is building a buggy shed at that place.

Sunday
Aug. 14
Camarillo

There was mass at the chapel this morning. Rev. Father Laubacher came out. The First Communion Class went to receive this morning in a body. Billie V. took Manuela, Rosa and Margarita to the Oxnard Church in the evening. Roberto went with me and came back with them as I went to Ventura from there. Rev. Father Fitzgerald delivered the sermon.



The Rev. Father Juan Pujol

Monday
Aug. 15
Ventura

I went to Nordhoff quite early and attended Mass and the Blessing of the new bell of the Church. There was quite a number out. I met Mr. Charley Roberson and his sister. I took dinner with Mr. Burke at the Hotel. Rev. Father John Pujol came back as far as Ventura with me. In the evening John McKlosky and I took supper at Lavelle's. Mr. Galley, young Fuller and I took in the show. Mr. Donovan and I had a long talk. I had made a fine halter for the black buggy.

Tuesday
Aug. 16

I went to see Mrs. del Campo and found them all well, also called at the Bard Hospital to see Ollie's baby and found him much better. I reached the rancho about noon. I voted at the primary. Leo and Lester Lavelle spent the evening here with us. Mr. and Mrs. Juan and Maria Monlong wrote and also sent me their photos from the south of France. The windmill broke and maybe for good. I received a card from Charley Kuhlman from Mexico City.

Wednesday
Aug. 17
Camarillo

I wrote to Mr. W. W. Wilson at Ventura Ave. about some chickens. Valentine Ortega and wife were here and brought me a beautiful linen cloth, worked in drawn work to be used for the Chapel. Roberto and I fixed the books in the book cases.

Thursday
Aug. 18
Camarillo

Today the depot was started at Camarillo. Roberto gave a little Barbeque for Willie Verastigui, Fred Tico, Israel Hernandez, Eddy Richardson, Chris Yager, Chico, Manuela and myself. We all had a very nice time. Bautista Monlong was here in the evening. Adolfo's girls are giving a dancing party at their house this evening. Mr. H. S. Hall sent me the rent from Los Angeles. Mr. Chamberlain was here to fix something in the dinning room and to take the size for the cases I want made for the Indian metate.

Friday
Aug. 19
Camarillo

Roberto helped Israel haul some potatoes today. I am figuring placing pipes for the new depot. Roberto was to go today.

Saturday
Aug. 20
Camarillo

Josefina Rodriguez came yesterday and she is to stay for some time here with Manuela. I was to Oxnard on business.

Sunday
Aug. 21
Camarillo

I spent the day at the rancho and quite late John Fuller and I went to Ventura. I called on the Del Campos and found them all well. I left in the afternoon for for Wheelers by way of Nordhoff and took supper there and reached the Springs quite late.

Tuesday
Aug. 23
Wheeler
Springs

I took lunch at Mrs. Solari's Camp. Mrs.



Miss
Tranquilina
(Lena)
Jones,
accountant

Wednesday
Aug. 24
Wheeler
Springs

Thursday
Aug. 25
Wheeler
Springs

Friday
Aug. 26
Wheeler
Springs

Saturday
Aug. 27
Camarillo

Sunday
Aug. 28
Camarillo

Camarillo, who is at Matilija, also took lunch with Mrs. Solari. The Springs are very much improved since the last time I was here. Mr. Mitchell, who came with me from New York seven years ago, and Jack Sifford are here from Los Angeles.

Geo. Carne who is stopping ten miles up in Pine Mountain came down to stop a few days with me at the Springs. It is beautiful here and I am enjoying my stay very much indeed. There are many people at the Hotel, and also camping.

Israel telephoned, also Roy Whitman of Oxnard. Geo. and I took a long walk. The dance and concert last night were fine.

Dominico Sathen, who has been at the Springs for the last week, left and is to stop at my place to see Bautiste Monlong. They used to live at the same town in the south of France. I took lunch with Mrs. Solari.

Geo. and I left for Ventura from the Springs quite early and I came out to the rancho in the evening. Ramon Rodriquez came this morning from Carpinteria. Last night we all attended at the Springs a Pheasant Barbecue and it was splendid and we all had a good time.

This was Mass at the Chapel. Rev. Father Denis of St. Vincent's College came over. We had a number for lunch; those that were here were

Ramon Rodriquez, Leo Lavelle, Clarence Flynn, Mrs. Dora Tico, Ventura Elwell, Josefina Rodriguez, Manuel H. Ayala, Nellie Verastigui and Walter Dimmick; and after lunch Adolfo and Isabel came to spend a while. Josefa, Ramon and Manuela went to Somis with Adolfo and Isabel in the auto.

Monday
Aug. 29
Camarillo

In the afternoon I went to Oxnard. Ramon and Dimmick left on the morning train. Frank Angostura arrived from Carpinteria this evening. Lester Lavelle came over and stayed here. Fred was here also.

Tuesday
Aug. 30
Camarillo

A very warm day. I was over to Adolfo to see about a lease and Lena gave me the document I was looking for. I was at the village for a while. Francisco Angostura left for Carpinteria early this morning. Doña J. J. Tico is here today.

Wednesday
Aug. 31
Camarillo

Senora Tico left with Eva Tico for Somis. Chico went to Somis and brought Ventura Elwell and Mrs. Dora Tico to spend the afternoon. I was over to Adolfo's and we both signed the new lease for the rancho Callegues. He is to rent my part for five years at a rental of \$12,000.00 per year paid \$6,000.00 in the 1st of July and the remaining \$6,000.00 in Nov. 1st. Ollie was a witness. Adolfo also paid me the water bill. I sold him a cow. Tadeo and his Mother Arcadia (Mahoney) were here today to sell me some stock in some mining stock at Peru. Dora and Ventura left quite late. I received a note from Father Grogan.

Thursday
Sept. 1
Camarillo

I collected nearly all my rent and paid all bills. I left on the five p.m. train for San Francisco and Sacramento for a few weeks. Josefina Rodriguez will stay here with Manuela.

Sunday
Sept. 4
Sacramento

I saw a number of persons I know. I saw Bert Stalkweather but could not speak to him as he was in such a hurry.

Monday
Sept. 5
San Francisco

I was over to Mr. J. O'Connell and saw George Flynn and Willie Leach.

Sunday
Sept. 11
San Francisco

Monday
Sept. 12
San Francisco

Tuesday
Sept. 13
San Francisco

Wednesday
Sept. 14
San Francisco

Thursday
Sept. 15
San Francisco

Monday
Sept. 19
Santa Barbara

Tuesday
Sept. 20
Camarillo

Wednesday
Sept. 21
Camarillo

Thursday
Sept. 22
Ventura

Lester and I went to St. Patrick's on Van Ness Ave. and then he went to see his people.

Lester left for Hollister. I went to the Claremont (Hotel) to see Mrs. John Wagner and Miss Minita Arnaz. I also went to Fruitvale and saw old Brother Joseph, a brother who was at Santa Barbara Mission in 1877 when Adolfo and I were attending school there. My, how happy we both were to see each other. I spent two hours with him.

I was over to see Mr. Duggan and found he was still in Europe. I saw Ed Hershfelder and also Jose Cerf.

I saw Frank Ramirez and one of his sisters from Ventura. I also saw Mr. Snow and Strathern. I was over again to see the Wagners at the Claremont and spent a very nice afternoon. I have a very bad cold.

I understand it rained in Ventura Co. and at Camarillo. It rained 2.60 inches and nearly all the beans are out. I am anxious to know more about home to see what damage the rain has done. Tommie Leach, who just came from Camarillo, was to see me at the Hotel. My cold is no better. I saw Albert Pearson.

I left San Francisco this morning and stopped here for the night. It was Circus day, here and there are quite a number from Ventura County. Mrs. Lally was on the train from San Francisco.

I came from Santa Barbara on the morning train and found everything O.K. at home and every body well and happy. Chepita is much better and looking very well. The rain did not do as much damage as they thought at first.

I went to Ventura on business. I saw all the *amigos* and attended to all the little things I had to do.

I attended a Banquet at the Pierpont Inn given by the Chamber of Commerce of Ventura.

Friday
Sept. 23
Camarillo
Saturday
Sept. 24
Camarillo

Sunday
Sept. 25
Camarillo

Monday
Sept. 26
Camarillo

Tuesday
Sept. 27
Ventura

Wednesday
Sept. 28
Camarillo

I was to see Aldegunda and also Madrina Maria who is going to San Luis Rey soon. Also went to see Mrs. Pearson and Doña Chona Rodriquez.

I came from Ventura in the afternoon. Chris Yager and also Fred Tico were here today.

I went to Oxnard to hear the bell toll. Chepita left for Carpinteria with morning train. In the evening I was over to the Chapel to decorate and then waited for the train as Mr. Galvin from Rawlins, Wyo., a friend of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Collins, came to spend Sunday with me. Israel and Young Fitzgerald went to a dance at Somis. The Choir practiced, and Mr. Hall came out to give them their lesson.

Mass at 8 a.m. Miss Ventura Elwell came last night and stayed here with us and left this morning for Oxnard. Mr. Galvin and I went with Father Laubacher and the Sisters in Adolfo's Auto, with Fred at the wheel, to Simi and Mass was said there at 11 a.m. And then we took Father and the Sisters to Oxnard. Fred took lunch with us. Mr. Galvin left on the 5 p.m. train for Oxnard. Lester was here in the evening. Israel, Nellie and other *amigos* went to Oxnard for the evening.

I was over to Ollie's for a little while. Adolfo, Mrs. Willoughby and Lena Jones were here last evening.

I came from the ranch on the morning train. I attended a meeting of the directors of the First National Bank. Adolfo and I were over to Ed Tico's place.

I left on the noon train for my home. I was at the (threshing) Machine in the afternoon. Ollie finished threshing last night and he had the best crop he ever had on my place. 500 sacks better than last year making in all 4,445 sacks. My part 1,483 sacks. And near Norman's Blacksmith shop he had about 5,800 sacks. I took Norman some beer and also took lunch with him at

Thursday
Sept. 29
Camarillo

Friday
Sept. 30
Camarillo

Saturday
Oct. 1
Camarillo

Sunday
Oct. 2
Camarillo

Monday
Oct. 3
Camarillo

Tuesday
Oct. 4
Los Angeles

Wednesday
Oct. 5
Los Angeles

the Machine.

I went to the Chapel in the morning and in the afternoon. I went to see Orestos Solari and family and then went over to Mrs. Hagen and found them all at their home and spent a very pleasant afternoon. Les Lavelle and Clarence Flynn were here to spend the evening. Fred Tico was here yesterday.

It looked very much like rain all day. Augustine Solari and Miss Ruiz, also Miss Elwell, were here for some paper for Chris Yager. Ollie went to the store in the morning. Billie Elwell took supper here with us. Israel brought a very large trunk for himself. Chico cleaned around the place today.

I was to the Village this morning and collected from most of my tenants. Ollie brought me home. Today is a beautiful bright day. I rec'd a letter from Chepita Rodriquez and also from Frank Griffin. I paid both shops this morning. Lester came over last night and stayed here.

Rev. Father Ashe came out and there was Mass at 10:30. Adolfo took me to Ventura to attend the ULA meeting. I came home on the evening train. Geo. Carne came with me to the depot. Adolfo and Mr. Ewing went to Los Angeles. Fred Tico brought Israel, Billie Fitzgerald and me home and Fritz stayed with Israel.

Sam Weill had my horse and buggy yesterday. Miss Ventura came on the noon train from Oxnard and is staying here with us. I leave for Los Angeles today to stay and attend the Bankers' Convention. Manuela and Ventura went over to Mrs. Wagner's and Mrs. Orestos Solari for the afternoon.

I came from Camarillo last night. I saw Mr. Cohn.

I was over to Mrs. Arnaz for the afternoon and found them all well, also saw Jose Maria and Maclovio there.

Thursday
Oct. 6
Los Angeles

Mr. Galvin came from Oxnard to see me so I could take him over to Mr. Scott. I saw Mrs. Ed Tico and Miss Belle Elwell of Ventura. I went over to see Mr. Masters at the bank.

Friday
Oct. 7
Los Angeles

I was over to see Prajedes (Arnas Lavin) but did not find her at home.

Sunday
Oct. 9
Los Angeles

In the afternoon I went to Venice and met Alfonzo (Arnaz) and his wife and other friends. Laurance was at the Hotel to see me as he leaves tomorrow for San Diego for the winter.

Monday
Oct. 10
Los Angeles

I was over to see Prajedes and found her home and well.

Tuesday
Oct. 11
Los Angeles

I spent the afternoon with the Arnaz family and tomorrow I am going with them on an auto ride. I was to see Geo. Cagnacci on Main St.

Wednesday
Oct. 12
Los Angeles

In the afternoon I went on the Auto ride with the Arnazes.

Thursday
Oct. 13
Los Angeles

I left for Camarillo on the morning train and from Camarillo I went in the afternoon to Ventura. Mrs. Geo. Tico spent the day here. I was over to see Mrs. Solari. Also attended a meeting of the U.L.A.

Friday
Oct. 14
Ventura

I went to see Don Flavio' who has not been very well. I ordered some books at Bartlett's. George Carne came out with me to the rancho. It rained all night and it amounted to just 95/100, Ninety-Five Hundreds of an inch.

Saturday
Oct. 15
Camarillo

In the morning Geo. and I went to the Post Office and came home by noon. Geo. took a ride with Israel. Geo. and I went to Ventura after lunch with Adolfo in his Auto. Adolfo, Geo., Judge Ewing and Edgar Carne went up to Nordhoff. I called on Louis Ayala who is quite sick at his home on Poli St. Also was to see Mrs. del Campo. I called on Cagnacci to see about the meeting Sunday with the U.L.A. I went back to my home with Adolfo.

Sunday
Oct. 16
Camarillo

I went to the Chapel very early. There was Mass and Rev. Father Ashe came out. I took lunch at Adolfo's place and then they took me to

Monday
Oct. 17
Camarillo

Tuesday
Oct. 18
Camarillo

Wednesday
Oct. 19
Camarillo

Thursday
Oct. 20
Ventura

Friday
Oct. 21
Camarillo

Saturday
Oct. 22
Camarillo

Ventura. I attended the meeting of the U.L.A. I went to Church at the Old Mission and then came home. I was over to Mrs. J. J. Tico's and took supper with them. Henry's wife was there also. I went over to Ed Tico for a little while.

I was to the Post Office in the morning. I went to Oxnard in the afternoon. I was over to see Rev. Father Laubacher. Israel bought an overcoat I got in San Francisco.

Mr. Fulton is to connect his Hotel with the Water Co. Fred Tico took lunch here with us and then we went up to the old rancho and out to the pasture for the rest of the afternoon. Yager was here in the evening. Fred brought some fine *Tunas* (cactus fruit) for Manuela. I saw Jack and the rest of the horses at pasture.

Ollie was here quite early on his way to Oxnard. Vicente is working around the orchard. Chico is working at the Chapel Grounds. East wind this morning.

I took lunch at Ollie's place and then went to Ventura. I attended to ULA meeting and then had time to go to N.S.G.W. meeting. I also called on Father Eldefonzo and he is looking for Father Grogan to come from his European trip.

I stayed in Ventura last night and in the morning went to Ed Tico and Frank Esperanza. I also went to see Aldegunda and Don Flavio. I took lunch at Sewell's. I called on the Ayalas, found Don Ramon not well, but Alonso is very sick indeed. I am sorry to see him in such condition. George Carne was at my room looking for me. I took supper at Mrs. J. J. Tico's and came home. Mrs. Pearson gave me a package for Mrs. Camarillo. Johnnie Fuller came out with me.

I was over to the PO in the morning. Fred was here, also Celestine Lavelle. Mr. Dan McKay was also here but did not find me at home. I sent a check to Thos. Carroll of Oxnard for

Sunday
Oct. 23
Camarillo

\$250.00. I sent Miss Minita Arnaz in Berkeley some papers. Chico and I trimmed and cleaned around the house this afternoon.

Elmer Hartman took Fred Tico, Clarence and Ernest Flynn and me to a supper given by the Gerald Bros. at their place. We all enjoyed the evening very much, every thing being fine. There were about 15 young men in all. I went to Church at Simi with Adolfo and his family in the Auto, and after mass we all went up to the Tapo and too lunch under some beautiful trees. The Party were Adolfo, Isabel, Lena Jones, Natalie, Carmen, Nuni and Miss Gillebrand. After lunch we went to Mrs. Gillebrand's place and were entertained by looking at their beautiful collection of so many interesting things. We also went to the Tapo home now in ruins, and got many *Tunas* and *Granadas*. Did not reach home until seven in the evening. Fernando spent the day here with Israel. Mr. H. S. Hall sent me my rent of the house Cerf has on 28 St., Los Angeles. Hearne sent an invitation to the N.S.G.W. anniversary.

Monday
Oct. 24
Camarillo

I left for Ventura on the morning train. George Carne was up to the room looking for me. I went to Don Ramon Ayala's to see Louise who is very sick.

Tuesday
Oct. 25
Ventura

I went to Santa Barbara on the morning train. I attended to a funeral of a daughter of Varentino Moraga. I went to see Mrs. Maria Taylor and the Fathers. They treated me fine. Fr. Sher and I took a walk and he picked out a suit at Franks and I footed the bill for him.

Wednesday
Oct. 26
Ventura

I came to Ventura from Santa Barbara on the evening train. Mr. Donovan and I took a long walk and stayed at my room until quite late. Rev. Father Eldefonso and I went to see Ayala and Father gave him Holy Communion. I took lunch with Geo. Carne. I was over to Aldegunda for a minute. I came to Camarillo on the noon

Thursday
Oct. 27
Camarillo

Friday
Oct. 28
Camarillo

Saturday
Oct. 29
Camarillo

Sunday
Oct. 30
Camarillo

train. Ollie brought me home and paid his \$2,000. Mrs. Prajedes Lavin and Emilio, her son, came on the evening train.

The telephone men were here today. I was to the P.O. The S.P.C. (Southern Pacific Co.) paid me for water to Oct. 1st. I took a ride to the Quarry and asked Willie Verastigui to come and help us next Saturday evening. Rev. Father Lau-bacher sent word there would be a Mass next Sunday at 8 a.m. at the Chapel.

I went on the 5 p.m. train to Ventura last night and attended the N.S.G.W. banquet at the Pierpont Inn. There were about 30 members and all enjoyed the supper and speaking very much indeed. I went to see how Louie Ayala is getting along. Also called on Mrs. Del Campo. Chas. Donlon was in for the Banquet. He went with me to the depot. I bought some Victrola records. I came out on the noon train. Prajedes has been helping Manuela getting ready for Saturday evening's bachelor supper I am to have. I sent Joseph Cerf and Adela Arnaz the Ventura Co. papers. It looks very much like rain. There is a show up town. I believe it is a Glass Blower. Vicente is working for Ollie near the house here.

I was over to Adolfo's place to congratulate him on his birthday but did not find him at home. Isabel Camarillo gave me some fine apples and tunas. Ollie was here for lemons and I over to his house for knives and forks. Ed Tico sent me French bread and Tamales. The day has been quite damp although it hasn't rained. Rev. Father Grogan is due at Ventura tomorrow, Sunday, from his European trip of six months.

I gave a supper to about 25 young men last night and all seemed to enjoy the evening with me very much. Among them were Martin, Clarence, and Ernest Flynn, the Diedrich Bros., Fur-rer Bros., Connelly Bros., Orestos Solari, Adam Rodriquez, G. Wucherpfennig, Fred Tico, Sam

Weill, Young Fitzgerald, Wm. Verastigui, Lavelle Bros., Israel Hernandez, Lesley Gisler and Elmer Hartman. There was Mass at 8 a.m. today. Rev. Father Ashe came out. Ollie and Mable were over this afternoon. Carlos Elwell was here and Israel went with him to Oxnard. Lester Lavelle was here on his way to Somis.

Monday
Oct. 31
Camarillo

Emilio Jr., Prajedes and I went to spend the day with Orestos Solari, we had a very nice day of it. They all treated us lovely. We also stopped at Mrs. Wagner's for a few minutes to see Arturo Ruiz.

Tuesday
Nov. 1
Camarillo

Collected rent up town in the morning. Chico is digging a cesspool at the Meyer's house. Prajedes, Emilio and I left for Ventura on the evening train. I took supper with Rev. Father Grogan who just came home from a six month trip from Europe.

Wednesday
Nov. 2
Los Angeles

I came from Ventura on the late train. Israel had my suit case to give me on my way to the City. I was over to see Mr. Lavin and tell him about his folks.

Thursday
Nov. 3
Los Angeles

Frank Lamb was over to see me at the Hotel. I met Sandy Furrer and we took lunch together. I helped him to buy an overcoat. I also bought one for \$45.00.

Friday
Nov. 4
Carpinteria

I left Los Angeles on the morning train and stopped at Ventura for a few hours. Jose del Carmen Valencia died at his home on the Ave. Louie Ayala is very sick. I attended the dance and had a very nice time. Israel, Fernando and also Fernando Tico came up from home. We all had a very nice time and the affair was a big success. They made \$210.00.

Saturday
Nov. 5
Carpinteria

Fred Tico and I staid at Rafael Angostura's, walked to Tia Villava and she gave us our breakfast. Then we went up to the little Church. At 10 a.m. the grand Baptism took place. Fred Tico and Manuela stood for the twin boy and Mrs. Luisa Covarrubias and I for the twin girl, both

named Bernardo and Bernarda. Another baby was baptised by Mr. and Mrs. Jose Lopez. After all the Church Ceremony we went up to Tio Jose Hernandez place and we all sat down to a fine spread and enjoyed it all very much. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Angostura, Mother and Father of the twins, Tio Jose Hernandez, Alejandro and Wife, Clarion and Wife, Luisa Covarubias, Fred Tico, Manuel Ayala, Charles Richardson and a few others I do not remember. Fred and I left for Ventura on evening train and from there on last train for Camarillo. Geo. Carne was up to see me.

Sunday
Nov. 6
Camarillo

Fred Tico and I came out last night from Ventura. There was Mass at the Chapel this morning. Rev. Fr. Laubacher came out. I took Coffee at Skinner's and worked at the Church fixing the Altar until time for mass. At noon I went with Adolfo and party in his big Auto, ten in all. We all went to Ventura. I attended Jose del Carmen Valencia's funeral and then went up to Don Ramon Ayala's place as Louie died today. I was also to see Don Flavio. The Ayalas and I went to see Gibson the undertaker. Ed Tico, Father Grogan and I took supper at the restaurant. I took in the show. Mr. Donovan and I had a long walk.

Monday
Nov. 7
Ventura

I was to see Father Grogan about the Mass for Louie Ayala and the funeral services. I was over to see Doña Rita. I took lunch at Fr. Grogan's place. Ed Tico was also there. Louie will be buried Wednesday at 9 a.m.

Tuesday
Nov. 8
Camarillo

Election day. I voted at noon. I came out home from Ventura last night. I took lunch at Skinners' with Elmer Hartman, Fred Tico and Israel. It is very cloudy all day. Ollie's men are working the land near the house. Chico is cutting the grass. Mr. A. Levy and Son sent me my new Dress Suit. I left for Ventura on the evening train. I staid up till midnight waiting for the

Election reports. Adolfo Camarillo was re-elected Supervisor, by 68, over Goodyear from Somis. Ed Tico, Father Grogan and I took supper together.

Wednesday
Nov. 9
Ventura

I went to Louie Ayala's funeral and also helped Father P. Grogan. In the afternoon I was over to Romulo Moraga's new house. Geo. Carne went up to Camp near Cuyama. Mr. W. A. Covarrubias lost for Sheriff of Santa Barbara Co. Fernando was in town today. I sent some papers to Miss Minita Arnaz.

Thursday
Nov. 10
Ventura

Today the U.L.A. celebrates its 14th anniversary and members from all over the County and from Santa Barbara also were present. Everybody had a good time. A big banquet and many speeches were made. I answered to the toast of The Strength of Unity. I was installed into the office of trustee of the lodge. I was over to see Don Ramon Ayala and wife. I came home on the evening train. Israel and Jack came with me as far as the crossing to My Place. Clarion Hernandez sent ten boxes of fine apples. Manuela came from Carpinteria after a nine day stay. I wrote to Rev. Fr. Scher of Montecito and to A. Levy and Son of Los Angeles. Sent paper to Mrs. Lavin and Minita Arnaz. It looks very much like rain all day. Chico killed a chicken.

Friday
Nov. 11
Camarillo

Today is poor Mother's Birthday, happy days gone by. Manuela came from Carpinteria today instead of last night.

Saturday
Nov. 12
Camarillo

It rained a little during the night and it amounted to 15/100 of an inch. Frank Ellis was here in the afternoon. I wrote to Frank Griffin. I sent some papers to Geo. Carne. Miss Lucy Richardson was here on horseback. Mrs. Valentine Romero was here on her way up to Somis. I took a box of fruit to Mrs. Lavelle and family.

Sunday
Nov. 13
Camarillo

Lester was here last night and staid till this morning. I went to Church to Oxnard and then staid for the Baseball in the afternoon. The Game

Monday
Nov. 14
Camarillo

was between Ventura and Oxnard and Oxnard got the game 7 to 0. I took lunch with Jose Rodriguez, Valentine Ruiz and young Espinoza. I came home with John Riggs. Manuel Carillo wrote to me from San Francisco. I gave Israel a vest. I left my buggy in Oxnard with Mr. Weill to come home tomorrow.

I was over to Adolfo's place in the morning. Sam Rowe sent me over a cow and it looks to be a fine one. I was at the Store in the afternoon. Miss Lucy Richardson came over and is staying here for a day or two. Ollie, Mable and Oliver Jr. were here this afternoon.

Tuesday
Nov. 15
Camarillo

Lester Lavelle was here to spend the evening. Jose Romero and Chico are working up town for me. Vicente is working in the orchard.

Wednesday
Nov. 16
Camarillo

Lucy left with Miss Smith. I was over to the store to see where Chico and Jose are working. In the afternoon Manuela and I went to the Conejo Grade to get some soil from under the big Oak there. I took some lemons to Mrs. Fuller and Mrs. John Riggs. Also gave the latter a cake. A very nice day.

Thursday
Nov. 17
Camarillo

I paid County and City Taxes for Bishop Conaty's property on California St., Ventura. The County Taxes amounted to \$34.00 and the City Taxes were \$32.94. I was over to the Styles' ranch. Fred Tico was here in the evening. Chico and Jose are building a fence at the Fitzgerald's place. Mr. Thomas Carroll sent for something he had here.

Friday
Nov. 18
Camarillo

I wrote to Rt. Rev. Bishop Thomas J. Conaty and to Mrs. H. S. Hall. Don Jose Tico came this morning and we went up to the old Rancho to see Fernando and Sam Rowe kill a steer for the Barbeque on next Sunday. Don Jose staid over night here. Chico brought the peppers for Manuela.

Saturday
Nov. 19
Camarillo

I went to Oxnard and had my pass book at both Banks fixed. I went to the Rose sale in the

afternoon. Ollie bought two mules for \$550.00 and a bay team for \$630.00. Johnnie Fuller was over from the Oil wells but did not find me at home.

Sunday
Nov. 20
Camarillo

Rev. Father Ashe came out to say the Mass. Sandy Furrer came over in his Auto and took me to the Barbeque. There were about 150 people at the grounds. All seemed to enjoy everything. Adolfo, Mr. Meyers and I made speeches. Mr. Wilson and an old man staid over night here last night. Mr. Wilson is moving to Los Angeles and he had quite a load with only one horse. Miss Ventura Elwell and Brother Billie staid here this evening.

Monday
Nov. 21
Camarillo

Ventura and I left for Ventura. I attended to some business. Ed cut my hair. I spoke to Geo. Carne at the Mountains and he said that he had killed a Coyote. John Fuller and I went to the show.

Tuesday
Nov. 22
Ventura

Mr. Donovan came this morning from San Francisco. Rev. Fr. Grogan and I went to see Don Chico and were over to Ed Tico and to see Doña Chona and Doña Merced Solari. I took dinner at the Santa Clara House.

Wednesday
Nov. 23
Camarillo

I was paid a twenty five per cent dividend from Collins Bank yesterday, amounting to \$1500.00. Ventura and I came out from town quite late. We stopped at Solari's for a short time and then I took Ventura home. Martin Flynn has a home 'phone now. I was over to Ollie's in the afternoon. Sam Weill went to Los Angeles. Piche (Menchaca) was here and I took him home. I wrote to Miss Alice Lee of Georgia. Jose is still working around the place. Israel did not come to lunch or supper today.

Thursday
Nov. 24
Thanksgiving
Day
Camarillo

Miss Ventura Elwell, Manuela and I went to Oxnard and we all sat together and had our Thanksgiving dinner at the K. of C. Hall and also enjoyed the afternoon very much. Gustavo Luders of Mexico, who is attending school at

Friday
Nov. 25
Camarillo

Saturday
Nov. 26
Camarillo

Sunday
Nov. 27
Camarillo

Monday
Nov. 28
Los Angeles

Tuesday
Nov. 29
Los Angeles

Wednesday
Nov. 30
Los Angeles

Thursday
Dec. 1
Los Angeles

Friday
Dec. 2
Los Angeles

St. Vicente College, is visiting the Maulhardts and I was very glad to see him again. Rosa and Abbie also Frank Camarillo are home for a few days.

Jose and Chico are hauling rubbish away to the creek. Carlitos came last night and took Ventura home. I received a letter from Mr. and Mrs. Mecum. Israel took Queen to Oxnard. I sold the double set of heavy harness to Styles for \$37.00. I turned Queen out to pasture.

I went to Oxnard on the train and came back on the last train. Everything about the same at the place.

Mass this morning at 8 a.m. Rev. Father Laubacher came and afterwards went up to Simi. I went to Oxnard with the buggy and to the Rose Ball with John Riggs and he brought me home, as I left the buggy for Mr. Weill.

I left for the City from the rancho on the noon train. Fred and I took supper and went to a show.

I was over to see Mrs. Arnaz and family and found them all O.K. I gave Eliberto my Dress Suit as it became too small for me and fine for him.

I called on Prajedes and had a nice afternoon with her and family. I went around seeing the *amigos*. I saw N. Hearne, Luis Ortega, Orestos, O. Wagner, Billie Elwell and Judge Clark. They all came up to see Judge Clark placed in his high Office at the N.S.G.W. meeting.

Frank Lamb came over to see me at the Hotel. I bought a pair of shoes for \$5.00. I was over to see Donald Murry at his home. I met Don Manuel de la Torre and he looks about the same as he used to. Say 13 years ago.

Billie Elwell and I went to the show and we walked around together until about midnight. I saw Frank Camarillo at the Hotel and he told me that his father Adolfo was also there.

Saturday
Dec. 3
Los Angeles
Sunday
Dec. 4
Camarillo

Monday
Dec. 5
Ventura

Tuesday
Dec. 6
Ventura

Wednesday
Dec. 7
Camarillo

Thursday
Dec. 8
Camarillo

Friday
Dec. 9
Camarillo

Saturday
Dec. 10
Camarillo

Donald Murry came over to the Hotel to see me.

I came from Los Angeles on the morning train and came in time for Church. There was a big number out for Mass. Rev. Ashe came out. I went to Ventura in the afternoon. Mr. Weill took Mollie to Oxnard. I attended a supper at Wm. Elwell's. He is 76 years old today.

I have a very bad cold. I attended the stockholders' meeting of the First National Bank. In the evening I went to spend the evening with Fr. Grogan. I felt sick all day.

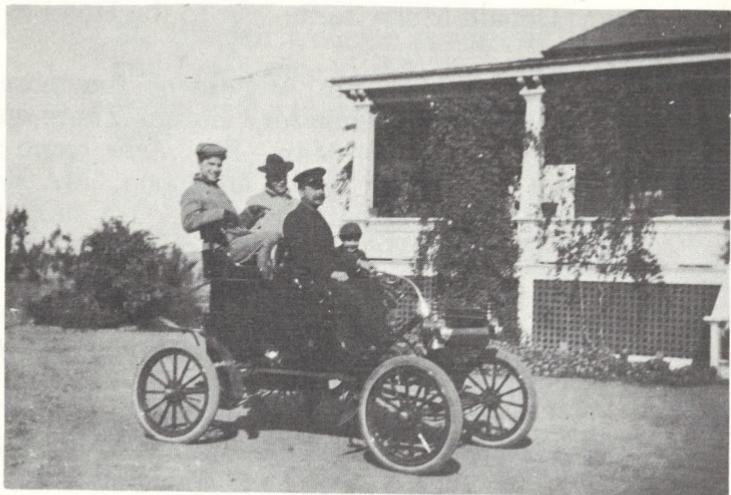
I went to Mass at 7:30. It was for poor Louie Ayala. I left for the rancho and reached home by noon. I bought a watch for Israel and also a cut glass present for Adolfo.

Geo. Carne of Ventura came out on the evening train. A committee from Espirtu Santo Lodge composed of three Portuguese were over in the evening to see me about building a Hall at Camarillo. Garrett and Andrew Moraga who were doing the work at the Styles' new house, were here on their way to the Village. I collected in the forenoon.

Fernando and Piche came here last evening. Geo. Carne and I were up to the town in the morning. Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Mecum came over in the afternoon. I got a shave at Eddie Fulton's place. I have not been very well all day again. Adolfo brought Rev. Father Grogan, Belle Elwell and Ted Tico. Ventura came from Somis. We all had supper together and had a nice evening.

All the Company left except Geo. Carne. Rev. Father Grogan said Mass this morning at 8 a.m. Andrew Moraga was here to fix the hot water in the bathroom. Ollie and Mable with their baby were here yesterday.

A wet day. It rained a little during night. Fred Tico took lunch here with us. Geo. Carne, who has been here for the last few days, left on



Juan Camarillo at the wheel of the five passenger auto

the evening train for Ventura to spend Sunday. Ike Norman was here helping Chico fix the well. I wrote to A. Levy and Sons and also to Geo. P. Austin.

The rain amounted to 23/100 of an inch. A very cold and disagreeable day. Lester came last evening. Geo. Carne and James Roth came out from Ventura. James took the evening train back. Fred and Eddie were here in the evening.

Geo. and I were over to the Post Office. I took Mr. F. Fitzgerald some Holy Water and a Blessed Candle. I also was over to see Mrs. Silva. After lunch we went to the Rock Quarry and saw Billie Verastigui. Mr. Hartman paid me for the Queen colt \$125.00. Today was a beautiful day. Mary Flynn telephoned. Chico went to Oxnard for the afternoon.

A very windy day all day. Geo. took Mr. Mecum some walnuts and then went riding around the rancho. I went to Oxnard. I bought a Victor machine for the Sisters of St. Joseph for their Xmas. Adolfo was elected Grand Knight of Oxnard Council of the Knights of Columbus

Sunday
Dec. 11
Camarillo

Monday
Dec. 12
Camarillo

Tuesday
Dec. 13
Camarillo

750. I came home with Adolfo in his five passenger car.

Wednesday
Dec. 14
Camarillo

Thursday
Dec. 15
Camarillo

Friday
Dec. 16
Camarillo

Saturday
Dec. 17
Camarillo

Sunday
Dec. 18
Nordhoff

Geo. Carne, who has been here for the last ten days, left for his home (Ventura) on the morning train. Ollie was here in the afternoon. Piche was also here today.

Chico brought some chickens I bought from Mr. Mahan. Frank Angostura came from Carpinteria. Willie Elwell was here today. The new depot at Camarillo was opened today. Frank Fitzgerald was the first man to buy a ticket. Piche second and Ollie third. Chico took the potted plants to the Murphy and Weill store to decorate for Christmas. Sam Weill took the horse and buggy to Oxnard.

Frank Angostura trimmed the olive trees and the vineyard. Billie Elwell was here with Frank. It looks very much like rain.

Frank took some (wine) bottles to Oxnard and spent most of the day over there. Billie and Fred Tico took supper here. Adolfo was here with other friends, but they did not find me at home.

In the morning I went to Church at the Chapel at Camarillo and then Joseph McGrath, Father Ashe, Fred Tico and I took lunch at the Skinner place. The day looks very much as though it might rain all day. Fr. Ashe, Jose McGrath, Fred, Israel and I went to Nordhoff and Donovan got on with us in Ventura. We all enjoyed the afternoon very much. Rt. Rev. Bishop confirmed a class at the Nordhoff Church at 3:30 p.m. and delivered a sermon. After that we all went to the Inn and had supper together; and also the Bishop and Fr. Kirk came with us as far as Ventura. After taking Fr. Ashe home at Oxnard we went to Jose McGrath's place and from there came home in Adolfo's five passenger machine which we left there on our way up and took Mr. McGrath's seven passenger. Manuela and Chepa went also to Nordhoff with Adolfo

Monday
Dec. 19
Camarillo

Tuesday
Dec. 20
Ventura

Wednesday
Dec. 21
Ventura

Thursday
Dec. 22
Camarillo

Friday
Dec. 23
Camarillo

Saturday
Dec. 24
Camarillo

Sunday
Dec. 25
Christmas
Morning

and family.

Frank staid with Billie last night and both came about noon. I was over to the store in the morning. Ollie was here.

I came from Camarillo on the morning train. I paid for my new stock at the First National Bank amounting to \$3500.00. I bought Mr. del Campo and Mr. Jose Ramon Ayala a chair each. Geo. had me up for dinner and then he and I went to the Theatre and after that he was over to the room.

I went to Oxnard on the morning train and back to Ventura by Five p.m. I took supper at Father Grogan's. Geo. and I were together and he went down to the depot with me. Israel was at the depot when I came on the last train. Johnnie Fuller was here yesterday. Mrs. Frank Andrada sent me a beautiful present.

I went over to Mrs. Lavelle's. I received many Xmas cards. I gave Manuela the deed for the lot and house which E. Skinner leases and to Israel I gave a Gold Watch and Chepita a Flor- entine Frame and Medalian of the Madonna of the Chair.

I sent cards out to my friends. It looks very much like rain all day.

I went to the moving picture show. There are a number of the boys from the rancho here in town.

I attended the 5:30 a.m. Mass and went to Holy Communion in a body with the Knights of Columbus. After breakfast, went to Ventura and attended the 10 a.m. High Mass at the Mission. I was to see Aldegunda in the afternoon, and also Fr. Grogan and Fr. Reis who is to give a Mission at the Chapel at home. Henry Lewis was killed last night on his way home from Oxnard. He was in his Auto when the accident happened and was found dead by the side of the road near Mr. Tom Bell's ranch.

Monday
Dec. 26
Camarillo

Last night I went to the evening services at the Mission and then spent the evening with the Fathers. I came out on the morning train from Ventura. Rev. Fr. John Pujol, Rev. Fr. J. P. Grogan, and Rev. Fr. F. Reis all took lunch here with me today. Joseph McGrath brought them over on his way up to Simi. I went to Joseph Lewis' for a while. Being a number of people there, I did not stay long.

Tuesday
Dec. 27
Camarillo

Rev. Fr. John Pujol who staid here since yesterday said Mass at the Chapel at 8:30 this morning and took the train for Oxnard. Fred Tico, Sam Weill, Mr. Johnson and I went to Henry Lewis' funeral together. He was buried at the Camarillo Cemetery.* It was a very large funeral and people from all over the county came to attend it.

Thursday
Dec. 29
Los Angeles

I was over to Mrs. Arnaz'. I bought some things for the home. Frank Lamb was looking for me at the Hollenbeck (Hotel). Geo. Carne is also in Los Angeles.

Friday
Dec. 30
Los Angeles

I came to the ranch from Los Angeles on the afternoon train. Willie Verastigui is also here with Frank Angostura from Carpinteria.

Saturday
Dec. 31
Camarillo

The last day of the Year. The boys and I decorated the Altar at the Chapel. Yes, on last Tuesday, Dec. 27, 1910, Rev. Fr. John Pujol baptised the baby boy of Mr. and Mrs. F. Fitzgerald of Camarillo. Mrs. Thomas McCormick and I were the *Padrinos* for the baby. Miss Ventura Elwell came over from Somis to spend the New Year with us. Rev. Fr. Reis came today noon and is stopping at Bautista's.

Sunday
Jan. 1
Camarillo

The First day of the Year 1911. We all went to Church. Rev. Fr. Reis read the first Mass at 9 a.m. And at 10:30 Rev. Fr. Ashe sang High Mass. The Choir did fine. Mr. Joseph Daly was a big help to them and we all enjoyed the music very much. Rev. Fr. Ashe spoke in English and the Fr. Reis in his language, Portuguese. We had

a little dinner at home and the following were to take part at the table with us: Rev. Fr. Ashe, Rev. Fr. Reis, Joseph McGrath, Miss Ventura Elwell, Miss Josefina Rodriguez, Miss Rosa Tico, Miss Lucy Richardson, Mrs. M. H. de Ayala, Johnnie Thompson, Willie Verastigui, Israel Hernandez and I, yes, and Frank Angostura. We all enjoyed the dinner and spent a very pleasant afternoon together. There were vespers at the Chapel in the evening. Rev. Fr. Reis officiated and the Choir with Abbie's help, sang for Benediction.

Monday
Jan. 2
Camarillo

Rev. Fr. Reis said Mass for Rodolfo Silva. The Choir sang. It is very windy. I received a beautiful Marble statuary from Adolfo and a number of other little things from friends and over One Hundred and Twenty cards from all over the Globe. Fred Tico was here and we all laughed and talked to our *Compadre* Angostura. I received \$200.00 dividend from the First National Bank of Oxnard.

Tuesday
Jan. 3
Ventura

I left the rancho this morning and went to Santa Barbara. I took dinner with Adelaida and then came to Ventura on the afternoon train. I went to see Fr. Grogan and we went to meet Rt. Rev. Bishop Conaty on the night train from Santa Barbara. Mr. Donovan was also with us. Geo. was looking for me at the room. Mr. Cope from Santa Maria is here with me today and will stay until tomorrow.

Wednesday
Jan. 4
Ventura

Mr. McMenamin was buried today. I acted as usher at the Church. The K. of C. marched in a body to the grave. First National had a meeting today. I attended. Geo. Carne, Edgar Carne, Geo. Guggenheim and I took in the show.

Thursday
Jan. 5
Camarillo

I came from Ventura on the morning train. Found a grand fiesta at home. They had made many tamales in honor of *Compadre* Angostura. The wind is still very bad and lots of dust. Mr. Glenn and Jose Hand are dividing my two hun-

dred and fifty acres in half and I am to let Ollie take one half and I will keep the other half. Chulo brought Watson from Ventura. Lucy Richardson, who has been spending a few days with us, left today. Nacho Rodriguez gave me an old Ox yoke, a beautiful old relic for my collection.

Mable is not very well and is staying at Oxnard. The baby is at Los Angeles with Mrs. Blackstock, his grandmother. I took Ventura home to Somis. We all went to Church and then Manuela and Chepita went over to Lucy's new home near to Murphy and Weill store. I took over some wine for Mrs. Fitzgerald who is not very well. Mr. Hand was here today to finish surveying. Billie is fixing the pumping plant at home. Rev. Fr. Reis left for Santa Barbara on the 5 p.m. train. The Romero Bros. are hauling the hay I sold to Los Angeles. The boys are loading it on the train at Camarillo.

A very nice day, really the best one we had this New Year. Everything very quiet around the place. Billie finished the pumping plant doings. I was over to the store in the afternoon. I received a letter from Mrs. Wagner and also from Mrs. Madden of Berkeley.

Sunday
Jan. 8
Camarillo

Sunday today, but not the one we have Mass at the Chapel. Manuela, Chepa and I went out for a ride in the afternoon and called on Mrs. Valentine Ortega and saw her new born baby boy. We took them some things. Today is Branding Cattle day at the Old rancho and we saw many young people on horse back. Fred took supper here with us. Sam Weill went to Oxnard with Watson.

Monday
Jan. 9
Camarillo

It started to rain very early in the day and rained a little all day. It amounted to 28/100. Twenty eight hundreds of an inch. Chico and Billie are working at the town pump. I was over to the store and from there went to see Mr. Styles' new house with Mr. Thomas Carroll. There was



Watson with his two-wheel cart and master

some trouble with the trains today and we had no mail from the north. Manuela received her first rent from the Skinner house I gave her for Xmas. Israel did not go to the store after supper.

Tuesday
Jan. 10
Camarillo

The rain amounted to 1.20, one inch and twenty hundreds of an inch. I left for Ventura on the morning train to attend a meeting of the First National Bank stock holders, and one of the directors also. I took supper at Fr. Grogan's place. I attended a meeting of the trustees of the U.L.A. Mr. Hand gave me the Map, and Mr. Barnard made the deed conveying one half of my 250 acres to O. B. Dunn.

Wednesday
Jan. 11
Ventura

I went to Oxnard for the day. I insured the Richardson, Fitzgerald and Meyer houses with Hill and Laubacher. Mr. John Galvin and I took lunch at the Rose Hotel yesterday and today at Oxnard. Mr. Morris Cope of Santa Maria wrote and sent me the \$5.00. I had a letter from Mrs. P. A. Lavin of Los Angeles. I took supper at Eduardo Tico's. He had a fine spread. Adolfo and

wife and Ventura Elwell, also guests, were at the table.

I left for the home place on the noon train. Mr. Perkins and Mr. Daulton of Santa Barbara were at the ranch yesterday. Ollie was here in the afternoon. Mr. Covarrubias of Santa Maria was here today and left for Santa Barbara on the evening train.

Ollie and Mable were here today. Has looked like rain all day. Israel and Chico went to Oxnard. Verastigui is working for Ollie for just a few days.

I delivered to O. B. Dunn before Mr. Sam Weill at Murphy and Weill Co. Store at Camarillo the deed conveying to him the one half of the 250 acres of land from me to him. I was over to Adolfo's place to settle with Lena Jones for the year's acct. Adolfo was here with his Auto. Mr. and Mrs. N. Blackstock of Los Angeles and Oliver Jr. came on the evening train to Ollie's place. Chepa left for Ventura.

I came from the ranch to Ventura and attended to U.L.A. meeting. Eduardo Richardson was taken into the lodge today. In the evening I went to the Church, then to La Petit and after that I met Fred and Ed Tico with a party of ladies and we all went to the skating rink and then to Ed's place. I took Mrs. Elfrida Elwell home. Fred, Billie V. and I went to the Yanez place and remained there until almost 2 a.m.

I went to Oxnard for the day and back again by evening to Ventura. I took supper with Fr. Grogan. I placed \$4,000.00, Four Thousand Dollars, at the Savings Bank of A. Levy Inc. I also paid Mr. Levy his notes.

I helped Fr. Grogan with Don Chico Yanez' funeral. I attended the K. of C. meeting at Oxnard and they had installation of officers. Mr. White of Watsonville was present. Many members were present.

Thursday
Jan. 12
Camarillo

Friday
Jan. 13
Camarillo

Saturday
Jan. 14
Camarillo

Sunday
Jan. 15
Camarillo

Monday
Jan. 16
Ventura

Tuesday
Jan. 17
Ventura

Wednesday
Jan. 18
Camarillo

Thursday
Jan. 19
Camarillo

Friday
Jan. 20
Camarillo
Saturday
Jan. 21
Camarillo

Sunday
Jan. 22
Ventura

Monday
Jan. 23
Camarillo

Tuesday
Jan. 24
Camarillo

Wednesday
Jan. 25
Camarillo

It rained on the 16th. 63/100 of an inch. I left for the ranch, found everything O.K. Geo. was at the Bank.

Yesterday we had the meeting with Oil Men of Santa Barbara in respect to our lease with the Union Oil Co.

I spent the day at Oxnard and Ventura on business. I came home with Adolfo and Isabel.

Mrs. Maria H. Lobero and Henry, her son, also Rev. Fr. P. Sheer of Carpinteria came on the noon train. I went to Ventura on the 5 p.m. train and attended the Show.

The rain amounted to 18/100 of an inch. After Church I came home on the noon train. Rev. Fr. Manuel Sola of Mexico City came on the evening train and is stopping with us. Miss Ventura Elwell of Somis is also here for two or three days.

We all went to Mass at 8:30 a.m. Rev. Fr. Sola officiated and gave a beautiful sermon in Spanish. Rev. Fr. Grogan of San Buenaventura came on the noon train. In the afternoon the Fathers and I took a ride over to the Quarry and then stopped at Adolfo's place for a little while. In the evening we had evening Devotions and a Sermon by Fr. Sola. There was quite a number considering the wet night.

The rain amounted to 40/100 of an inch. There were two Masses at the Chapel this morning, one at 8 a.m. and the last at 9. There were about 27 received Holy Communion and two Weddings. Don Francisco Dias to Rosa Ranjel. The *Padrinos* were Doña Ziano Rodriguez and Maria Delgado. The other wedding was Juan Guerero to Antonia Peña. *Padrinos* were Feliz Dias and Guadalupe Regalado. The Fathers went over to Adolfo's for lunch and from there on to Oxnard. Ollie brought some mules to leave here for a while.

The rain amounted this morning to 78/100

making 1.36. One inch and three hundreds for this storm and Seven inches and Six hundreds for the Season in all from Sept. to this morning. Mrs. Lobero, who had been here for a few days, left on the morning train for Carpinteria. Ventura also left for Somis. Ollie was here and I went for the mail with him. I went to see Mr. A. M. Myers who has been sick for a few days at his home.

Thursday
Jan. 26
Camarillo

I went up to Somis and then over to Mr. Lewis. Also went to see the house where Ed Richardson lives as Chris is painting it. Ollie and Martin were here to see some mules. Caritos was here on his way to see Adolfo.

Friday
Jan. 27
Ventura

I came from Camarillo on the morning train and stopped at Oxnard for the day and reached Ventura by evening. I am stopping at the Rose Hotel. Geo. came and we took supper together. I went to La Petit.

Saturday
Jan. 28
Ventura

I spent most of the day around the town. A boat, The Coos Bay, is at shore near Oak St. and many people went down all day to see it. I went over to see Don Flavio and Aldegunda. I telephoned to Israel. I took supper at Fr. Grogan's. It has rained all day and most of last night and it amounted to 1.58, One inch and Fifty-Eight Hundreds of an inch. I came to Camarillo on the night train reaching here at Nine Thirty and some of the boys met me at the depot and took me up to Skinner's Cafe where I met about 24 of the young men from around the neighborhood, who were there to surprise me with a big Banquet given in my Honor before leaving from this place to start my traveling. I intend to go for the next two years or so. The boys made some fine talks, also they sang. The night, until almost 2 a.m., was spent very enjoyably and every one seemed so pleased. And I thanked each and every one for the Honor they did me.

Sunday
Jan. 29
Camarillo

It rained all night and the rain amounted to

Monday
Jan. 30
Camarillo

Tuesday
Jan. 31
Camarillo

1.96 and yesterday 1.58 making for this storm to date 3.54 and for the season 10.94. I was to go to Ventura; but the train being so late, I had to give up the trip. Mr. Frank Lavin, Leo and Lester Lavelle, also Minnie and Marie Lavelle, were here in the afternoon. The Brakeman of the train was robbed by two tramps just at 5 p.m. near the crossing to come into our road.

I was up town in the afternoon. It rained a little during the day but not to count anything although it looks as though it might rain all night. I reduced the rent to Mr. Skinner from \$20.00 to \$15.00.

The rain last night amounted to 92/100, Ninety two Hundreds of an inch making for this month 7.96 and for all the season 11.86. I intended to leave today for a trip of a few months. Manuela and Israel will remain and take care of the home. O. B. Dunn will also look after things for me during my absence. Murphy and Weill leave the store building today and Meyer and Adams will step in and continue paying the same rent \$75.00. Eduardo Richardson has the house back of the store and he pays \$10.00.

NOTES

- 1 The old quarry near Conjeo Mt.
- 2 Union Latinos Association. (Union de Latinos Asociacion)
- 3 Knights of Columbus.
- 4 The Rev. Mecum of the Baptist Church.
- 5 Native Sons of the Golden West.
- 6 From a magic lantern.
- 7 A brother-in-law.
- 8 Now Dizdar Park.

Membership

NEW

Marjorie H. Brown
 Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Harrington
 Mr. and Mrs. Richard F. Maulhardt
 Jean M. Morgan
 George W. Schroff, Jr.

HONORARY

J. H. Morrison

SUSTAINING

Richard Bard
 Roger Edwards
 Mr. and Mrs. Milton M. Teague
 Mr. and Mrs. Lester T. Shiells
 Mrs. Henry A. Levy

LIFE

Philip Bard
 Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Borchard
 Henry M. Borchard
 Mrs. E. C. Canet
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 Mrs. Harold Dudley
 Mrs. Rosemary H. Duncan
 Mrs. Joyce Totten Fraser
 Mrs. Katherine H. Haley
 Mrs. Edith H. Hoffman
 Walter Wm. Hoffman
 Mrs. Helene Holve
 Carmen Camarillo Jones
 Mrs. Edwin J. Marshall
 Mrs. Mary H. Norcop
 Mr. and Mrs. Francis Petit
 Grace S. Thille
 John P. Thille
 Harry Valentine

Half a Century of Service

California Mutual Insurance Co. Organized on April 4, 1898 as the Ventura County Mutual Fire Insurance Co. with E. P. Foster, president; Nathan Blanchard, vice-president and Charles Barnard, secretary. This old Ventura County business firm has faithfully followed the high standards set by its pioneer founders.

Santa Paula Savings and Loan Association. Organized in April 1890 as the Santa Paula Building and Loan Association with J. R. Haugh, president; Caspar Taylor, vice-president and H. H. Youngken, secretary. This organization has served the interests of home owners and builders, as well as those of the investor.

County Stationers, Inc., 532 E. Main, Ventura. Successor to John J. MacGregor. Since 1898 Ventura County's complete stationer and office furniture dealer.

Bank of A. Levy, 143 W. Fifth St., Oxnard. Founded in 1900 by the late Achille Levy, who came to Hueneme in 1875. Since its inception Bank of A. Levy has been closely allied with the farm and ranch industries of Ventura County.

Title Insurance and Trust Company. Successor to Ventura Abstract Company, founded in 1893 by Charles Barnard and incorporated in 1898 by him and four associates, Lloyd Selby, J. S. Collins, Robert C. Sudden and John H. Reppy. The office has been in continuous operation in Ventura County since that time.

Joseph P. Reardon Funeral Chapel, 757 East Main Street, Ventura. Successor to the business established by the Reardon family in 1911 and conducted continually in Ventura since that date.

Janss Investment Corporation. The company began its first real estate development activities in 1889. Operations were moved to the Conejo Valley in 1954 with offices in Thousand Oaks and Newbury Park.

Union Oil Company of California. Incorporated in Santa Paula in 1890, its operations have spread from Ventura County to become world-wide.





STEWART EDWARD WHITE

VENTURA
COUNTY
HISTORICAL
SOCIETY
QUARTERLY

Vol. XIV, No. 2

February 1969

The Ventura County Historical Society

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The Ventura County Historical Society's headquarters is the Pioneer Museum, 77 North California Street, Ventura, California. There are four classes of membership: active, \$5 per year; husband and wife, \$7.50 per year; sustaining, \$25 per year; and life, \$100.

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The
Ventura County Historical Society
Quarterly

Vol. XIV, No. 2

February 1969

Contents

THE HIGHWAY

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Notice

Although he was not born in the West, the city directories of Santa Barbara show a residence for Stewart Edward White from 1903 to 1919. Since his parents also lived there, the family home may have been his prior to his marriage. It was during this time that Rob Wagner and White made the trip described in this article. The photographs including Stewart Edward White are from his albums at the Santa Barbara Historical Society Museum. The maps are from a quasi-record manuscript book of *Road surveys* made in Ventura County.

THE HIGHWAY

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

I am warned that to reminisce is a sign of age. That depends on what you are reminiscing about. Now take this subject of which we have been writing, the highway. Who is qualified to reminisce about that? Certainly not you youngsters. As far back as you can remember you have driven a perfected car over graded hard-surfaced roads. If you were to be called upon for witness history, the best you could do would be to moon over the good old days before the Santa Maria Cut-off, when you had to go around by Orcutt, or that romantic era when it was as much as thirty miles between barbecues. As for adventure, it exists no longer in a state of nature, but must be sought by means of booze, speed, and similar artificialities.

In the blithe spring of 1905 Rob Wagner and myself started out bright and early to motor from Santa Barbara to Los Angeles. Our vehicle was optimistically rated at eight horsepower. It possessed no windshield and no top. We missed neither of these, for we were protected against the elements (if any) by leather coats, enormous goggles, and visored caps (also of leather) whose shape for some reason or other had been fashioned in quaint suggestion of the sea. Our potential rate of speed we were never able to determine, for the simple reason that we never happened on a long enough piece of smooth surface to open her up. Time en route had not yet assumed any importance. Getting there at all was sufficient of a triumph. It was to that feat we oriented our ambition, challenging with spirit Sara Redington's biting (and all too accurate) aphorism: The automobile gets there faster, but the horse, oftener.

It was not until two years later that some few of our slowly growing group began to brag of road records. Thus Alley asserted that between King City and Salinas he had averaged twenty-one miles an hour. We listened to him, saying nothing at the moment; but afterwards we privately agreed that Alley was a peculiarly picturesque liar. And there was Huron Rock making the one-hundred sixty-five



Rob Wagner and Stewart Edward White beside his car

miles between Santa Barbara to Paso Robles in one day! We could not doubt Huron, but we did deprecate him as a speed demon.

Nowadays few know anything about the mechanism of their cars. They can make them go, and stop them, but of the details of what is under the hood they are ignorant. There is no real reason why they should be otherwise. Everything is permanently and reliably arranged for them. All they have to learn is a single word: Fillerup. The sissies!

It was different then. Even Alley never dared brag that he had made a hundred miles without a roadside stop for tinkering. Any motorists, as a matter of course, knew all about internal-combustion engines. He had to. I do not mean because of breakdown, but because of necessary normal adjustments that are nowadays made once and for all and sealed up so you can't tinker with them. There were the coils, one for each cylinder, and fine micrometer screws to fiddle with in order to get just the right pitch to their buzzes (if you hadn't a musical ear you were out of luck), and a wafer file to smooth the points when they pitted and stuck, and you'd better file 'em square!

There was the carburetor that took adjusting every time it turned hot or cold or wet or dry, or you filled up with a different batch of gasoline. You had not merely one screw to turn but three (for idling, for low speeds, for high speeds) and when you got one right the other two were wrong. And if you went up in the mountains to any elevation, you had to give her more air, which increased the possible permutations and combinations into the higher mathematics.

Furthermore, each breed of car had its specialties. In our own case there was the matter of piston-rod bearings. At indeterminate and rather frequent intervals a sledge-hammer knock warned us to get busy. Then we took off the top of the crankcase, lifted out a set of timing gears, and tightened the bearing by moving one of fifty or more shims of metal that the manufacturer had inserted for that purpose. Then we replaced the timing gears.

The trick was to stand on your head and mesh those gears at exactly the right tooth. If you meshed them even one tooth off (in either direction) you sputtered or backfired or bucked, and just didn't go! There were a lot more, but there is no sense in cataloguing them. As requirements, they are as extinct as the dodo. But these were the usual things,

part of the motorist's equipment of knowledge. And he used them, believe me, he used them!

Now at that time both Rob and I were of these things almost wholly ignorant. The car was new. We had learned to crank it without being kicked into the middle of the Ming Dynasty. We knew how to shift from high to low (that's all there were) by shoving a lever forward hard, or pulling it back, also hard. The lever was outside the car. A certain amount of blacksmith-shop instruction (even the word "garage" was unknown) had failed to register for the simple reason that we had developed no mechanical brains to register it on. We were further handicapped by the fact that we had been horsemen so long that horseback transportation was second nature to us. Our instincts in getting around the country were all oriented toward what we were accustomed to doing with a horse. Why this was a handicap will appear in due course.

The highway then had no recognizable relation to the dark, polished ribbon our cars nowadays roll up so smoothly in front and pay out so smoothly behind. Gas taxes for the roads were remotely in the future. Indeed, at times it seemed that gasoline itself was in the future! There were no filling stations, naturally, and no garages. Corner groceries kept only "stove gasoline," and our carburetors would not handle that. On our running boards we carried three cans, painted red, blue, and black, filled respectively with reserves of gasoline, oil, and water. Also there were no repairmen; only occasionally an ingenious-minded blacksmith who was willing to try to "figger her out." Road improvements (if any) were limited to "ditching, crowning, and scraping." These were generally done by adjacent farmers, in their slack season, who thus got some credit against their taxes.

For a week or so after such treatment one had a fair earth center sloping away toward the drain ditch on either hand. Incidentally, that is the reason why this side of the Atlantic abandoned the English custom of driving to the left, and why the steering wheels of the early motorcars were located on the right. On the long-established but narrow English turnpikes the important thing for a driver to think of was not to lock wheels with a passing vehicle. With us

the important thing to think of in passing was how near the ditch (or the edge) we dared turn.

The above-mentioned fair earth center did not long endure against farm wagons, hayricks, and the like. We were soon back to normal of chuckhole and rut and "high center." An occasional hundred yards or so without a deep chuckhole was no particular good, for if you speeded up to enjoy it, you were sure to plunge violently into the next before you could slow up. Unless, of course, you had what the pilot books call local knowledge, and knew exactly where it was. (That is why we knew Alley was talking through his gear-case when he claimed that twenty-one-miles-an-hour average!)

A light rain filled the chuckholes with water, and softened the bottoms of them. The estimation of mud puddles is a lost art. We early acquired a true roadcraft in reading a score of small indications that told us whether we could crawl through in low, or whether our wheels would spin and dig us in so deep that we must wait for the next horse to pull us out. Even at worst, this was not always necessary; we carried wide iron flanges which we could strap crosswise on our tires to give us the one strong heave of traction to lift us out. Part of our equipment, also, was a stout iron stake, and a sledge hammer, and a thin wire cable.

DIRECTIONS: With the sledge hammer drive the stake firmly somewhere ahead of the bogged car. Hitch one end of the cable to the stake. Lead the cable back, and take two wraps about the projecting hubcap of a rear wheel. Hold the other end. Have your companion start the car. The revolving hubcap acts as a winch. You take up the slack. One of three things happens, mentioned in the order of their probability: (a) the stake pulls out and you dodge it as it hurtles toward you; (b) the cable slips off the hubcap, and you sit down in the mud; (c) the car pulls out.

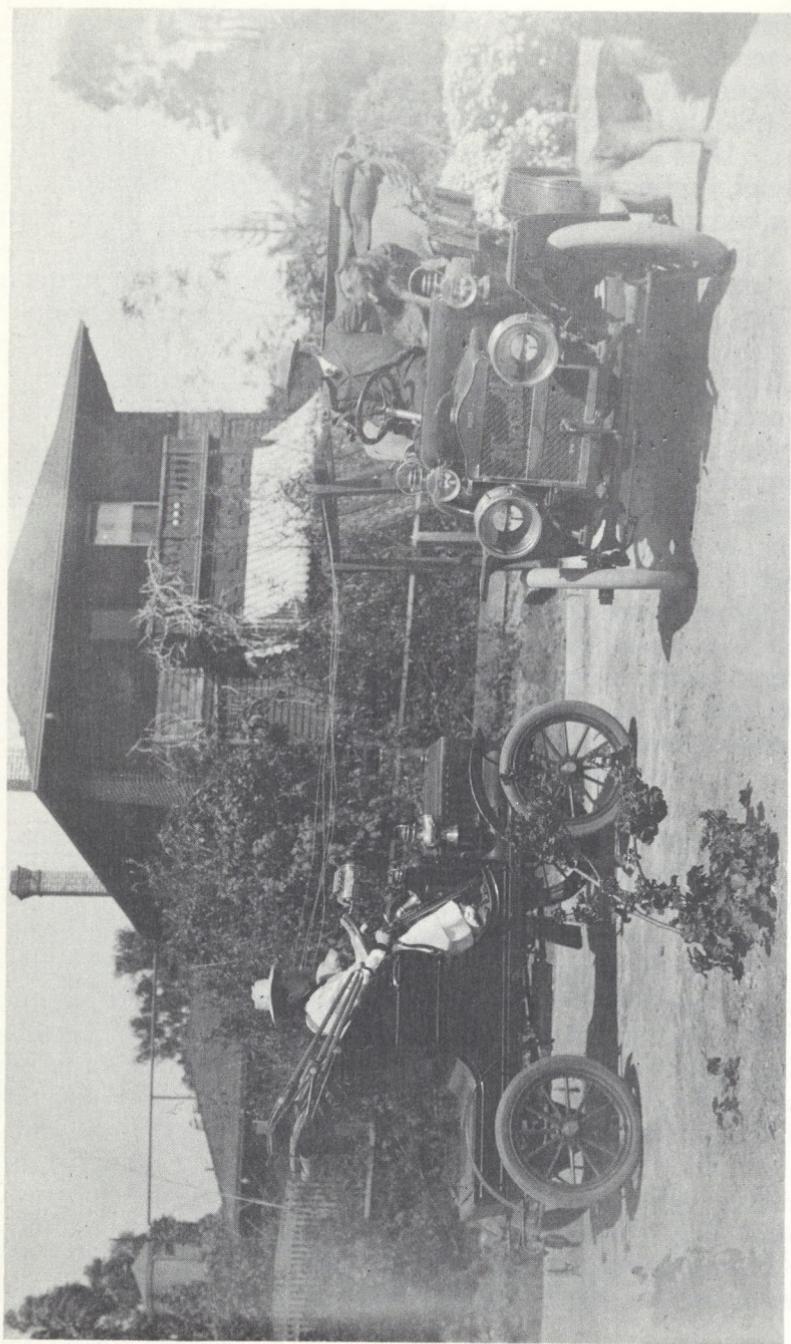
How about this trip? I thought we were going to hear about that!

That's the trouble with you fellows nowadays. You're accustomed to hopping in and kicking down on the starter, and hitting the road, all on the impetus of the moment's whim. There's no adventure in that. You're what my wife's

old Negro mammy used to call too impatient. Why, one time I remember a day's trip hung in the balance of necessary abandonment because, at five of the afternoon before, the car suddenly began to miss on all two. From then until midnight I bent my ear to the tuning of that coil, altering the pitch of its buzz in vain. A last, thoroughly disgusted, I addressed to it a few mule Skinner remarks and gave it a kick. Then it functioned perfectly. We are going to start when we have a good ready. There is enormous fun in getting a good ready. That is another simple pleasure of which the mechanical age has deprived us.

There were as yet no paved roads. Furthermore, against any proposal for paved roads burst a storm of opposition too violent for belief today. Nobody could see any advantage in paved roads. Their only effect would be to encourage these newfangled speed demons. We were not popular, and we knew there was no earthly reason why we should be. The prevailing horse viewed us with alarm and tried to go away from us as far and as fast as he could. If no other route for the purpose offered but a telegraph pole, he would attempt to climb that. We were on a very fragile sufferance, and we knew it, and we tried to be as considerate as we could, even, at times, to the extent of parking as near the fence as possible and dismounting to help lead the team by.

When we overtook someone driving in our direction, we honked once very gently, and dropped back out of the dust until a crossroad gave a horseman a chance to draw well aside. The ranch people, in spite of their antagonism, were generally pretty decent, and did so, but occasionally some old hard-shell would simply hump his back and jog on. Then we had either to eat dust until he got to where he was going, or take a chance on busting a spring, or shaking loose some vital part, or upsetting completely in a glorious and bouncing attempt to brush by in the rough. Or get in a fight! This smoldering resentment came near to being fanned into the flame of a real antagonism when, two years later, a few morons began to try for "road records." Then, especially in the mountain districts, some of the old-timers actually resumed carrying their old forty-fives, and let it be publicly



Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Edward White in their cars

known that they were on the warpath. The first campaign for even a modest good-roads appropriation was voted down by a majority that nowadays would make Hitler look like a piker. This attitude obtained even in the towns. In Santa Barbara only State Street was asphalted, and they kicked like blazes on doing that much. As a consequence, with the first heavy rains, we laid up our cars for the winter, and went back to horses. Definitely!

All this was in the comparatively level open country. When you got up into the mountains, the situation became acute. The roads there were notches cut just wide enough for a single vehicle. There was no passing except on "turn-outs." These came once in a while. They were supposed to be placed strategically so that the wayfarer could see the road from one to the other, and so not get caught head on to someone else. Nevertheless, you were caught. Thus you learned to drive backward as confidently and almost as fast as you could drive forward: another art lost to this effete generation. The engineers who laid out these roads followed the old Spanish custom: when you wanted to go uphill, you went up; and when you wanted to go downhill, you went down. And they had Spanish horses to do it, on anything short of the perpendicular. Only occasionally were these old roadmakers forced to a few grudging switchbacks, and then they made the hairpin turns as sharp as they could just to get even.

We carried curved spirit levels screwed to the side of the car to measure these gradients. The latter ran from ten to twenty-four percent. When they passed over the rocky outcrops which are the foundation of some of our best mountains, the surface heaved into a succession of half-submerged round boulders, of splintered remnants left from the blasting powder, and of "slippery Sals," which means a sort of smooth rock apron.

I am not exaggerating. These conditions persisted for some years even after there were sufficient motorists to form a fraternity strong enough to kick and numerous enough to get together to swap experiences. Certain of the mountains passes had a legendary reputation for being tough. There was even a sort of rivalry between them. The man who

had never been over them tightened his belt with a sinking mixture of curiosity and dread. His frame of mind was much like that of the ancient Greek mariner, about for the first time to tackle Scylla and Charydbis. Then, when he had managed it and was safely at the bottom, he probably spat in the sea (beg your pardon, I mean the dust) and said: Tough, hell! Is that your San Juan grade! You ought to come down and tackle the Casitas!

Or the other way around, depending on whether he lived north or south.

Those early cars were low in power, and they were particular about their gasoline, and they demanded their proper amount of tinkering, and they boiled like tea-kettles, but, by golly, they could and did take it! Not so much to look at, but sturdy as the tough, rough little mountain cayuses whose prototype they were. Any old fat slob can amble along a park bridle path on a stall-raised fancy palfrey, but it takes a man to fork a mustang in the hills!

We set forth early, as was meet and proper for those facing a journey of one hundred and sixteen miles. Whether it was to be a day's journey, or shorter, or longer, never entered our minds. Our attitude was typical of the motorists of that day: We knew where we were headed; we intended and expected to get there. But we were not so silly as to schedule the intention.

Everything was lovely. We made Carpinteria in a little over the hour. We chugged up the steep, narrow, and twisting Casitas grade without meeting anybody, or breaking a spring, or getting a puncture, or boiling excessively, or any of those things. The cascara and mountain lilacs were in flower, mocking birds and quail called to us what sounded like congratulations. As we mounted higher, the depths of the cañons filled with gray-blue shadows. The line of breakers along the shore line, immobilized by distance, separated the map squares of the land from the crinkled sea as though by a thin strip of cotton wool. Rob at this time was a practicing paint artist. These things hit his funny bone. He suggested we stop so I could see them too. All I was seeing, while under way, was the road. We drew aside, and halted, and enjoyed ourselves. The top of the grade was

only about a hundred yards ahead.

When we had seen our fill, I climbed back to the seat and turned on the switch. Rob seized the crank. It seemed to be stuck fast. He got his feet under him and gave a good heave. As he had been college champion wrestler of his weight, this brought results. The car leaped at him like a rattlesnake. Foiled by Rob's agility, it died in its tracks.

I descended and tested the handle. It was indubitably locked. We wasted no time in foolish repinings, or regrets that we had not gone on that few hundred yards to the top, whence we could have coasted. We were persons of experience and decision, firm and resourceful characters, in fact able to face and overcome emergencies as they arose. We knew exactly what to do, and we did it, at once. We walked back down the road five miles to Stanley Park. From there we telephoned Harry Wood in Santa Barbara and told him about it. Harry was the only man in that section of the universe who knew anything about cars. He had sold me this one. He listened attentively.

"The plates of your planetary gears are stuck together," said he.

"We have no education in astronomy," we returned.

"You don't need any," said Harry. "What you need is a beer bottle full of kerosene oil."

He described carefully a certain plug which we were to remove.

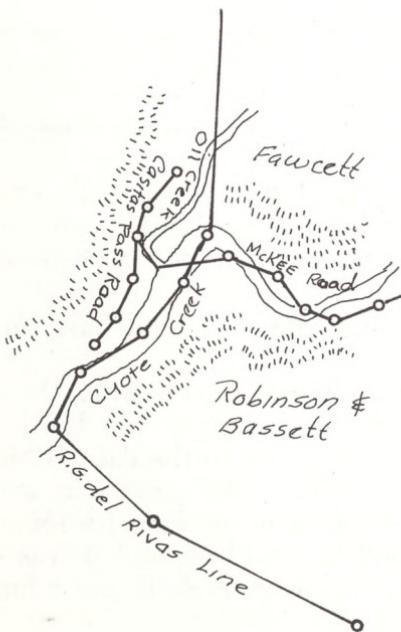
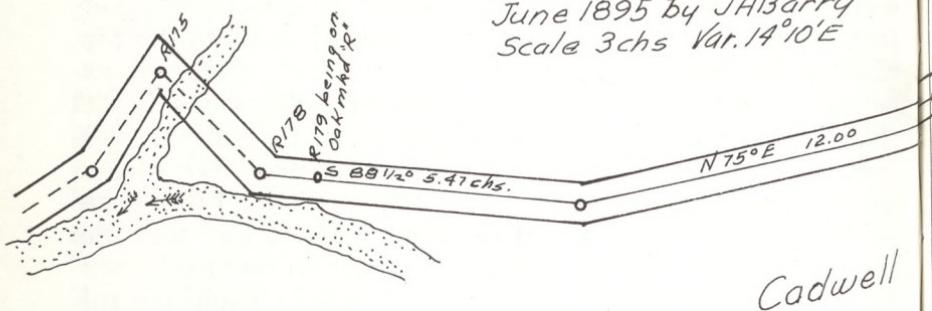
"Pour the kerosene in that hole," he instructed, "and let it stand fifteen minutes or so. Then work on the crank handle til she loosens up, with the switch off," he warned. "Then drain off the kerosene."

He described another plug we could take out to permit the draining.

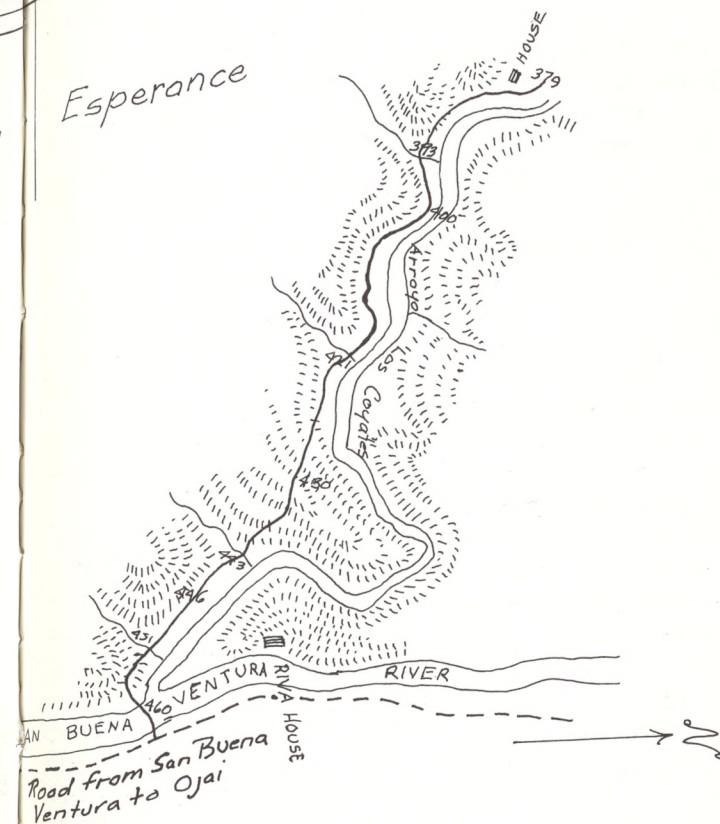
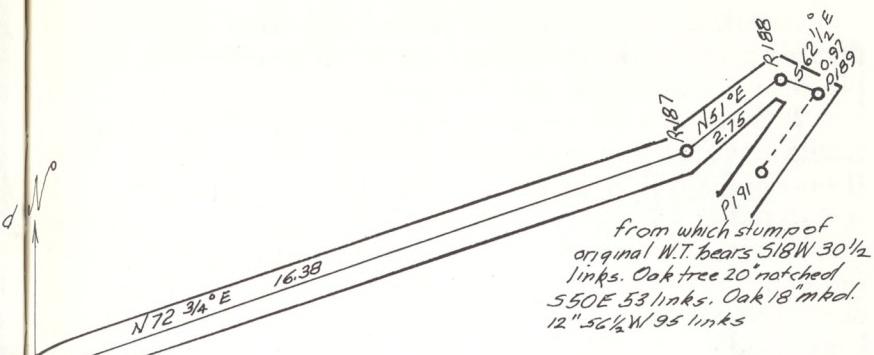
"You can throw away the beer bottle," he concluded.

We thanked Harry, and cadged the bottle and kerosene, and returned up the grade to the car. Rob suggested walking to the summit and back and make it an even ten-mile hike, but we decided we were no sticklers for round numbers. We did as Harry Wood had told us, and it was even as he had said, which seemed to us marvelous and a kind of black magic.

Survey No 18½
Change in Casitas Pass Road
from Stations 179 to 189
June 1895 by J.A. Barry
Scale 3 chs Var. 14° 10' E



Crest and junction



Losasitas Pass Road

A mile or so beyond the summit we came upon a situation not uncommon in the mountains. Across the U of a hairpin turn a slide had filled the road.

I think any less experienced travelers than ourselves would have turned back. The way was definitely blocked. It never occurred to us to do so. We had been up against this sort of thing before. We knew exactly what to do. In such a situation you turned your horse square at right angles to the road, leaned on the brakes as hard as you could, and slid down the mountain side into the cañon bed. As long as you kept headed straight down, you wouldn't tip over. If it was too steep for the brakes, you cut a small tree and dragged it behind. Then you rested your horse for a minute or so and climbed straight up the other side to the road again, making it in one dash, if you could.

There weren't any small trees to cut, and we had no ax if there had been. So Rob doubled for a tree. He did well at it until we were halfway down. Then he sort of lost traction and flopped in the wind like a burgee. After a few alarming and accelerating seconds, we hit bottom with a crash. We were right side up. There we were, in the stony wash, at the bottom of a steep ravine. The only solution to such a predicament nowadays would be a long cable and a wrecking car, which had not then been invented. Lacking these, any sane modern driver, with experience in power and traction, would simply give up for the time being, even with a hundred horsepower at command. But, then, no sane modern driver would place himself in any such fix.

We had only eight horsepower, but a practically undiminished supply of ignorance. Also it must not be forgotten that our long experience with horses was still untarnished. We paused to get our breath and look ourselves over. Nothing was broken, not even our spirits. Rob climbed aboard, and we doughtily pointed our eight-horsepower nose at the side of the mountain. She dashed at it pluckily; the rear wheels spun, finally bit; the engine slowed, died! We began to slide back, obstinately, against the best efforts of the brakes. We were again in the creek bed at the bottom of the cañon. Our climb had been about three feet.

The next obvious thing was for Rob to get out and push.



The slide

That is what we did with horse-drawn vehicles. We made about six inches more than at the first effort, and Rob had to scramble hard to get out of the way when, for the second time, she slid back.

Now I submit that (a) anybody with any sense, or (b) anybody with any experience, or (c) anybody without the dauntless, resolute, indomitable, and completely chuckleheaded pertinacity then characteristic of both of us might have considered himself in a fix. Experience does inhibit the reasoning powers in certain directions. We had no thought of giving it up merely because experience had already proved it couldn't be done: we had not had experience! We sat down to figure it out. Our figuring ran about as follows:

We had gone that three feet all right, and at that point our engine had quit. It had not quit abruptly, but by slowing down until it died. We could go, say, two feet before it even began to slow down. Thing to do was to go those two feet, throw out the clutch. Then she wouldn't die. Then speed up the engine, throw in the clutch, and go another two feet. This, repeated about fifty times, would take us to the top.

So far, our reasoning was perfect. The next problem was to keep what we had, theoretically, gained. The brakes would not do it: that had been proved. What we wanted was a fence post. So we climbed up to the road and looked for a fence post. Even in unfenced mountain country like this, we knew we would find one. Two things the California of those days could always supply: baling wire and fence posts. Optimists were always clearing little patches of land in the most out-of-the-way places, and fencing them, and building shacks out of mesquite and coal-oil cans, and planting a few fruit trees and abandoning them. We returned shortly with our fence post.

I had the best of it. Knowledge is power. I knew which levers to shove on. So I sat in the seat as mahout, and Rob did the hard, hot dirty work. My job was to let in the clutch on the wildly racing engine, and to keep it there while the poor little car clawed and heaved under the shock, and to snatch out the clutch at the last split second before the engine did, at the same time uttering a wild yell. The yell

was signal to Rob, who thereupon dropped the fence post across behind the rear wheels and planted his weight on it to keep it from sliding back.

That was our system, and against all sanity it worked. At the moment we had no qualms. A lot of things were distinctly probable. If the thing had got away from us and gone backward, especially after we had made some elevation, we would have come to a magnificent and perhaps fatal smash. If the engine had been permittd to die, it would have been partcically impossible to start it again. If Rob had missed by a hair chocking those rear wheels at just the right moment and the right angle, or if his weight had not held the fence post, if what must have been a remarkably close balance of forces had tipped by ever so little on the wrong side . . . Oh well, they didn't. And we did not think of them. We were busy.

I wish I had counted how many times we successfully repeated that delicately co-ordinated maneuver. Sometimes we made not over six inches! Again, gloriously, we grabbed of as much as two yards! Then Rob had to hustle, to pick up that heavy post, and scramble after, and hurl himself into place like a boy falling on a football! But always we gained. Had there been anyone on the road opposite we must have have looked to him like a couple of somewhat imbecile ants urging a large beetle up an exorbitantly steep precipice. That the mechanism did not shatter under the repeated shocks of taking the whole weight of the car is a testimonial to something.

We were again on the road, headed for Los Angeles. Rob threw away the fence post, wiped his streaming brow, and climbed in beside me. We did not comment particularly in the way of either triumph or congratulation. We had started south. Well, we were still going south. Just a couple of heroes and didn't know it. We were too dumb luckily, for dumbness was our best asset, as we were shortly to prove once more.

As we were on the down grade, and encountered no more slides, and met no one, our descent of the Pass was uneventful. We had conquered the Casitas!

Down the shaded, winding road in the valley we chug-



Casitas ferns

ged, and so shortly came to the Ventura River. About all anyone nowadays notices about the Ventura (or indeed any other river, creek, or wash) is the wonderful concrete bridge. Back in the horse days, however, they did not build bridges unless they had to. Most of the time you forded or pulled through the sandy bottom, depending on whether it was winter or summer. Only across all-year-round deep water, or a very occasional perpendicularly eroded barranca did they bother to construct a bridge. Bridges are expensive; and, besides, how are you going to water your horse from a bridge? When we came to the ford of the Ventura, we drove in unhesitatingly as we had already a dozen times passed through it on horseback. In the exact middle, as was to be expected, we came to rest with the water just below the floor boards, and the carburetor, naturally, well submerged. We knew nothing about that. We merely wondered why she had stopped.

It is not unlikely that ours may have been the first car to cross the Ventura at this point. I do not know. At any rate, we were among the pioneers. This proved eventually to be a perfectly feasible ford all summer; though in the spring, before the water dropped, a good many cars got stuck there. After a few years, when volume of traffic justified, a local yokel lurked in the vicinage with a team of horses, and pulled them out for a dollar. It paid him pretty well until the acetylene lamps of a night motorist surprised him in the act of deepening the hole, in the enterprising intention of extending his season. I don't know what they did to him (if anything) but he gave them an idea in reverse, so to speak. They hauled in the rocks he had hauled out, and a lot more, so you could get through at any time short of flood.

Personally, we were high and dry on the seat, but eminently static, and likely to remain so unless we did something about it. The chances of outside assistance were remote. The obvious thing to do would have been for one of us to wade ashore and go in quest of horses and a rope. But neither of us knew how far away, in that country of magnificent distances and sparse population, the nearest ranch might be. So we bent to the problem our powerful intellects,

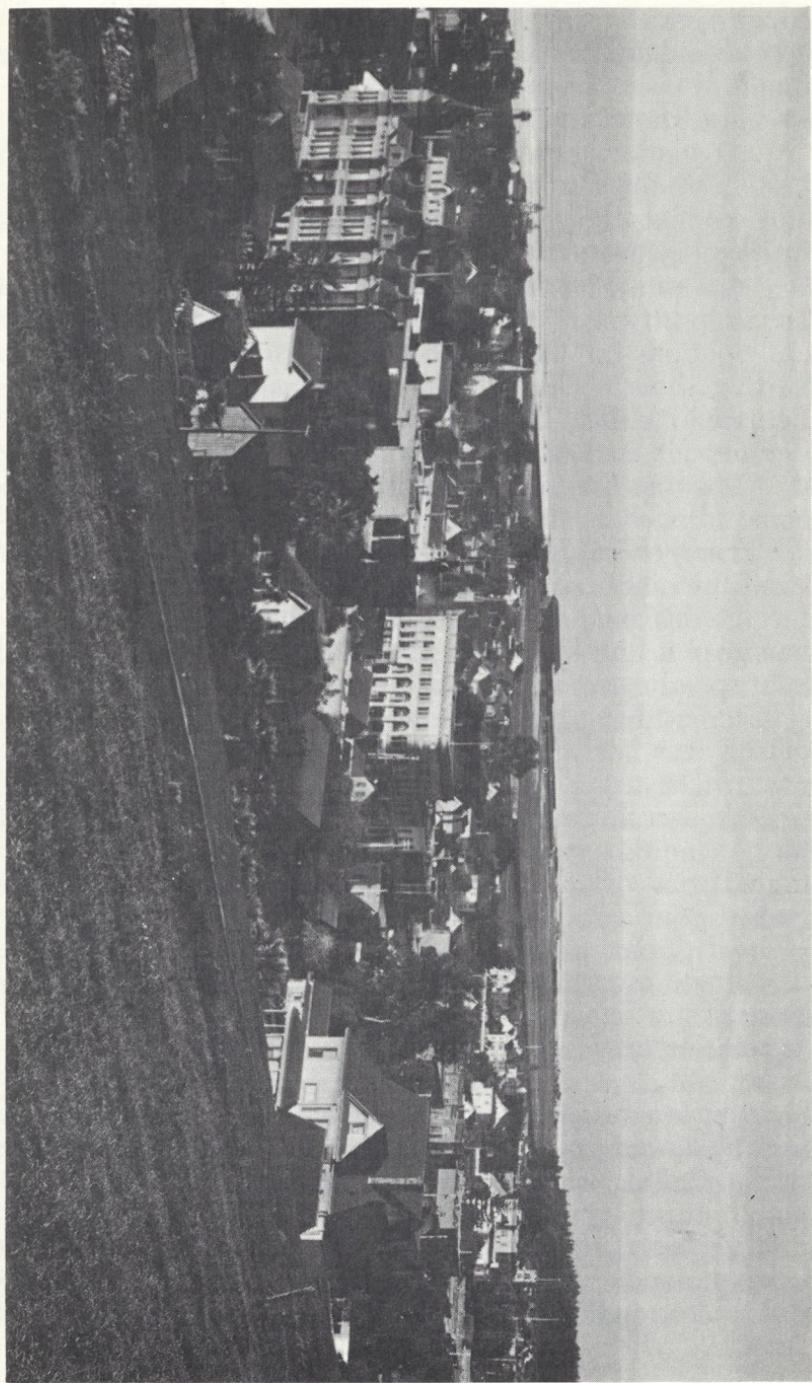
which I must remind you were untrammeled by the restrictions of either knowledge or experience. Therefore, our reasoning was clear and to the point. It ran as follows:

The engine made the car go. It made the car go by turning over. There were possible two ways of turning over: (a) by the explosion of gasoline in the cylinders and (b) by means of the crank until the engine started to explode. Now, we argued, since the gasoline business had laid down on us, we would adopt (b). If we put the clutch in low gear and then turned the crank, she ought to move forward. Provided, of course, we were strong enough.

The only way to find out was to try. We took off our shoes and socks and pants, and tied our shirts up under our armpits, and went overboard. To our gratification the idea proved good. Taking turn about we cranked that car not only through the river, but (for good measure) up the opposite bank to the level. It was rather slow business. You see, while we and gasoline were both fulfilling the same function, the r.p.m. of gasoline was fifteen hundred and our r.p.m. was about thirty. But we got there; and we put on our pants, and had a smoke, and enjoyed the shade and the beautiful sun-drenched landscape outside it, and took a rest before tackling the next job, which was to get going again.

Even we realized that the engine must have shipped some water, and that water and gasoline do not get on well together. Did we not possess a big square of chamois skin through which to strain our wayside purchases of "Red Crown"? We must get the water out of the engine. When we had finished our smokes we went at it.

Our procedure was as simple as the minds that conceived it. We cranked. Rob did it for five minutes, then I did it for five minutes. We figured that, if the engine turned over in its regular cycle, the water in it must follow the same course that the gasoline normally followed and must, like it, eventually come out through the exhaust. This was correct. At the end of exactly forty-five minutes we got a first feeble and spluttering pop. I am glad that we knew nothing of the pet cocks below each cylinder through which we could have drained off that water in ten seconds. I am glad we did not know enough to take out the spark plugs to relieve the



Ventura at the turn of the century

compression against which bent our backs. We needed exercise; and when again we hit the road, we did so by a triumph of pure ingenuity, pure reason, instead of secondhand by mere knowledge.

At sundown we rolled into Ventura where we spent the night. We felt that we had done a creditable day's journey, and we had, though the same objective can now be reached in three quarters of an hour.

Adventure's soul is the unexpected. Today the motorist knows pretty well what the day will contain. He has no anticipations for the reason that he can predict accurately, barring sheer accident, what will happen. We had no anticipations either, though for the opposite reason. But we did set out each morning in thrilling uncertainty.

This we had no premonition of what later were to become famous as the Sands of El Rio.

The general lack of bridges, mentioned before, emphasized the number of dry, sandy washes. Sometimes the nature of this sand was such that one could get through it in low gear if one kept going quietly and very steadily. The least speeding up or slowing down, the most momentary loss of traction that altered the smooth revolution of the driving wheels was fatal. Once one of them began to spin, all was over. They dug themselves in. But a fine touch on the throttle would get you through, and you got so you could recognize this sort of sand by certain indications, distinguishing it from just plain, loose, deep sand, to be treated with real respect. You became acquainted with a variety of expedients from which you selected the one appropriate to the situation. Here are several, graded from simple to serious:

Insert between the axle and body of the car blocks of wood, and cinch down on the springs with straps and buckles brought for the purpose. This eliminated all spring action, kept the weight of the car at all times solidly on the ground, so the traction was constant and the wheels had no temptation to begin spinning.

Deflate the rear tires. This gave a wider tread. Used in conjunction with the preceding, it worked pretty well. But it was rough on casings, and a whole lot tougher on the

motorist. Those tires had to be re-flated (if there is such a word) by means of an adolescent bicycle pump in the rhythm of a hundred strokes . . . and rest, a hundred strokes . . . and rest, a hundred strokes . . . and rest, until apoplexy intervened.

Cut small brush and lay a sketchy trail. Good. Slow. Laborious. Fatally easy to miss with the rear wheels.

Wait for a farm wagon and blandish or bribe the ranchman. For this purpose you carried a short wire cable with a grab hook on either end. All right, but, of course, uncertain, and subject to long waits.

Go around, even if this involved a detour of twenty miles. This last was the most certain, and the most frequently used. It ultimately became the standard procedure at the point to which our narrative has now brought us. The Sands of El Rio were not a matter of river bed or dry wash. They were an integral part of the highway. The hard adobe soil intermitted. The road surface became sand, clean sand, yellow sand like that of the ocean beach above the high-tide mark. Indeed, it was as though the sea must here have been and hence withdrawn at no very distant time in the past. The highway led fair and straight between the tall eucalyptus; one could see down its whole length and out into the smiling country beyond. But, to the motorist, it ended at El Rio as definitely as if a high stone wall had been built across it. One turned, as a matter of course, square to the right to Oxnard, and then to the left on miles of naive dirt roads, and then to the left again on a species of country lane, and so at last came out again to the highway, and could look back, and there was El Rio behind one, only a quarter mile or so astern. No one begrudged the time and distance; or, indeed, wasted a thought on them. Simply, that was the route, and so remained for years.

Rob and I did not know that that was the route. All we knew was that here was a straight road that people drove on: we saw some one doing it, in a wobble-wheeled old sidebar buggy.

We proceeded about twenty feet and settled down to improve our education.

When the weight of the sand slowed the car to a stop,

our first thought, naturally, was to give her more power. By the time the spinning wheels had dug us down half hub deep, we had acquired practical knowledge of the action of the differential, and also of the relation of traction to forward movement. We excavated the rear wheels by scooping away the sand with our hands. Then we laid our leather coats and the lap robe in front of them, forcing the edges far enough under the tires so they could get a grip. The wheels would roll across the coats and the robe, we would then pick up the latter and replace them in front; and so on, practically ad infinitum, considering the distance ahead.

I climbed in and started her up. With a low growl of joy the rear wheels fell upon the coats and robe and threw them about twenty feet straight behind, in the manner of a dog scratching gravel, after which they began again to dig in, a maneuver which I frustrated by promptly shutting her off.

The rest, I fear, is anticlimax, though I like to think that we would have triumphed again anyhow. We had still untapped reserves of ignorance and obstinacy, I mean ingenuity and tenacity of character. But we were spared their exercise. Quite simply, a ranchman came along with an empty bean rick and a rope. We ate our roadside lunch the other side of the Conejo, and we rolled into Los Angeles before dark.

Only one little item had the gods of our enlightenment reserved. Near the Plaza we came upon freshly watered asphalt, sideslipped a little, applied the brakes, and, solemnly and with dignity, proceeded to make one complete revolution. Fortunately there were no vehicles near us. Fortunately our blazing six-miles-an hour put us in no danger of overset. Fortunately we turned on our axis, and so did not climb the sidewalk, though an alarmed and wildly scattering population thought we were going to do so. The maneuver amazed us. Later we learned it was called a skid.

The highway of today has its distinct advantages, I admit. But of one thing it is incapable. No hundred miles of it can teach as many new things as Rob and I learned on that trip. Nor can its traversal bestow the same exalted complacency of accomplishment. Heroes: that was us!

Membership

NEW

Univ. of Calif. at Santa Barbara
 Yolanda Ann Elizalde
 Ethel Henderson
 Ruth D. McPherson
 Lorrin L. Morrison
 William Neel
 Ward Ritchie
 Dr. and Mrs. David H. Steninger
 Mr. and Mrs. Joe A. Terry

HONORARY

J. H. Morrison

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 Roger Edwards
 Mrs. Henry A. Levy
 Mr. and Mrs. Lester T. Shiells
 Mr. and Mrs. Milton M. Teague

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 Mrs. Mary H. Norcop
 Mr. and Mrs. Francis Petit
 Grace S. Thille
 John P. Thille
 Harry Valentine

Half a Century of Service

California Mutual Insurance Co. Organized on April 4, 1898 as the Ventura County Mutual Fire Insurance Co. with E. P. Foster, president; Nathan Blanchard, vice-president and Charles Barnard, secretary. This old Ventura County business firm has faithfully followed the high standards set by its pioneer founders.

Santa Paula Savings and Loan Association. Organized in April 1890 as the Santa Paula Building and Loan Association with J. R. Haugh, president; Caspar Taylor, vice-president and H. H. Youngken, secretary. This organization has served the interests of home owners and builders, as well as those of the investor.

County Stationers, Inc., 532 E. Main, Ventura. Successor to John J. MacGregor. Since 1898 Ventura County's complete stationer and office furniture dealer.

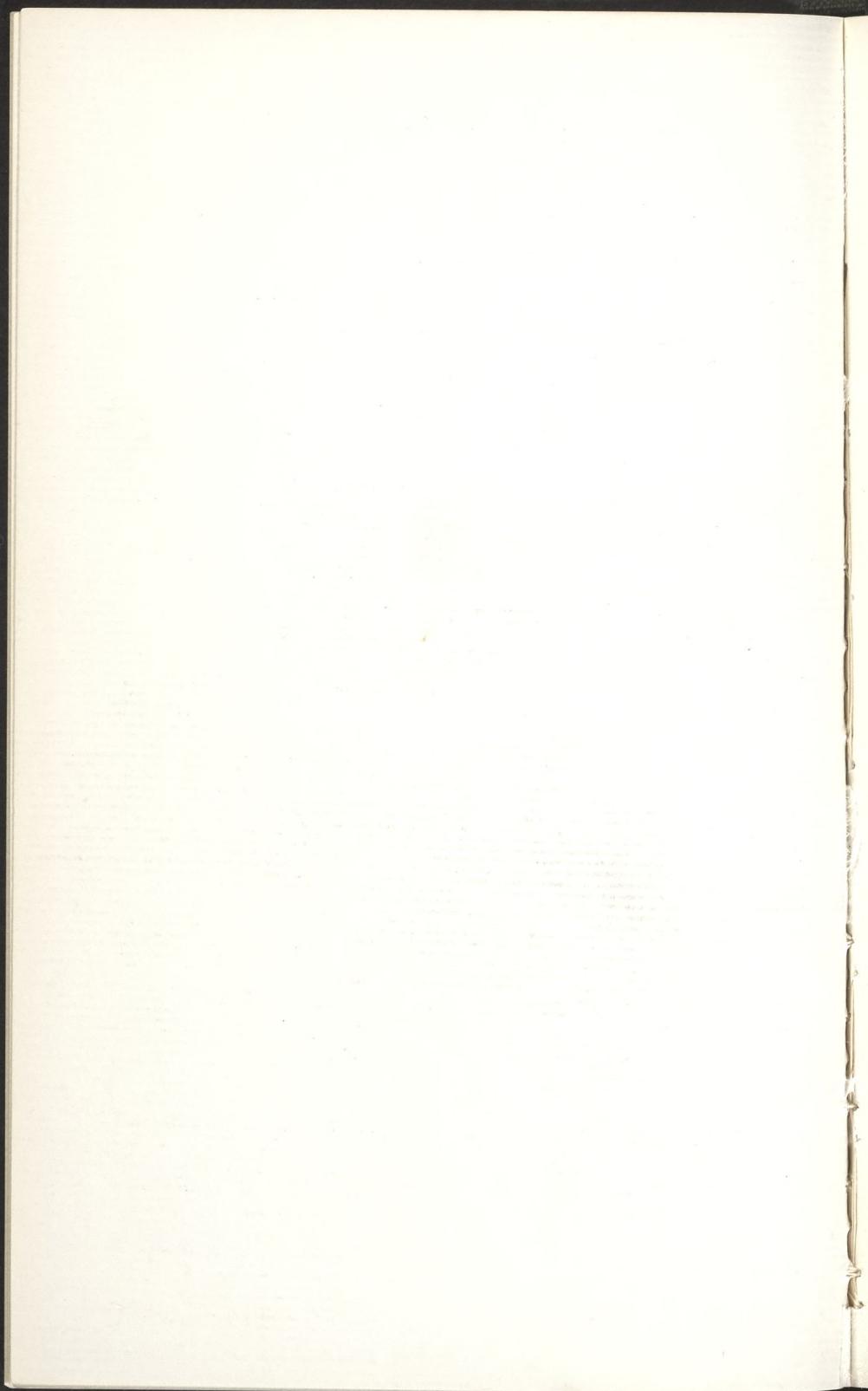
Bank of A. Levy, 143 W. Fifth St., Oxnard. Founded in 1900 by the late Achille Levy, who came to Hueneme in 1875. Since its inception Bank of A. Levy has been closely allied with the farm and ranch industries of Ventura County.

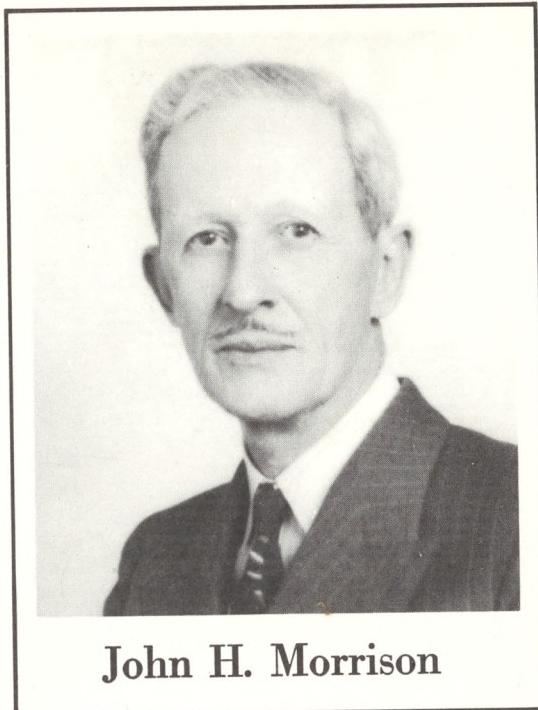
Title Insurance and Trust Company. Successor to Ventura Abstract Company, founded in 1893 by Charles Barnard and incorporated in 1898 by him and four associates, Lloyd Selby, J. S. Collins, Robert C. Sudden and John H. Reppy. The office has been in continuous operation in Ventura County since that time.

Joseph P. Reardon Funeral Chapel, 757 East Main Street, Ventura. Successor to the business established by the Reardon family in 1911 and conducted continually in Ventura since that date.

Janss Investment Corporation. The company began its first real estate development activities in 1889. Operations were moved to the Conejo Valley in 1954 with offices in Thousand Oaks and Newbury Park.

Union Oil Company of California. Incorporated in Santa Paula in 1890, its operations have spread from Ventura County to become world-wide.





John H. Morrison

VENTURA
COUNTY
HISTORICAL
SOCIETY
QUARTERLY

Vol. XIV, No. 3

May 1969

The Ventura County Historical Society

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The Ventura County Historical Society's headquarters is the Pioneer Museum, 77 North California Street, Ventura, California. There are four classes of membership: active, \$5 per year; husband and wife, \$7.50 per year; sustaining, \$25 per year; and life, \$100.

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The Society assumes no responsibility for the statements or opinions of authors of various articles. All communications should be addressed to the Society at the Pioneer Museum. Memberships include subscription to the *Quarterly*. Additional copies are available at \$1.00 each.

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The
Ventura County Historical Society
Quarterly

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In Memoriam

JOHN HOYES MORRISON, 1887-1968

Jack Morrison was one of the founders of the Ventura County Historical Society. A charter member, he was recognized with its second honorary membership. Mr. Morrison was Secretary until his retirement in 1964; and the Society had him continue on as Director of the Pioneer Museum when it took over the management, a position he had held since 1938.

A GOLDEN AGE IN RETROSPECT

By John H. Morrison

Strictly speaking my parents were not pioneers, as they did not get here until 1885 when Ventura County was 12 years old. But if pioneering means adapting oneself to an entirely new way of life, they qualify. My father had been a coffee grower in Ceylon (incidentally my wife was born in Colombo, Ceylon) and my mother was brought up in a well-to-do home in Inverness, Scotland; but neither of them had ever done a lick of either farm or housework and here they were, six thousand miles from home, strictly on their own. But in the spirit of the times, the neighbors took time from their own busy days to instruct my mother in the art of cooking and baking (perhaps my being here today proves that she was an apt pupil under competent teachers) and the men helped my father, making of him a reasonably competent farmer. By 1891 he decided that 30 acres was too much farm, so 15 acres were sold for what he had paid for the entire place; and two years later he sold 3 acres for \$2,000. Thus he realized \$6,000 cash on his original investment and still held 12 acres of land, so even in the 1890's Ventura County land was valuable. A few years ago we sold the remainder, crooked palm tree and all, getting more for one acre than the original cost of the entire 30.

Ventura County was only 14 years old when I arrived on the scene but was already a prosperous section containing three towns, Ventura, Hueneme and Santa Paula. There was some small production of oil but our interests were almost entirely agricultural. The principal crops being deciduous fruits, grain, walnuts, hay and beans. The citrus industry which has outstripped them all was a very feeble infant at that time. Our history which is in no way spectacular, is interesting. Even after the building of a wharf and consequent direct shipments, isolation prevailed to some extent until Southern Pacific built through here in 1887, so our section was little affected by the boom and bust periods which struck southern California in the '80s; and if our growth has been slower than that of other counties, it has been consistently steady. Since the county was organized, the population has

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Mary Ann Simpson Morrison



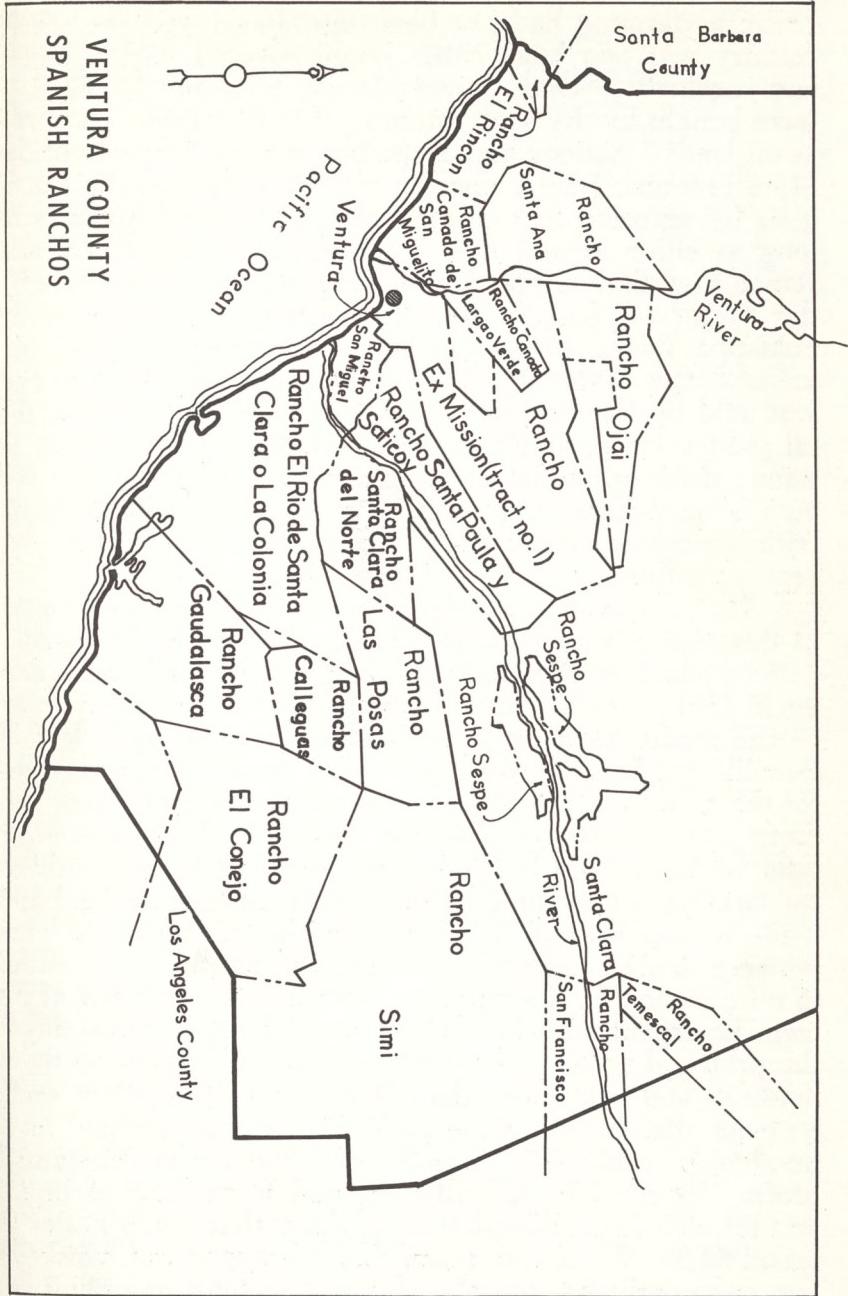
Thomas C. Morrison



increased from 3500 to more than were in California when it was admitted as a state in 1850. During the missionary and Spanish regimes the district was entirely devoted to cattle, which furnished its own transportation to market; but as stage, water and railroad facilities were introduced, agriculture soon overshadowed the production of stock. In the past 30 years there has been a steady industrial growth so that oil and allied interests are now pulling ahead of agriculture. Indeed if the present subdivision mania continues, there soon will be little farming land available in some sections.

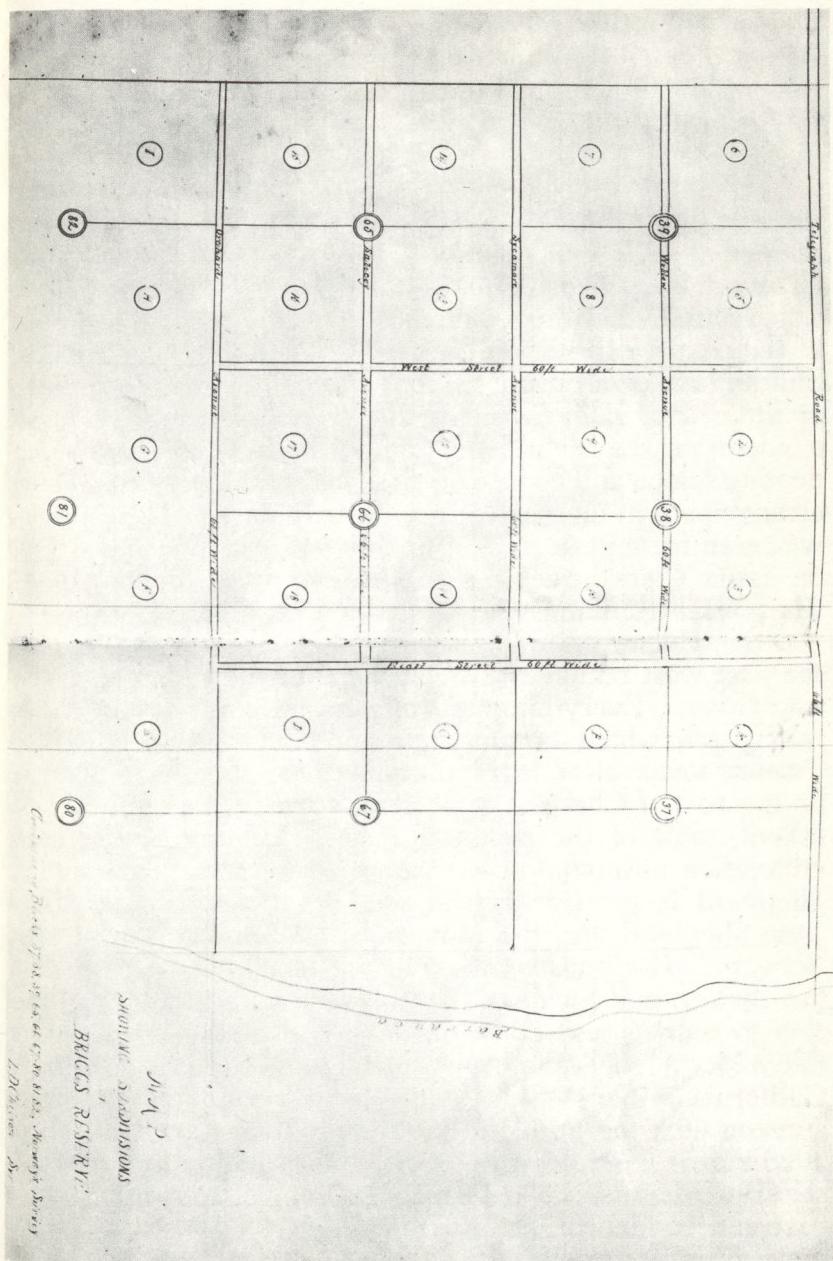
By 1832, the bankrupt Mexican government decided to distribute all the land held in trusteeship by the missions for the Indians, as a cheap and simple method of paying off its long unpaid civil and military servants. Thus was put into effect the decree of secularization which reduced the missions to the status of parish churches, leaving the Indian to shift for himself, at which he was not very successful. So with the distribution of land grants came the Day of the Dons, perhaps the most colorful period in our entire history: a period in which holdings were measured by leagues rather than by acres; a period of carefree living in which too little thought was given for the morrow. In Ventura County there were 20 grants totaling some 500,000 acres, of which the de la Guerras owned or controlled, 225,000 on the Simi, Las Posas and Conejo. Today the only grant land in possession of a direct descendant of the grantee is that portion of Rancho San Miguel owned by Nicholas Olivas, a grandson of Ramon who got the land in 1840. The Dons lost their lands largely because in adverse times they were unwilling to give up the good things of life, things to which they had become accustomed through 20 years of unprecedented prosperity; and so became easy prey to the money lender, every ready to loan \$1,000 on a 10,000 acre mortgage at 10% a month compounded. Perhaps the Don was to blame; but it is difficult to sit in judgement on those men who followed the dictates of the heart rather than of the head to their ruin, and so were unable to understand, much less withstand, the ever onward march of empire. Not all lands were lost, some were sold outright at prices ranging from \$1.00 to \$2.50 an acre, perhaps a fair

**VENTURA COUNTY
SPANISH RANCHOS**



price, as farming had not been introduced and the whole country was one huge cattle range covered with mustard and sagebrush. Ojai, Canada Larga, Simi and La Colonia were bought by the Scott interests of Philadelphia, primarily as oil lands. Saticoy and Sespe became the property of the More brothers; Juan Camarillo took over the Rancho Calle-guas by agreeing to support Gabriel Ruiz and his wife so long as either should live; Jose Arnaz got the Santa Ana Ranch from the Vanegas family in a similar deal, and Rancho del Norte was bought from the heirs of Juan Sanchez by Schiappa Pietra Bros. Rancho San Miguelito, which we know as the Taylor Ranch, contained some 8,000 acres and was sold by the Rodriguez family for \$8,000. Today, the oil production probably exceeds \$8,000 an hour. Right or wrong the breaking up of the grants, the making of ten 200 acre farms with ten owners from one 2,000 acre cattle ranch with one owner, started California on its way toward its present agricultural wealth and leadership.

The first subdivision and the real beginning of farming in this county was made in 1867 on Rancho Santa Paula y Saticoy which G. G. Briggs had bought from the More brothers in 1861. Briggs was a Forty-niner who, instead of going to the mines, took up large holdings near Marysville and Oroville and became wealthy through growing farm produce for the mining camps. As hydraulic mining came more and more into use, Briggs saw that his lands would sooner or later be so covered by sludge and rocks as to be worthless for farming; so he came to Santa Barbara seeking land and made a deal with T. W. More for the 17,000 acres lying between Santa Paula Creek and San Jon Barranca. In order to raise money for the purchase, without spending any of his own, he organized a lottery (perfectly legal in those days) the principal prizes being his soon to be worthless northern holdings and sold more than 20,000 tickets at \$2.00 each. So even after paying More for the land plus payment on a number of cash prizes, he must have had a very substantial profit. Briggs was violently opposed to the use of liquor and tobacco (his advertisement stressed that it was better to spend \$2.00 for a lottery ticket than for cigars and whiskey) but apparently his scruples did not include gambling, so



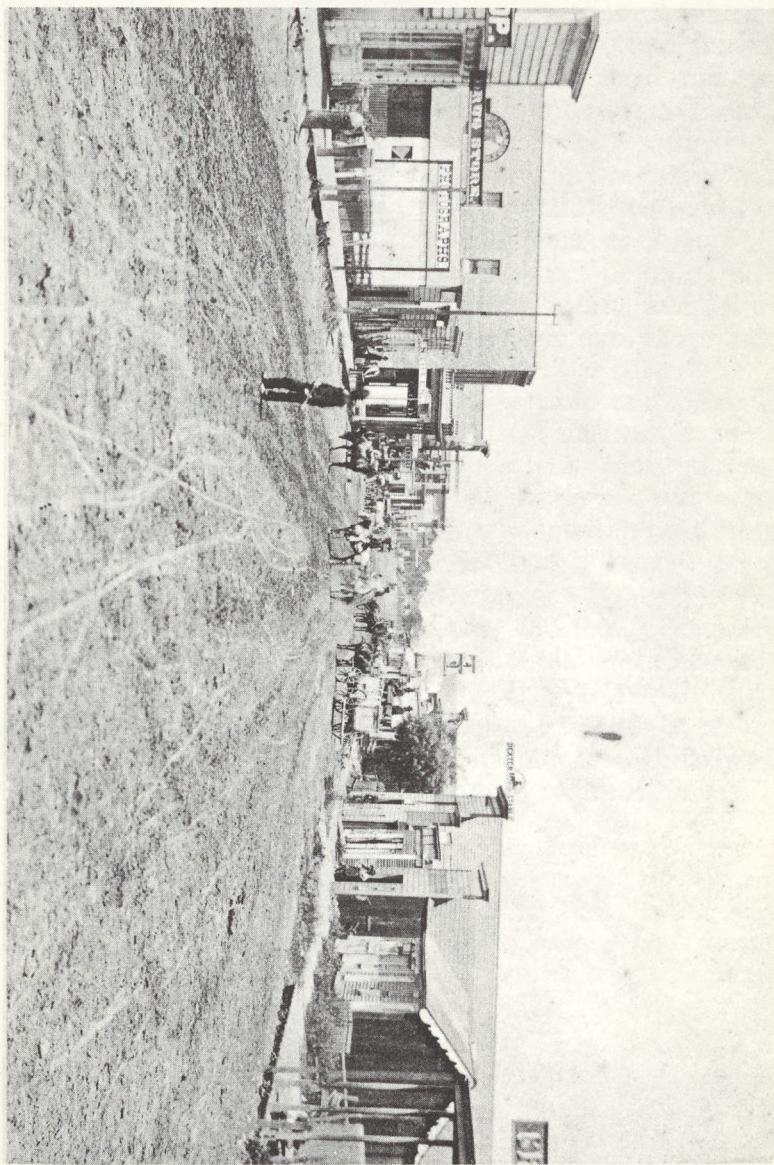
long as the other fellow took all the risk. Six years later Briggs divided the ranch into tracts of 50 or more acres for sale at \$25 an acre, laid out the site of Santa Paula, saw the town started and then disposed of most of the unsold land in the Santa Paula district to N. W. Blanchard.

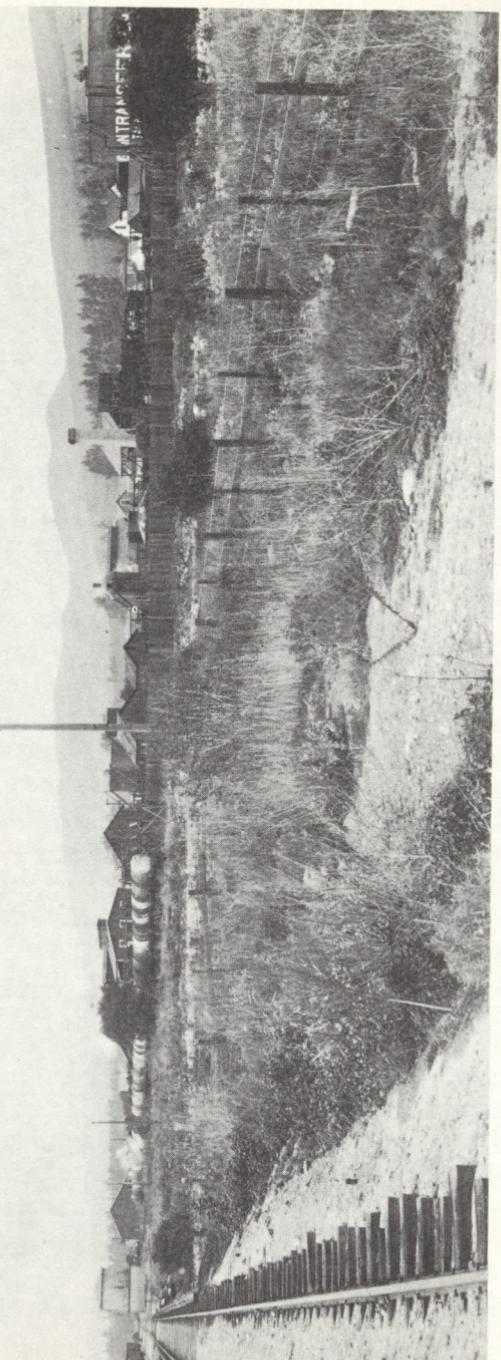
In the division of counties in 1850, the Ventura district became Township No. 1 of Santa Barbara County and remained as such until January 1, 1873 when it became a county by act of the legislature, in its own right, of whose population about 1,000 were residents of San Buenaventura. Some of the county offices were housed in the only two story brick building in town on the present site of the Hickey Building at Main and Palm Streets. The owner, Henry Spear, had a saloon on the Main Street side, a hallway and stairs connecting saloon and county offices, no doubt a very convenient arrangement in those dry, dusty, thirsty days. This building was used for a year or so until the first courthouse was built on Santa Clara Street (with additions from time to time). The present building was completed in 1913.

San Buenaventura was incorporated as a town in 1866, the east west boundaries being San Jon Barranca and Ventura River. Everything east of San Jon was one huge mustard patch which became farming land as time went on. Twenty years after incorporation, there were not a dozen houses east of Chestnut Street; and even when I was in high school, most of the property east of Kalorama was under cultivation to hay and beans, or used by Mrs. Theodosia B. Shepherd in growing flower seed for the wholesale trade. Mrs. Shepherd was the pioneer of California's flower seed industry. Her gardens were in the block now occupied by the library, and for nearly forty years were quite an attraction to tourists and children. We had in the county, Mrs. Olive Mann Isbell, the woman who taught the first school in California at Santa Clara while her husband was acting as surgeon with the Fremont Battalion. It was not until about 1920 that A. L. Hobson and G. W. Chrisman promoted Hobson Heights and the Chrisman Avenue district as the first east end residential tracts, so our newer business and residential sections are not too many years away from farm land.

The oil story of Ventura County goes back to 1854

Main Street





Union Oil Co. Refinery, Santa Paula

though it was not until 1867 that the first producing oil well in California was completed on Sisar Creek in the upper Ojai. The product was of a very heavy grade; and when a shipment to San Francisco sold for \$40.00 less than freight charges, the project was abandoned by T. R. Bard and the Scott interests. However, the search continued: Standard Oil Company of California was organized in 1877 to develop lands in Ventura County; and the Union Oil Company was founded at Santa Paula in 1890, its principal office being at that place for several years. In the '80s there were four refineries operating here, the principal product being a high grade of kerosene. Gasoline was a waste product and lubricants were largely in the experimental stage, except for axle grease, which was in great demand.

I have been looking back on the people and days of what I consider the Golden Age in the life of California, when Ventura was a place of some 3,000 population, when governmental controls were almost nonexistent, when life was more leisurely, people more gracious and time seemed to pass more slowly. I feel that I am fortunate in having lived among and known so many of the men and women who made Ventura and Ventura County, those people who took over acres of sagebrush and mustard and by hard, manual labor brought into use the rich land of our county. It is true that their children and grandchildren have opened new acres to productiveness; but what we do with tractor and bulldozer, our ancestors did with grubhoe, axe and a team of horses.

REMINISCENCES OF SAN BUENAVENTURA

By MYRTLE SHEPHERD FRANCIS

Foreword

The worth of the following paper has been a question in my mind and I can only liken it to a string of variously shaped or colored beads strung loosely together; but if it provokes a smile or brings back some pleasant memory long forgotten, it will be well worth the little effort taken to prepare it. The old saw "that little pitchers have large ears" was certainly true in my case, for they were elephantine, not a stray bit of gossip filtered through but found lodgement in my active brain, and my eyes corresponded with my ears. Not a peculiarity of manner or person was forgotten and scenes and localities were just as vividly impressed.

Even the dust becomes a golden cloud when seen through memory's eyes and things crude and common are glorified by the hand of time and become sweet and dear through the lapse of years.

The odor of a bit of sage brings up happy roamings on the hillside and the jangling of the old bells in the Mission tower is one of the sweetest memories of my childhood. I am transported back to that time when there was little but what was shabby and nothing but what was crude in this old new town, when an all-pervading sadness ever hovered about the Mission and its people, but it was all new and strange and interesting to me, from the gray green hills to the breakers tumbling on the beach, from kindly old priest in cassock and wide black hat to the blue shirted gesticulating vegetable Chinamen who went teetering about with their baskets balanced across their shoulders. The impressionable mind can never forget the sadness of that time nor the bitterness of those people who had lost their all and who bore their misfortune with a proud reserve or haughty disdain.

My father being in the newspaper business doubtless helped me to know the names and faces of many of these people, and my mother's spirit of real friendship which no one could but feel: a spirit that broke down all differences of race or religion, brought me in contact with families that



Myrtle Shepherd Francis

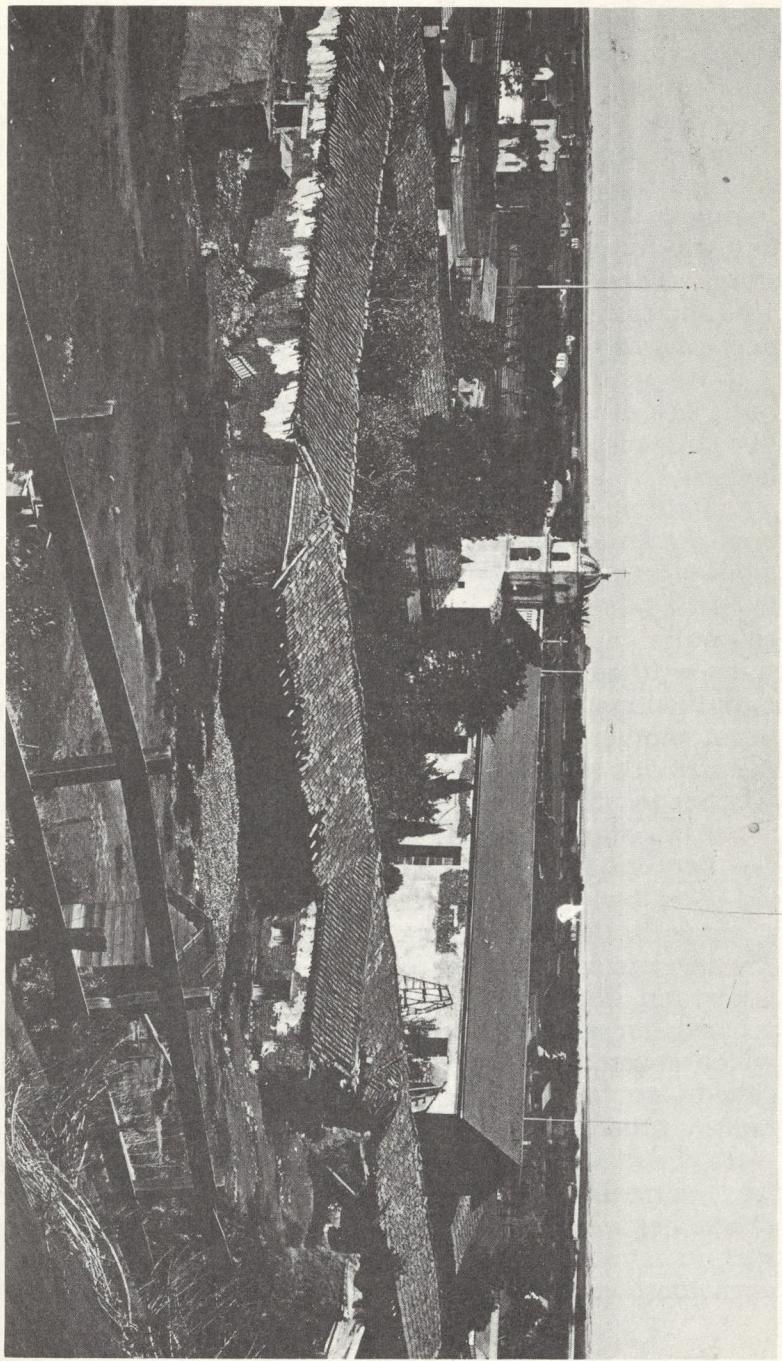
otherwise would not have come within my ken, and it was this same spirit that made possible a friendship a few years later between our family and the De la Guerras, a friendship that was mainly carried on between the charming cousins from Santa Barbara and the gifted Dominga Olivas, who charmed every one by the beauty of her voice and who made the Orange Girl famous in the early tourist days of the Arlington Hotel in Santa Barbara.

REMINISCENCES OF OLD VENTURA

It is long years since that morning the old steamer Constantine rounded "beautiful Point San Buena Ventura," as Richard Henry Dana called this place in *Two years before the mast*, with the Shepherd family on board. Long years ago, yet young as I was it seems but yesterday. Perhaps it was the wonderful coloring and different scenes that impressed themselves upon my consciousness. We had been a month on the way and doubtless spring was late when we left Iowa, but this day of days (the 5th of May) was glorious with sunshine, the sea was silver and blue, the hills back of the town was a mist of gray sage with splashes of blue lupin and brodias and green grass between, and east of the town and stretching to the mountains still farther east, was a sea of golden undulating mustard, intensified by the dull brown of an occasional lonely farm house. On one of the hills stood a cross and below in the warm spring sunshine lay the once richest Mission of the Camino with its red tiled quadrangle and adjacent adobes fast crumbling into dust.

Three majestic palms waved their fronds in the morning breeze and rows of young pepper trees lined the streets of the American part of town. Life seemed good to my then young mother who gazed with happy eyes on this lovely view and was so eager to be settled in this new land. Slowly the little old steamer came to anchor and prepared to unload her impatient passengers, the said unloading being accomplished by means of a pulley and legless chair suspended by ropes, in which we were lowered to the lighter below, which was rowed by sailors who carried us on their backs through the surf.

Toiling through the sand, I, with my beloved doll that dolorously bleated "Mamma" when pressed in the stomach, in my arms, we walked up the roadway where the wharf now starts, and climbing into a nondescript vehicle (a cross between an express and lumber wagon) we were driven through the main street of San Buenaventura. Clinging to my mother's hand in order not to fall, for we had to stand a la chariot, I gazed with wondering eyes on scenes so different from what I was accustomed to that they impressed themselves indeli-



San Buenaventura Mission, 1874

bly upon my memory. Distance certainly lent enchantment to the view, for though the summer had not yet come the dust enveloped us in clouds.

Main Street, a lumpy roadway, had never so much as dreamed of a sprinkling wagon. Three fine brick blocks adorned this roadway, Chaffee and McKeeby's, Instein and Bernheim and Spear's saloon, the only two-storied building in town, court and all entertainments being held in the upper story. These with a few flimsy wood structures combined with the eastern quadrangle of the Mission, formed the business part of town.

My mother, though weary, was radiant with delight; dust, lack of water, absence of friends, nothing daunted that buoyant spirit who so loved California that she never had a homesick day.

Rattling up the street a little past the Mission and on the opposite side, we were deposited in front of a group of adobes, one of which was the Ayer's Hotel. Indian women in black rebosas and bare feet pit patted on the sun baked sidewalks and swarthy Spaniards in sombreros and clanking spurs on their high heeled boots, lounged in open doorways or dashed madly by on their foaming horses. I hid my head in my mother's skirts, for these dark eyed and dark skinned people with their hearts of hate filled me with terror which I rather felt than understood.

After dinner we went to view my father's new possession, the Ventura *Signal*, and to hunt a house, the said house a shanty of two rooms and a lean-to, for which we paid \$25.00 per month, furnishing our own lights and water, which was 25c per barrel. The barrels were placed close to the back doors and filled twice a week by one Rheinhart, who impressed himself upon me by a mass of microbian whiskers which covered his face and chest. Good Mrs. Shaw, now called Grandma, took us in the first night and fed the whole hungry brood, and in the morning a pot of hot coffee and a plate of delicious smoking biscuit came from the same source. Ah, the genuine hospitality of those days. What mattered it whether we had salad forks or butter spreaders? If there was no extra bed, the children could sleep on the floor and each guest was welcome. Every one at that time must needs

have a horse, so it was not long before we were the proud possessors of an old white nag and a buggy a little worse for wear, but there were few better, and soon the dust covered harness, buggy and occupant, so it mattered not anyway. Driving about the town and surrounding country from my vantage of a starch box in the bottom of the buggy, I unconsciously noted the people and surroundings of that rapidly changing period, which in the following five years fairly vanished out of existence.

Jogging up Chestnut Street, which marked the eastern border of the town with perhaps half a dozen houses farther on, and bumping down Main Street past the shanties, little Mrs. Sturtevant's millinery shop, past the postoffice kept by Col. Goodwin and the three brand new brick blocks, we would come to the old quadrangle occupied by Mr. Brewster, who lived and had his gallery in the rooms adjoining the Mission itself. And it was while playing with his little nieces, Celia and Hattie Boquist, that I first made the acquaintance of the court yard garden and Mission.

The Williams Bros. had their offices in one of the rooms and Spanish families lived in the others. It seemed to me that the Spanish women did nothing but sweep, a snowy towel pinned over their hair. These women swept the hard baked floors and yards till not a grain of dust was in sight. Coming to the Mission we had to take a slight detour as the platform and spindle gates had not then been removed in order to sidewalk the street. Diagonally across from the Mission was Bautista Ysordys' and Figueroa's and adjoining was Ayers Hotel, back of which lay the old garden. The Ysordys' was a great gathering place for the old pioneers, and I am told had not the entire approval of the wives of its frequenters. Peter Constantia, just across the way, gave dances that were the talk of the town; the old blades still whisper of those fandangoes and the cascarones and the senoritas.

Extending to the courthouse and the south and almost to the river on the west lay the old garden, the adobe wall broken, its tiles scattered and contents but a remnant of what the explorer Vancouver marvelled at when he spent a day here with Padre Santa Maria in 1797. Noting in his diary



Senora Escandon

that they were the finest he had seen, peaches, pears, plums, vegetables of all sorts and even Indigo growing here then, now, alas, but a few olives, pear and fig trees with here and there a patch of chiles. The Bradley and Bailey homes were on the outskirts of this garden and the old aqueduct passed through their back yards to the pila, which was near where the Dennis home now stands.

In the vacant lot below on Palm Street lay the ruins of the original chapel, afterwards used as barracks, though it was almost destroyed by the earthquake of 1812. The old cemetery adjoining the Mission was surrounded by an adobe wall surmounted by tiles and a quaint arched spindle gate opened on the street, while beyond lay the homes of many of the Spanish families, among them the Camarillos and the Escandons. Always in passing we would see Don Camarillo and Don Alexander Escandon, with his slight stoop, slowly pacing back and forth in front of their homes opposite the garden. Remnants of the wall lay, crumbling almost to the river's edge, south of which was called rancheria. Many tule huts were standing and in one lived Petra, the basket maker. Turning Main Street past the Tico homestead we would drive up the canyon, which was fenced in most of the way on either side by the Spanish fences of greasewood or mesquite bound together with willow. Here and there an abandoned adobe, its roof broken and sides crumbling, gave mute evidence of days that were no more, and little shanties dotted the way instead with their strings of chiles and line of jerked meat or a lone grape vine, fig or olive tree bearing its ungathered fruit would tell a tale of what had been. In the better places the yellow genista and cassia still bloomed, while the owner sometimes pathetically expressed his love of color in a sky-blue door. Often we would encounter vast herds of sheep or a band of black Spanish cattle with their long sharp horns and fierce eyes which frightened me dreadfully, and occasionally the last surviving pair of oxen would pass us, their heavy heads and huge horns swaying from side to side and their clumsy feet throwing up clouds of dust.

Coming home in the dusk the tinkle of the gay guitar, the sounds of dancing feet and liquid voices would float upon my drowsy ears, and I would be suddenly awakened by a

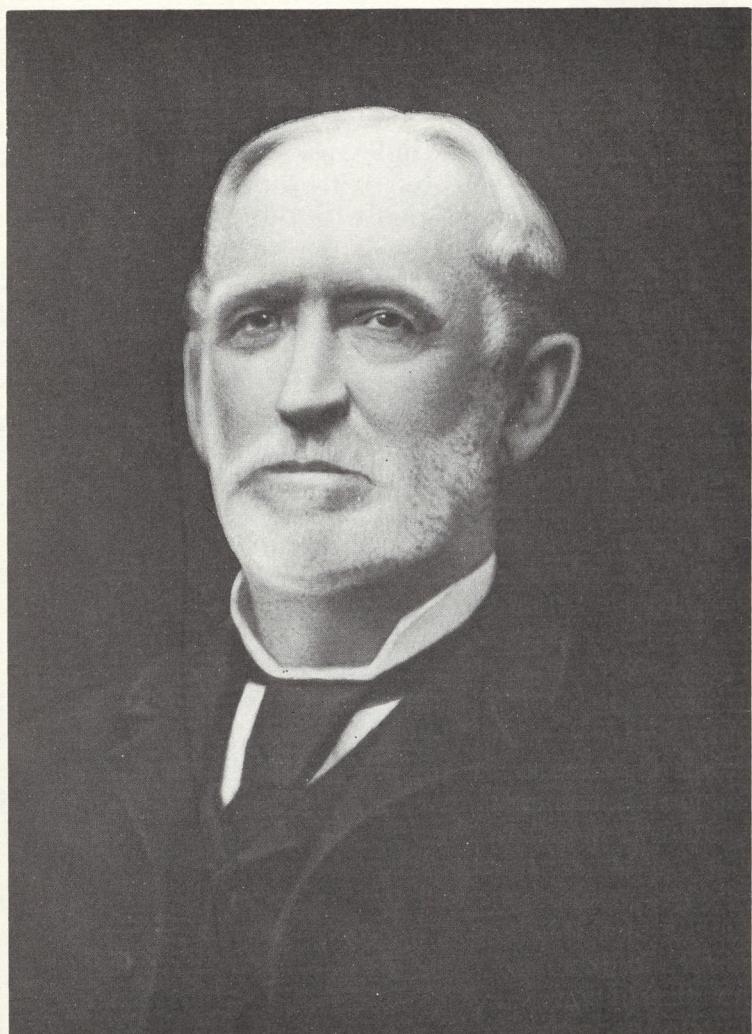
party of horsemen dashing by for a visit to some ranch house. Near No. 1 lived Don Jose Arnaz with his four beautiful daughters, Adele, Amada, Menita and Ventura, at Topa were the De la Guerras with the stately Herlinda, vivacious Posita and Anita the belle of three counties, but most beautiful of all these lovely ladies whom I saw but seldom and admired at a distance, was Francesca Manchaca and as I have lately had an opportunity to look again on that charming face I believe I had good taste.

California, like the South, was undergoing a reconstruction those years immediately after the war, though the conditions were different and the years from 1873 to 1877 marked the end of the old and a definite beginning of the new.

The old bells in the Mission tower still rang the hours of six and eight, and Sundays and feast days the chimes pealed out as merrily as days gone by. The four surviving Indians still played and sang in the Mission choir accompanied by the little melodeon now in my possession, and many of the aristocratic Spanish gentlemen and ladies were familiar figures on the streets, among them Judge Pablo De la Guerra, Don Jose Arnaz, the prodigal Lamanda Olivas and the diminutive Senor De la Rosa, who tottered about, his hands meekly folded over his cane; he was said to be the first printer in California.

In 1874 the plaza was laid out and those cypress planted which adorned it so many years, and over which the whole town almost fought, bled and died for, but now happily gone to that bourne from which no tree returns, the wood pile; and the courthouse, the school house on the hill and wharf were built.

The imposing brick structure on the hill was a great change from the prairie schooner architecture of the old Congregational church, where school had been held before, but it was a long distance for little tots and, too, there were more than mere whispers about the boyhood pranks of some of our respected citizens and dreadful were the tales of punishments meted out by the application of the rod, which was represented by straps of varied degrees of thickness, each strap having its own particular name printed on it. So careful mothers sent their little ones to a private school kept by Mrs. C. G.



Don Jose Arnaz

Bartlett, then Miss Alice Day, and but a slip of a girl herself.

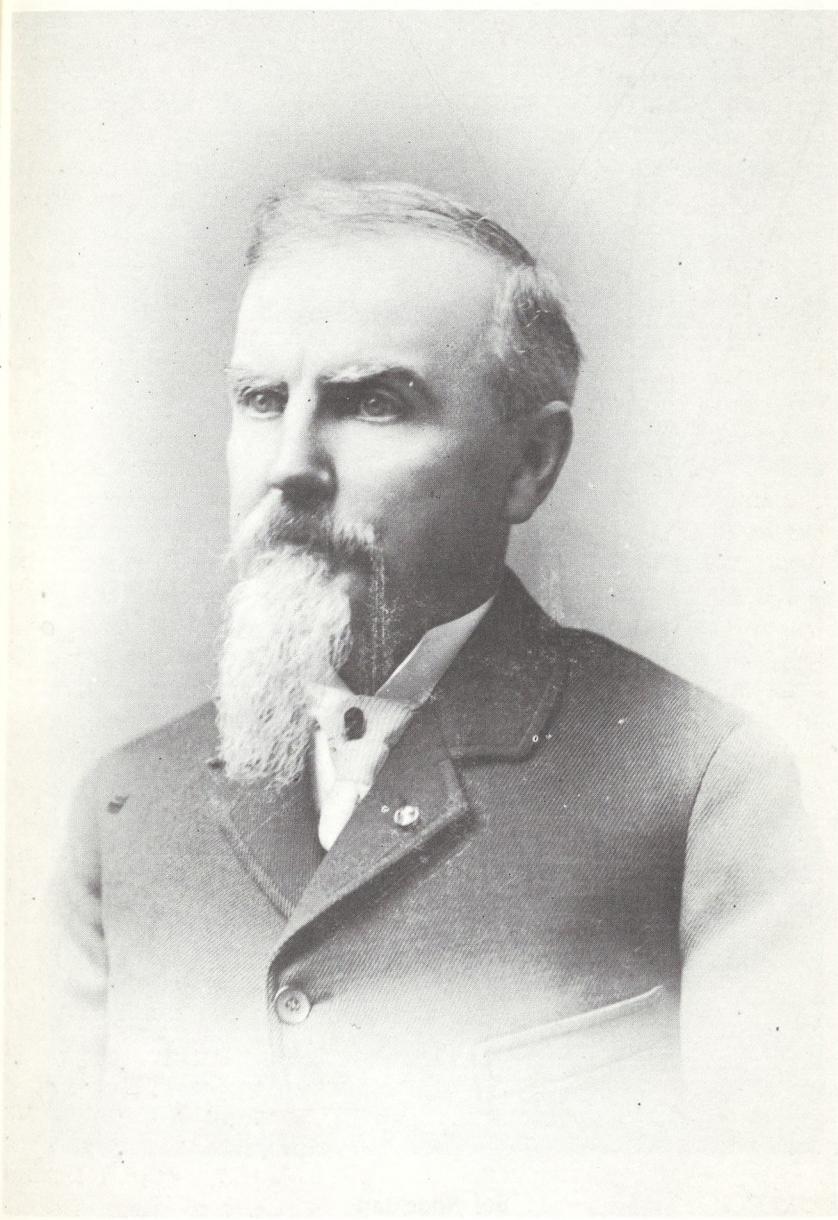
There were no kindergarten or Montessori methods in those days, but with the wise and loving patience of the true teacher this young girl started our tripping feet on the pathway of knowledge and of course we adored Teacher.

The beginning of our present water system also marked that year's progress. While waiting for the pipes to be laid a little ditch went winder wandering through the town and housekeepers went out with dipper and bucket. This did away with the individual with the whiskers, but I am not so sure about the microbes, as the tiny streamlet was a constant temptation to the small boy and was often diverted for various uses. One day when the supply failed Mr. Bard, who loved a joke better in his youth even than in his latter years, said that Surdam's hat had blown and lodged in the ditch, diverting the water. If you were a little girl then you will remember Surdam, grizzled old bachelor that he was, Surdam with his wide black hat, his twinkling blue eyes and his coat pocket in which, if you were invited to put your hand, you would always find a peppermint. Surdam, who managed the car of state on 4th of July and who went dashing up and down on a fiery steed with his red, white and blue sash flying in the wind. Poor, good-for-nothing Surdam, how I adored him.

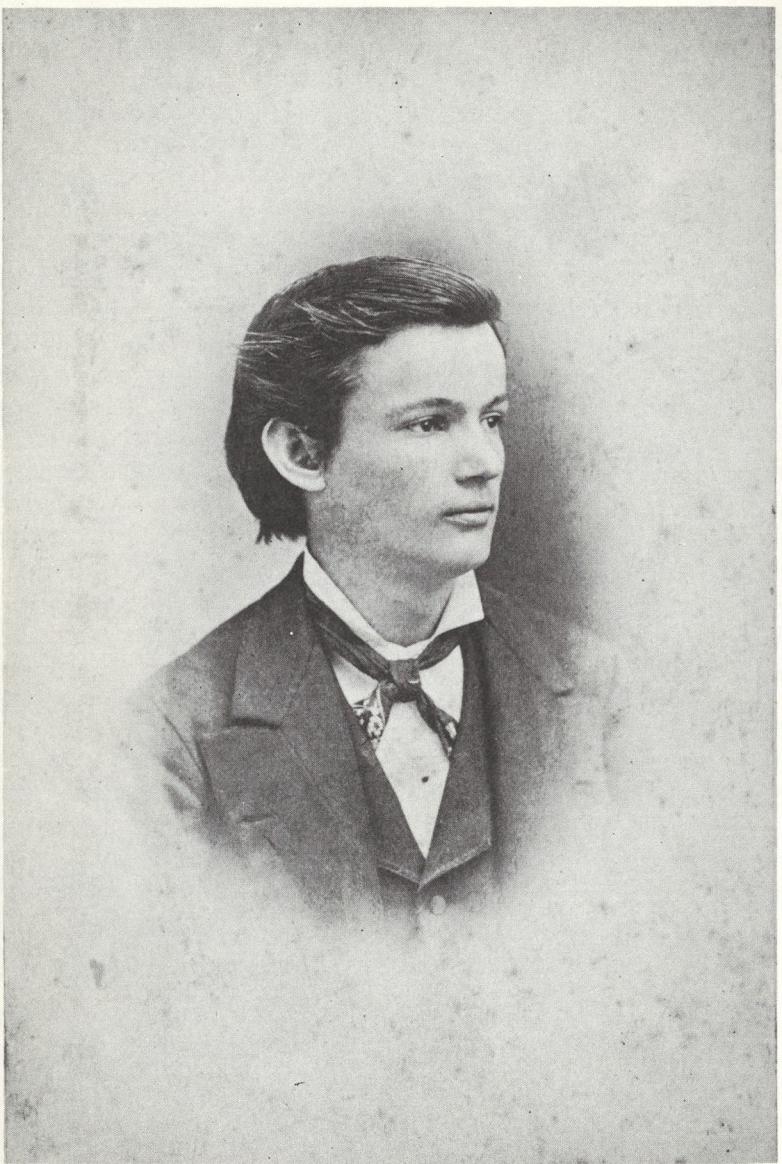
And Dr. Bard, pioneer of pioneers, can any one who ever came in contact with his magnetic personality forget him, whose very presence in the sick room was as healing as the skill of hand and brain, who would sleep for nights on the earthen floor of an adobe but when fighting for the life of an Indian baby, and then in the saddle half the next day maybe to again fight the grim messenger by the bedside of the richest rancher in the county.

Auntie Stowe, too, is dear to memory with her red cheeks and sharp eyes and nose with which she ferreted sorrow or sickness as some people do gossip, trotting about town in gray gown, black gaiters, close bonnet, she administered sympathy indiscriminately and homeopathic pellets on the side.

It was this period that my mother and Mrs. Bailey formulated the plan of a public library, the whole town joining



Dr. Cephas Bard



Sol Sheridan

in and working for a fair that cleared \$600.00. Mr. Bailey acted as librarian for several years without remuneration. Then were the beautiful Egbert gardens in existence when one could drive along the willows festooned by wild grape vines and clematis, and the spring of such fine water one could never drink enough, near which was the rose embowered cottage with its flower beds bordered with pink oxalis. Here we celebrated one glorious Fourth with a barbecue and speeches under the willows, Judge Williams (then and always Ben Williams) carrying me, proud as a little queen, about on his shoulder, and Adolph Camarillo, Alec. Escandon, Sol Sheridan and Willie Hobson playing the part of the proverbial small boy.

The centennial years, 1876, of course, travel was the other way, and besides it was a dry year. And '77, that ghastly year, child as I was, is still with me, when the relentless sun looked down from cloudless blue skies and set red in the west day after day, when the hills were dry and brown from year's end to year's end, and the lowing of cattle being driven out of the country and the bleating of the dying sheep filled my heart with sorrow; when the prosperous were stricken with poverty, and each one said another year and we will have to go; and southern California was no longer a cattle country, and with the practical annihilation of that industry was the annihilation of a life and time that were no more and would never be again.

Membership

NEW

Darrell Deever
Mrs. Betty J. Frank
Julius Gius
Wilfred A. Rothschild
Mr. and Mrs. Arno H. Stovall

SUSTAINING

Richard Bard
Roger Edwards
Mrs. Henry A. Levy
Mr. and Mrs. Lester T. Shiells
Mr. and Mrs. Milton M. Teague

LIFE

Philip Bard
Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Borchard
Henry M. Borchard
Mrs. E. C. Canet
Mrs. Effie Bartlett Daly
Mrs. Harold Dudley
Mrs. Rosemary H. Duncan
Mrs. Joyce Totten Fraser
Mrs. Katherine H. Haley
John F. Henning

Mrs. Edith H. Hoffman
Walter Wm. Hoffman
Mrs. Helene Holve
Carmen Camarillo Jones
Mrs. Edwin J. Marshall
Mrs. Mary H. Norcop
Mr. and Mrs. Francis Petit
Grace S. Thille
John P. Thille
Harry Valentine

Half a Century of Service

California Mutual Insurance Co. Organized on April 4, 1898 as the Ventura County Mutual Fire Insurance Co. with E. P. Foster, president; Nathan Blanchard, vice-president and Charles Barnard, secretary. This old Ventura County business firm has faithfully followed the high standards set by its pioneer founders.

Santa Paula Savings and Loan Association. Organized in April 1890 as the Santa Paula Building and Loan Association with J. R. Haugh, president; Caspar Taylor, vice-president and H. H. Youngken, secretary. This organization has served the interests of home owners and builders, as well as those of the investor.

County Stationers, Inc., 532 E. Main, Ventura. Successor to John J. MacGregor. Since 1898 Ventura County's complete stationer and office furniture dealer.

Bank of A. Levy, 143 W. Fifth St., Oxnard. Founded in 1900 by the late Achille Levy, who came to Hueneme in 1875. Since its inception Bank of A. Levy has been closely allied with the farm and ranch industries of Ventura County.

Title Insurance and Trust Company. Successor to Ventura Abstract Company, founded in 1893 by Charles Barnard and incorporated in 1898 by him and four associates, Lloyd Selby, J. S. Collins, Robert C. Sudden and John H. Reppy. The office has been in continuous operation in Ventura County since that time.

Joseph P. Reardon Funeral Chapel, 757 East Main Street, Ventura. Successor to the business established by the Reardon family in 1911 and conducted continually in Ventura since that date.

Janss Investment Corporation. The company began its first real estate development activities in 1889. Operations were moved to the Conejo Valley in 1954 with offices in Thousand Oaks and Newbury Park.

Union Oil Company of California. Incorporated in Santa Paula in 1890, its operations have spread from Ventura County to become world-wide.

VENTURA
COUNTY
HISTORICAL
SOCIETY
QUARTERLY

Vol. XIV, No. 4

August 1969

The Ventura County Historical Society

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The Ventura County Historical Society's headquarters is the Pioneer Museum, 77 North California Street, Ventura, California. There are four classes of membership: active, \$5 per year; husband and wife, \$7.50 per year; sustaining, \$25 per year; and life, \$100.

The *Quarterly* is published in February, May, August and November from the Society's headquarters at the Pioneer Museum. Grant W. Heil is Editor and the staff includes F. L. Fairbanks, Mrs. Dorothy Vickers Hart, Junius H. Kellam, R. G. Percy, Mrs. Rafelita O. Philbrick and Richard D. Willett.

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Notice

In addition to Wally Smith's files, Dale B. King, Sr. knew Juan Fustero; and both he and Florence Brown Dawson furnished the photographs.

Bert Culbert still lives on one of his ranches with his second wife, the former Mrs. Marie (Terry) Oliver. Here he has preserved enough farm equipment to start a museum. He put his car out in the weather to get a Stockton plow under cover. "I've kept the wagons, kept stuff like that." He supplied a side-hill plow (a walking plow) and hand clippers for the mules to Oxnard's 50th celebration. Mr. Culbert made a tong to hold a shear while he sharpened it. He does not believe everything has disappeared: "You'd be surprised what some farmers have stuck in back of their barns." But they need to be protected to prevent dry rot and rust.

INDIAN JUAN, LAST OF THE PIRUS

By Wallace E. Smith

Indian Juan had heard many tales of the white man's justice, but this was the first time he had ever seen the inside of the white man's courthouse. Standing ill at ease in a San Buenaventura courtroom as Judge Milton Wason studied a scrap of paper in his hand and then glanced from beneath heavy brows at the paunchy 32-year-old dark-skinned man before the bench, Juan tried to make his 200 pounds inconspicuous. This was no easy task. Juan had enjoyed a relatively simple life in Piru Canyon as had his father and father's father before him. Why had he let friends talk him into asking for American citizenship? It was 1873, and Ventura County was still a babe in arms.

"Your name?" Judge Wason's query cut like a rifle bullet into Juan's reverie. He started in surprise, quickly recovered his composure.

"Juan."

"Juan what?"

"Juan Jose."

Judge Wason was a patient man, but there were times which could try the patience of a saint. "Juan Jose what?" he snapped. The huge Indian shrugged. What more did a man need?

"Your father's name?"

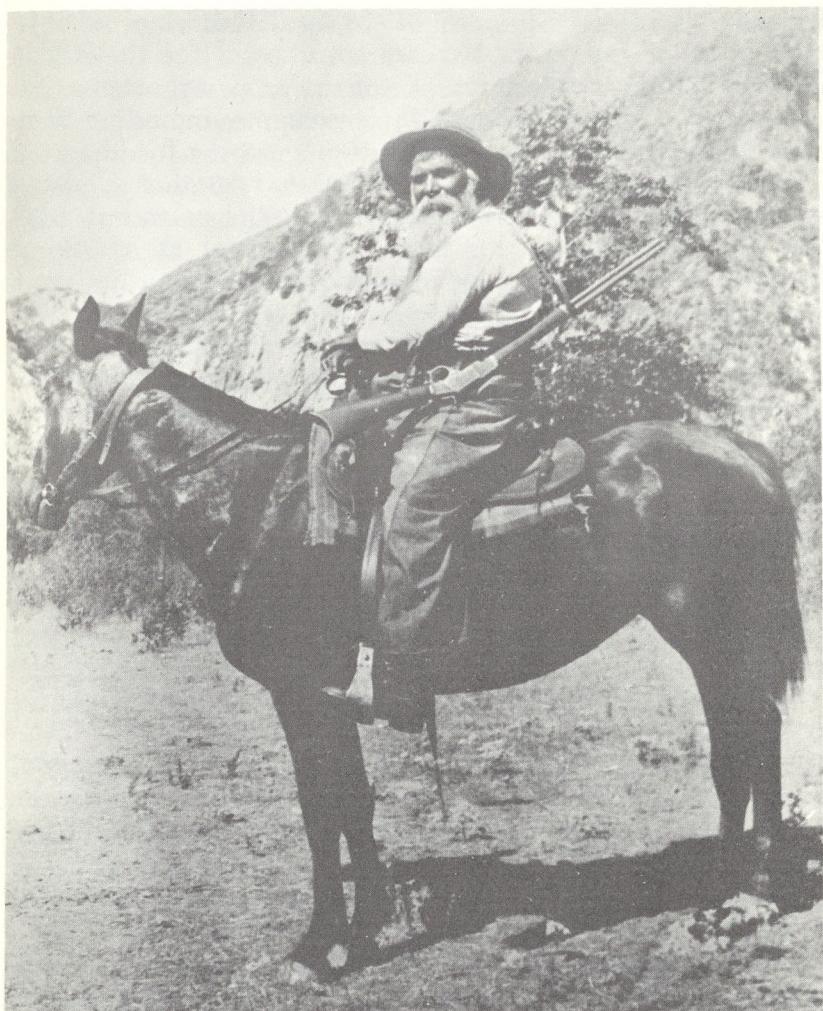
"Juan."

"Juan what?"

"Juan Jose."

Knowing he was cornered, Judge Wason shifted his tactics. "Well, then, what does your father do?" He learned quickly that the family trade was the making of *fustos* or saddle trees. Judge Wason considered a moment what he should do. An American needed a last name. A few minutes later when Juan Jose emerged into the bright sunlight, he clutched in one hand proof that he was now Juan Jose Fustero: he who makes saddle trees.

To his dying day, Juan Fustero considered a last name unnecessary. It was but one of the idiosyncracies by which the white man knew one of the best lasso and saddle tree



Juan Jose Fustero

makers, horsemen and ropers in Ventura County history: Indian Juan, the last of the Pirus.

Juan's people were of the far-off Shoshones, akin to the Hopi and the ancient Aztec but known in more recent times as the Serranos: those of the Sierras. They migrated seaward through the foothills until they formed a common

boundary with the Chumash, the coastal Indians of what are now Ventura and Santa Barbara counties. Here the Alliklik Indians fell under the influence of the more aggressive Chumash and adopted many of their customs, including abandonment of their ancient cremation customs for the more "modern" burial rites of the Chumash. Another Chumash custom adopted by the newcomers was the calendar. Alliklikis kept no calendar for more than a year at a time, so nobody knew his own age. Their calendar was limited to moon phases.

Juan was born in 1841 in or near a temescal (sweat-house) still to be seen just a few years ago near the cactus patch at the mouth of Holzer Canyon. Whether he ever knew the native tongue of his forefathers is debatable, since the Alliklik language disappeared two or three generations after the coming to this area of the padres along with most of the ancient Alliklik culture. Even the word Alliklik itself is Chumash and place names ascribed to the Alliklikis are in reality Chumash nomenclature. Piru was known as Pi-idhuku after the reed from which the Alliklikis made their baskets.

Juan was just sixteen when he and his mother, Sinfarosa, followed obediently behind Juan's father and helped to drive their 40 fine horses upstream to a cleft in the canyon walls to establish a new home. The horses had been cut from the herd of Don Ygnacio del Valle at Rancho Camulos in payment for their ancestral land; ironically, the second time Don Ygnacio had been forced to pay for the same land. On February 11, 1857 Ramon and Micaela (Cota) de la Cuesta had sold their half of Piru Canyon, then known as Rancho Temescal, to Francisco Gonzales Camino, Ramon's partner in a gold-seeking venture. Nine days later the United States District Court confirmed Camino's title to Rancho Temescal. And just 18 days after that, on March 7th, Don Ygnacio had paid Camino \$4,000 in American dollars for his three square leagues in the office of Augustin Olvera, a Los Angeles notary public whose name lives on in the quaint Mexican quarter near the plaza. Don Ygnacio's deed also entitled him to all horses and horned cattle found with the Cuesta brand in either Los Angeles or Santa Barbara counties.

But he found most of Piru Canyon's grasslands occupied by Indians. Determined to run his herds on the virgin grass along Piru Creek, he induced Juan and other "survivors" of smallpox to move upstream. They settled on and near what is now the Lisk Ranch; and when the Jaynes bought some of the area upon the father's death in 1878, Juan pestered them for several years, claiming they had not paid enough for the land.

Old Juan Jose, 90, still had no last name when he died, even though his son had been surnamed five years earlier. Juan tied his father's body to his saddle horse and led it to the five-acre flatland, now under Lake Piru, which then served as their burial grounds. Widowed, old Sinfarosa moved to the Newhall area and made her living taking in laundry. She became a familiar figure with a huge bundle of laundry on her head.

Juan lived most of his life among white men, but trusted just two of them: Forest Ranger Bill Whittaker, who lived at the mouth of the Agua Blanca, and achieved a measure of fame at the turn of the century when he captured three fledgling California condors and sold them for \$75 apiece to the National Zoo in Washington, D. C.; and Grocer L. B. (Bird) Mayfield, whose then-vacant store building was burned with the adjacent Piru Theatre 20 years ago.

Indian Juan became as famous for his gold as for his horsemanship. And Mayfield played an important part in the little drama every time Fustero headed for Los Angeles with a poke of gold dust and an armload of *reatas* (lassos) fashioned of the native canyon grasses. Whether the Indian's gold came from the San Feliciano mines or from the banks of Piru Creek, nobody ever knew although the curious often tracked him in an effort to find out. Numerous claims were filed along Piru Creek by those who thought they had tracked down the source of Fustero's wealth. But he carried his secret to his grave if, after all, there was a "gold mine" to be secretive about in the first place. Once in the city Juan would exchange his lariats and gold dust for \$10 and \$20 gold pieces, most of which he promptly spent at the nearest saloon.

Then back in Piru (he always traveled by train) his



Mr.
and
Mrs.
Fustero

ritual never varied. His first stop was at Mayfield's general store, where he would settle his accounts. Then on to Luciano Siqueido's livery stables, where he had left his horse. Although he often suspected Siqueido's stable hands of rolling him for his money after first plying him with liquor, he could not resist the whiskey. He invariably arrived home flat broke. Within twenty-four hours he would beg Mayfield for more credit.

Finally this canny Kentuckian (who married Clara Felsenthal) hit upon an idea to beat Fustero to the punch. He would borrow five \$10 gold pieces from Juan just before he left for Los Angeles, explaining something about a "big deal I've got up my sleeve." He would stash these in a safe place and when Juan returned empty-handed after picking up his horse at Siqueido's stables, he would find five gold pieces neatly stacked on Mayfield's counter for his groceries.

Juan was short, stocky and could be spotted half a mile off by his wide-brimmed hat and outlandish paunch, and at closer range by his oversized handlebar mustache. In his later years he weighed well over 250 pounds, with long hair and a full beard. Although he was a heavy drinker and was forced to cradle his stomach in a cushioned saddle because of a hernia, he was an excellent *vaquero* and participated in all of the roundups at Rancho Camulos and neighboring spreads.

Nobody could talk him into seeing a doctor for his her-

Juanito
Fustero



nia, and because he distrusted bankers the only gold pieces ever to find their way from his saddlebags to a bank vault were "snitched" and deposited on the sly by Maria, one of his five daughters and three sons. Juan had misgivings too about the removal of ticks (a superstition) and his swarthy neck usually sported half a dozen or so of these woodland friends. He spoke little English when sober; but let him pack a few under his ample belt, and his colorful swear words would put most *Americanos* to shame!

Juan Fustero married twice and his eight children were part Piru and part Temecula, so he was the final representative of his tribe: a pureblood Piru Indian among mongrelized Chumash and Anglos. His eldest son, Juanito, was last heard of in Lompoc. Then came Joe, known to be in San Fernando; and Mike, who married a white woman and died in San Benito County. Clarisa, the second of five daughters, worked many years for the Lechlers. On one occasion, after she had moved to San Fernando, relatives called the Lechlers with the news she had not returned from a vacation trip to Piru Canyon. They had not known she was in the area, but started out in search of her. She was found dead in the creek where she had tried in vain to wash off the scourge which killed her, the measles.

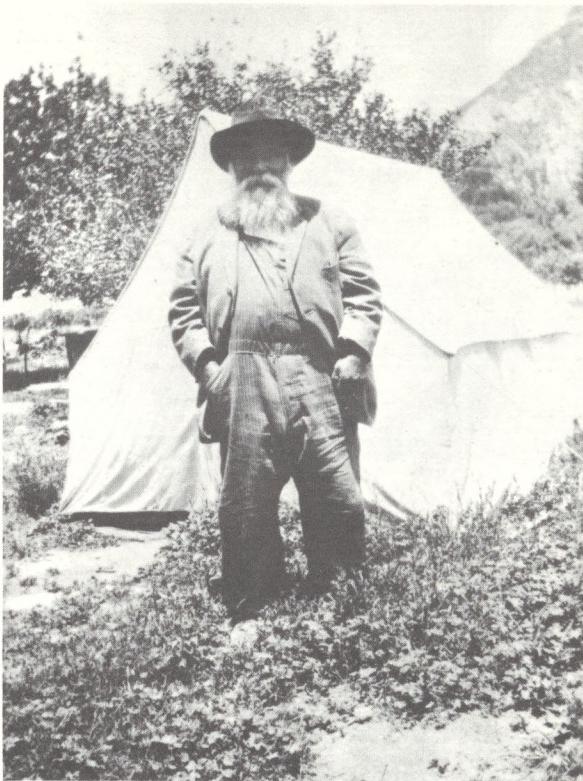
Frances, next in line, was married to a Negro and died several years later under the wheels of an automobile in San Fernando, a suicide. Then came Lena and Petra. Petra,



Fustero family

the youngest, was shy and usually seen peeking at strangers from another room. Maria was the oldest.

At least two of the five daughters died of the measles at the same time. For some reason now unknown Fustero sought to bury them in the graveyard at Rancho Camulos (there are dozens of Indians buried in the Del Valle plot) but heavy rains made this impossible, so he decided to bury them on his own land. Juan himself, his father and the two girls apparently were the only members of the immediate family to be buried under what is now Lake Piru. When the lake began to fill, a huge round rock was moved to the road above and now commemorates the last of the Pirus with a bronze plaque. It was a fit end for someone so colorful and legendary in his own time. The final hours came on a hot summer day in 1921 and he died, at 80, of nephritis. It was Bill Whittaker who helped Santa Paula Undertaker Ernest French stuff Indian Juan's massive body into an undersized casket. The weather was scorching and Juan had been dead for two days. French's ambulance broke down before he reached Piru Canyon, so a call went out for a wagon. Dale King and ten other men spelled off each other carrying the body from the house to the grave dug by Dominguez and the Mexicans.



Indian Juan

Once at the graveside, French found he had forgotten his casket harness. So Juan was lowered into the hole with two of his own *reatas*. There was no ceremony; and other than the Mexicans, Juan's four surviving children and two or three white friends formed the little band of mourners as he was laid to rest, facing east according to Indian custom, under an oak at the foot of a hill about 300 yards from the nearest wagon road. Dale King and Bill Whittaker later remembered what happened next. Maria, Joe and Frances stood dry-eyed at the graveside of their father; but Mike, 13 and ashamed of his tears, suddenly grabbed a shovel from French's hand and began to spread the dirt over the coffin. Even before he had finished the job Maria, who was superstitious about undertakers, hurriedly pressed seven \$10 gold



Fustero women

pieces into French's hand; and before he knew what had happened, she had pushed him into the nearest wagon so he could be off to his broken-down ambulance.

The seven coins came from a hoard of \$1,100 Maria found under her father's pillow. Hugh Waring and Bill Whittaker had put most of the money in the bank, when they found Juan too far gone to make a will. A few found their way into the cash register at Judge C. W. Harthorn's co-op grocery in Fillmore. Some of the judge's regular customers still treasure them as mementos of one of California's colorful sons: Juan Jose Fustero, last of the full-blooded Pirus.

WAY BACK IN THOSE TIMES

By Bert Culbert

A birth certificate is something I never had in my life, but it has been written down in this record book for a long time: Bertis Leroy Culbert, born in Brock, Nemaha County, Nebraska on March 13, 1883. My parents came to California in October 1887 when I was four years old. They went right to where Tom Rice's east line is, the first piece on the highway, then bought some part of one hundred acres, a little farther south down next to Ed Borchard joining Saviers Road. Along in the early nineties they came to the Las Posas, and farmed where the canyon starts. I worked out from then on. The county was cattle and sheep; mustard, grain was what it came to. If there was an elder bush and a creasy grass or a big rock, they just plowed around them. And when they changed into beans, it was the Lady Washington.

And corn, oh, a lot of corn: they shelled and sold it. In the first rigs that came out there were no gears in the planters' boxes. There was a little stool in the middle between the two boxes. They had a little stick down in the shaft, and a white cloth on the spoke that was straight up and one straight down at the bottom: two cloths on that wheel and the same over here. You sat on that little stool; and when the cloth came up, you shoved it over: that planted two rows. And when the next one came up, you pulled it back: that dropped two more seeds. It was pulled by a couple of horses, a man driving it; but for the planter we always used to get a boy, and that was my job. All day I would be going back and forth for fifty cents; I would be so tired at night that lots of nights I could not sleep.

The thrashing machine was a corn sheller, run with a Russell steam engine: they used corn cobs for the fuel. There were long white twelve by one inch boards on the floor; the tops were placed in threes, and they were about three or four inches apart. Two men with scoop shovels would pick up the corn and throw it in. They moved the sheller back in on top of these board floors, and the shells would come out at the end.



Four-row bean planter

After the corn and wheat era they introduced the Lady Washington bean in the early nineties. Jim Evans had the first field; the ranch was just below the Center School. He was the father of Pleas and Haley Evans; she married Wilbur Stiles, and then Charlie Pope. I can remember the bushes were wonderful, white with pods all over them. And the next year everybody was forgetting everything and going to beans. Jim Evans came from around Bristol Road over at Montalvo. He was the first one to set out a walnut orchard; but it was not a year or two until everybody was trying it. These walnuts were called Santa Barbara Soft Shells because he got them somewhere up there; they were not butted trees. That orchard was sixty-seven years old when it went out. The soft-shell walnut was small, but they would grow a ton to an acre.

I used to haul them to Saticoy for Jim Evans with a mule team. They weighed them on the scales, the same as they did beans; but they would cut right through the warehouse and load them on a car on the railroad tracks on the other side. Most everything went to Saticoy; and as things grew more and more prosperous, a lot did go to Hueneme. When Bard and Perkins got the rent of their land, they demanded (that is not the word) their renters had to go to Hueneme. I think that was in the lease. When I was just



Mule team being unhitched

a boy, I used to drive the mule team and haul to Hueneme; and you would meet teams coming and going. Hueneme was damper and loads gained rather than losing weight. The boats would pick them up; there were no trains on this side in those days. It was on that side, over at Saticoy; it was after 1900 the Southern Pacific went through Oxnard.

Before 1900 there were hardly no roads. When one place got chuck holes, you drove out into the field. There was no right way: you headed in the general direction; tried to follow the old routes; but if the ruts were too big, you made a new one. At first there was nobody to repair the roads; then they put barley and bean straw in. One man and a team of two horses with a straw rack got \$4.00 per day; he would pitch and scatter it out. About nineteen twelve or thirteen water tanks were put up every half-mile, and sprinklers at night to keep the dust down. The first highway was built in the winter of 1916 and spring of 1917, a cement road. Both the gravel and cement in carload lots of 100 lb. sacks were brought to Somis down Los Angeles Avenue. It was named that because it was the only way to Los Angeles. I think they got the gravel from the Los Angeles River.

Out of Somis on Bradley Road and up the canyon you run into government land, and there were the old homesteaders: Sam Fox, Bud Boone, Bill Chadwick, L. F. Webster

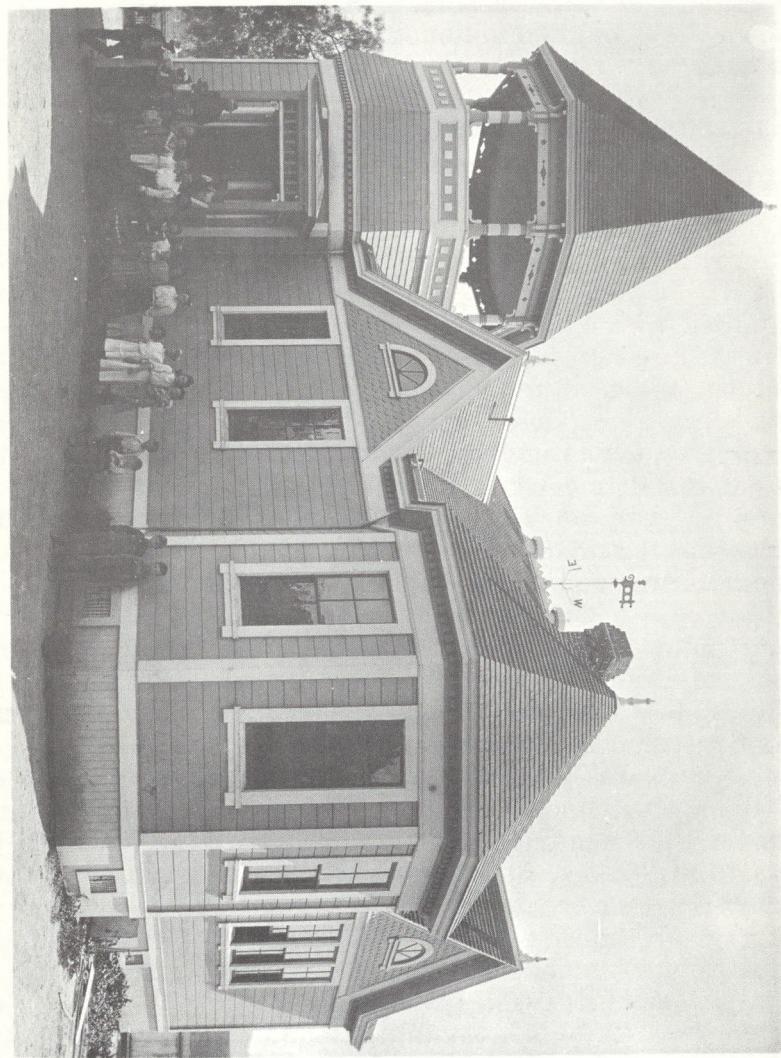
and C. H. Bradley; and he had a bunch of boys. About two or three miles north of Los Angeles Avenue where the Baptiste line is, is the last of the Las Posas: beyond Joe Terry's place and Bill Culvard where Albert Pfeiler's north line comes across. Beyond Wooley's place were settlers by the name of Kimbril. You could call them squatters: they just took it up. Another family was Geney Easton and his father, the one-armed man. They called him captain and said he was an old Southern soldier. But he carried the mail from the adobes at Somis, stopped at Las Posas, went to Saticoy and would bring it back. There was a family in the county by the name of Hoskins, and Mrs. Hoskins ran a post office in the house; and everybody got their mail there. This Las Posas Post Office was by the site of the old Center School House that was built in 1905, and lasted until 1900.

When the railroad came through Somis, it tore the adobe house down. It was the first house in town, east of where the depot is. The old road came up the way it does now, turned right to run due east, then crossed the creek and angled out between big cypress hedges.

There are two or three stories how Somis got its name. I have been told by Louis Machado that it is an Indian word for the springs; and Indians came there for sickness, and they were cured. Jose Lopez, the head man for Bard and Perkins, told me that Las Posas was named after the flowers. In the early days the springs that were down in the creek were all the water they had. You had a cistern at home, and you hauled it. When the springs began to go, they dug a well and it flowed for a while, artesian wells. One time, Joaquin, the chief herdsman, told me there was a big spring below the bluff on Perkins land. The back caved in and filled the spring, and sand got on the land. Years later it cleared off, and boards were found there. Bard and Perkins had sheep corrals, and they fed and watered there.

A man by the name of Johnson built three schools the same summer in 1895: the El Rio, the Somis and the Center School. The Las Posas School stood at the intersection of Bradley Road and Los Angeles Avenue. That was 1905 or 1906 they moved one up on the hill. I went to Las Posas School and I can remember my teachers' names: Mrs. Fitz-

The Center School



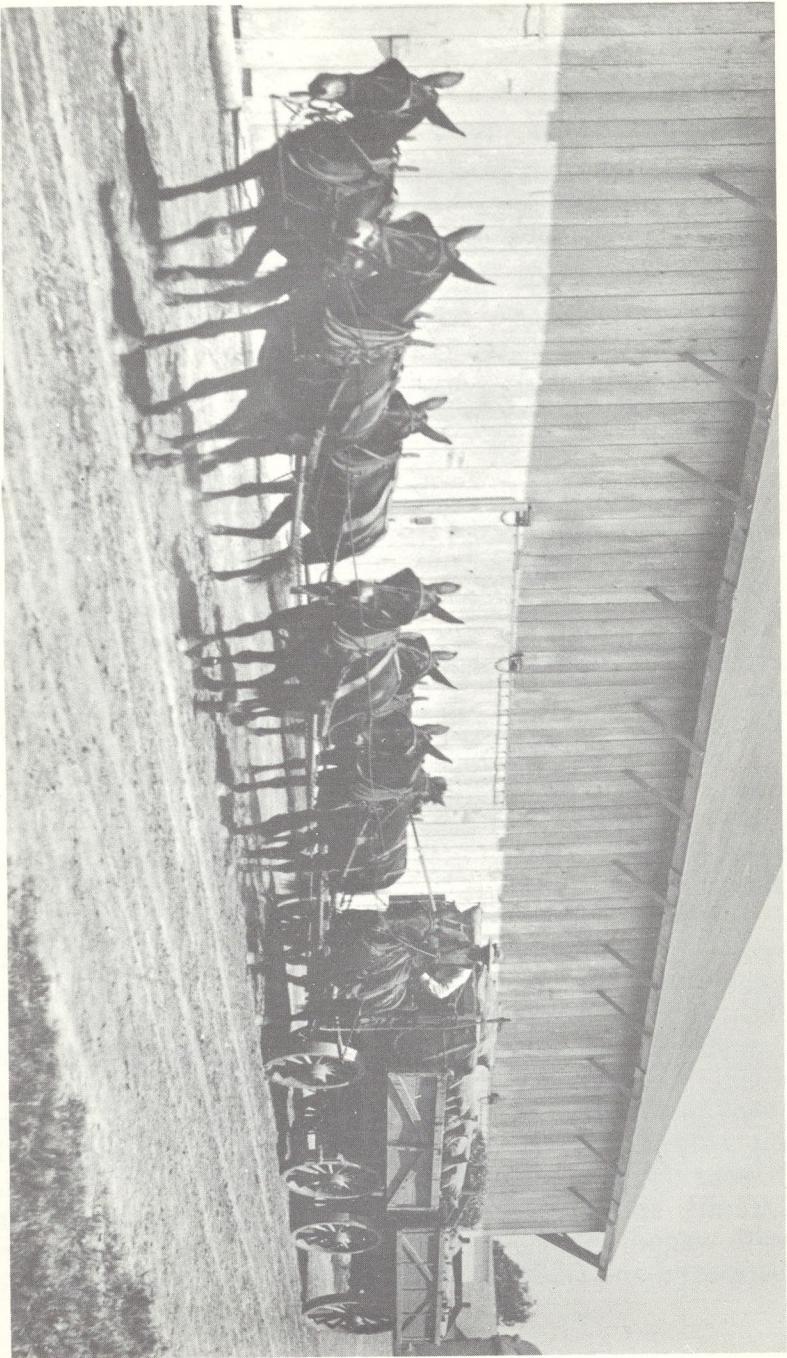
gerald; Martha Snell lived in Santa Barbara; and Stella Wolfe.

The only church was in Somis; it was torn down after 1900 and they build another little one. If you wanted to go to church, you took the horse and buggy and went there; but later when you had automobiles, you went to wherever your church was and whatever church you wanted to go to. When we were little children, Mother would take us to Camarillo to the big Methodist Church on the hill.

There were dances for entertainment. A lodge called the Modern Woodman of America had a clubhouse. Couples came from everywhere for that dance. And Jim Evans had an old shabby-looking building, but he put a hard-wood floor in it. If you had a good horse, you could go ten miles an hour with a horse and buggy. I would go to Oxnard for a friend to go up to Foster Park, get there in time for a barbecue, and turn around and come back. One time I went to Santa Paula, hired a talley-ho from Davis & Dron, and took a bunch around the triangle with four horses. Mother used to tell me when I would go home that she worried more over me than she did over all the rest of the children. One day I said to her, "Why? What's wrong?" She said nothing was wrong but, "Well, you were born on Friday the thirteenth." God has been good to me.

Tony Baptiste lived in the big green house on the west side of Bradley Road; later it was moved across the road. Portuguese Crown Hall was moved from the Perkins ranch to Baptiste property and used to stand east of Bradley Road. This club was a lodge built by the Portuguese as a social hall. I can remember them killing cattle and having a barbecue the same day. The affair lasted three days: Saturday and Sunday; Monday was their own day, and a lot of them forgot what day it was. Before there was a club, Joe Terry had the first three barbecues on Price Road: they put out canvas and boards and danced all over the place.

I remember when I was a boy learning to drive a team, Henry Beasley was a wonderful fellow to work for if you did half-way right. People would say they needed to haul: they would want Henry Beasley to do it if I would haul it; they wanted me to do that. I remember that I drove Henry's



Eight-mule team

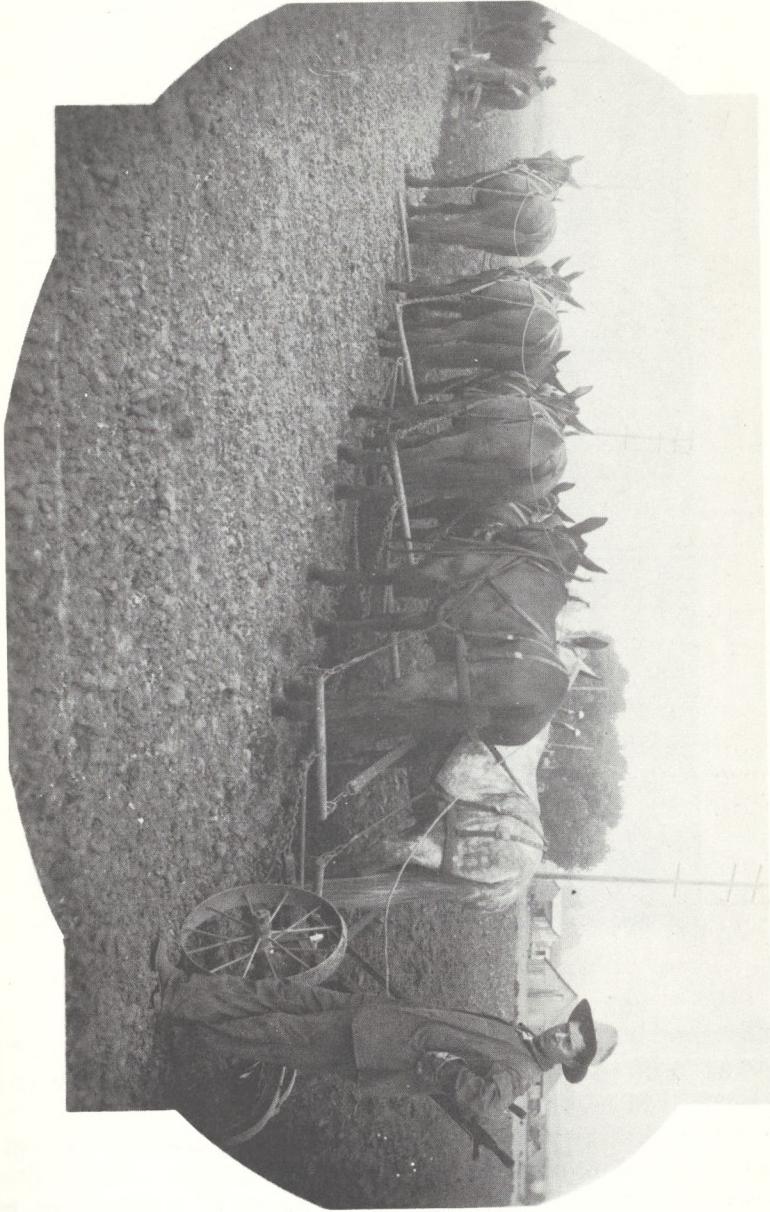


Sled used as a bean cutter

team two-thirds of the time. He had two big horse teams and one little mule team. If there were sugar beets, I always drove the little mules. We tried to make it to Hueneme and back in one day; the stars would be shining when we left, and they would be up when we came back. The next day you loaded up to get ready for another trip, the team rested and you got a good night's rest to take off early the next day.

C. G. Worsham was constable from 1900 on. He married a Las Posas girl by the name of Bell Guthrie, whose father farmed land all around the "Dobies". He must have been in the township until Ed Martin went out as county sheriff.

When I came on the Las Posas, I was the only young fellow farming. I was living up there in 1903; about four generations have lived here now. I bought about sixty acres from C. N. Kimball near the corner of Aggen Road and Los Angeles Avenue, and this home place from Pleas Evans in 1910. One day when it rained, I hitched up the team and went to Oxnard to borrow money. A. Levy checked over my assets and said, "You got less than nothing there." When I went out into the rain, I met Jim Donlon of the Bank of Oxnard; and we talked in the middle of the muddy street with wagons passing on both sides of us. He asked me what happened and said, "Bert, you send your bills to us, and we'll



John Deere plow



"Big Jim" Donlon

pay them." Later Mr. Levy complained that I had not said I was sent to him by Tom Bell, but all he knew was that I farmed in a sandy desert.

This valley was wide open: no trees, nothing to stop the east winds. It blew harder than it does now. We pulled in about four o'clock on land I was farming in 1910. The wind



Wedding picture

came up about sundown. We kept trying to thrash, but the wind would blow the beans over the wagons; and the next morning the whole crop was up against the old gum trees.

I was married in 1907 and had three children. I had gone with the Tom Bell family to church in Oxnard for Easter services in 1906. Five or six girls came in together and took



Ventura Manufacturing
ple

a bench in front of me. This was the first time I ever saw my wife. When Flora sat down, I put a book on edge beneath her, and she had to move it. Later Mary Mahan introduced me to her. Her family, the Brights, had come here from Idaho. We dated and after the Fourth of July, Flora was my girl. It was quite a ways to go courting; but it was wonderful when you did it with the horse and buggy.

Before I was married, I lived up there on sixty acres and batched for four or five years. I worked with George Boardman on the Patterson Ranch, and he would be driving my mule team when I would be planting beans or doing something else. He used to kid me, and I think he was joking more than anything else. "You know," he says, "I never worked anywhere where so many women waved at me as they do here." I always used to tell him that they knew the mule team.

I want to tell something about the threshing machines. Most of them were steam engines made by Russell, except two or three were underslung Avery steam boilers which pulled themselves. Charles Perkins and I ran one here, a fourteen-wagon; we have thrashed 1,400 in a ten hour day when the fog quit. John Dawley could thresh a longer day than anybody. Since the beans would ripen in the east end of the



plement Co. Standard bean thrasher

valley first, you would work down towards the ocean and finish up at Del Norte. The bean straw was burned for fuel, and for light they would set a load on fire. Somebody told me there were eleven thrashing machines working one night throughout the valley from Del Norte Hill to Somis. When it got so dark they could not see to work, two men on the thrashing machines who picked up the scattered beans in the day would fill up the lanterns, wash the globe, light and snap it on a strap hanging beneath the wagon. Then two pitchers were throwing the pile in, one on each side of the wagon. One set, a pair did two wagons: they loaded up one, while the other was unloading. The men would sleep right on the straw piles, and you had the cook house to feed them when they went out on a thirty or thirty-five day season.

About 1904 they tried hard to get a telephone through here. William Ernest Goodyear and Tom McFarland would not let it die. But the telephone people wanted ten people with \$300 to build it. In two years they could only get nine men in this Las Posas: Charlie Donlon, F. A. Snyder, Fred Aggen, T. W. Price, James Evans, old Mr. Thorpe and B. Vanoni. When Guthridge, the head man in San Francisco, came down, Mr. Goodyear says, "Today is the last." And

he says to me, "I tell you what you do, Bert: you go ahead and sign with us; and if you can't pay for it, I'll pay your share; you and I'll go together." And I said, "Well, if you are going to do that, who is going to haul them? How are you going to get the poles up here from Hueneme?"

I did the work. Old Mr. Dewar, who ran the lumber yard in Hueneme, kidded me about how hard I worked; he said, "I'd have to have five or six men doing the work you're doing." But I had the long tongue and trail wagon for the poles; they were four by six, twenty foot redwood. I loaded them up on two wagons with six mules. Whenever I got to where I had to go, I would put the leaders in behind in a single line, hook the chain around one pole and pull it out; then I would tie the team on, go two hundred feet and pull another one out. The lines started at Ditch Road and Conejo Road at the end of the telephone line; it went up Ditch Road and Los Angeles Avenue to the town of Somis. It was not supposed to be, but I hauled to Camarillo; and while we were doing it, across the river and connected up Saticoy in the summer of 1906. Charlie Sickles was the one that gave me my orders since he was the Ventura County man.

In 1914 the same thing was done for our electric lights. Elliott and Walker were the managers of the Interurban Land and Power Company. Tom Rice's daughter married a man by the name of Hunter, and he was my boss in the hauling of the power poles. Since I did not have any money, I worked it out. Another \$300 and you paid for the service after that. I think the telephone bill was \$2.50 or \$3.00 a month, and the electricity was very cheap; lots of times our bill would only be \$7.00.

The Zoned Mutual Water Co. went in first about 1920. Then about 1922 and 1923, we got our first water. This was a mutual water system owned by the stockholders. The original wells were down in the creek, just east of Somis, where those Indian springs were. Plenny Myers was down in the ditch, doing it all himself, the first job he had; McIntytre put in part of it, and Fowler & Myers made their own cement pipe there.

I am talking for myself but I do believe the ones who

stayed here all the time were just as well off as some that moved away and came back. But they went through some hard times. California is the only state I know, Ventura is the county I have lived in, and the Las Posas Valley and our Somis is the country that I love.

Membership

NEW

Mr. and Mrs. Jerry L. Bennett
Mr. and Mrs. Andrew J. Borchard
Dr. W. J. Fox
J. Michael Hagopian

SUSTAINING

Richard Bard
Roger Edwards
Mrs. Henry A. Levy
Mr. and Mrs. Lester T. Shiells
Mr. and Mrs. Milton M. Teague

LIFE

Philip Bard
Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Borchard
Henry M. Borchard
Mrs. E. C. Canet
Mrs. Effie Bartlett Daly
Mrs. Harold Dudley
Mrs. Rosemary H. Duncan
Mrs. Joyce Totten Fraser
Mrs. Katherine H. Haley
John F. Henning
Mrs. Edith H. Hoffman

Walter Wm. Hoffman
Mrs. Helene Holve
Carmen Camarillo Jones
Mrs. Edwin J. Marshall
A. A. Milligan
Mrs. Mary H. Norcop
Mr. and Mrs. Francis Petit
Grace S. Thille
John P. Thille
Harry Valentine
Richard D. Willett

Half a Century of Service

California Mutual Insurance Co. Organized on April 4, 1898 as the Ventura County Mutual Fire Insurance Co. with E. P. Foster, president; Nathan Blanchard, vice-president and Charles Barnard, secretary. This old Ventura County business firm has faithfully followed the high standards set by its pioneer founders.

Santa Paula Savings and Loan Association. Organized in April 1890 as the Santa Paula Building and Loan Association with J. R. Haugh, president; Caspar Taylor, vice-president and H. H. Youngken, secretary. This organization has served the interests of home owners and builders, as well as those of the investor.

County Stationers, Inc., 532 E. Main, Ventura. Successor to John J. MacGregor. Since 1898 Ventura County's complete stationer and office furniture dealer.

Bank of A. Levy, 143 W. Fifth St., Oxnard. Founded in 1900 by the late Achille Levy, who came to Hueneme in 1875. Since its inception Bank of A. Levy has been closely allied with the farm and ranch industries of Ventura County.

Title Insurance and Trust Company. Successor to Ventura Abstract Company, founded in 1893 by Charles Barnard and incorporated in 1898 by him and four associates, Lloyd Selby, J. S. Collins, Robert C. Sudden and John H. Reppy. The office has been in continuous operation in Ventura County since that time.

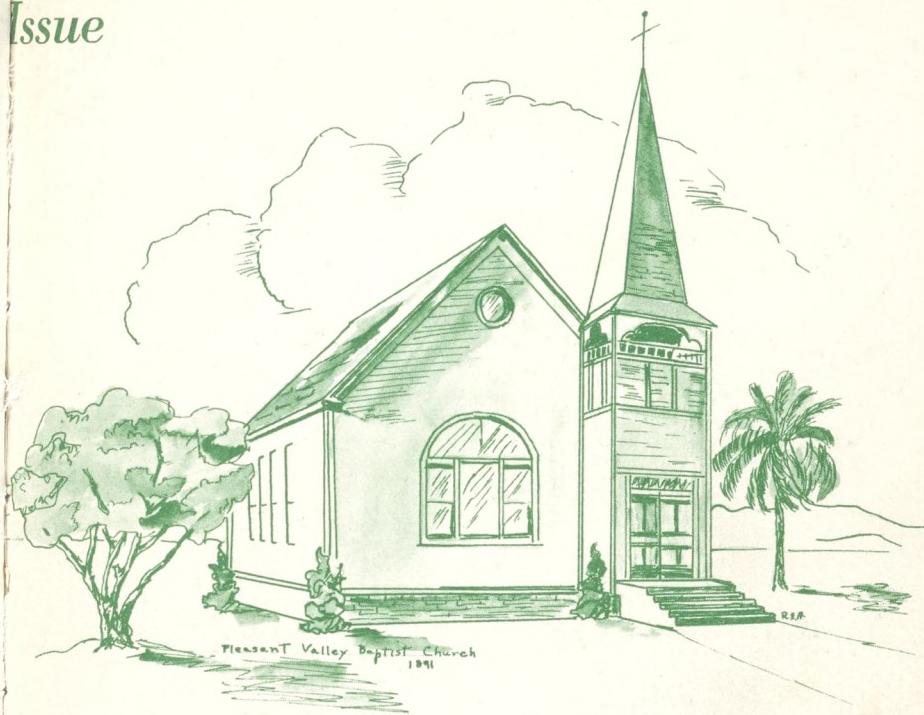
Joseph P. Reardon Funeral Chapel, 757 East Main Street, Ventura. Successor to the business established by the Reardon family in 1911 and conducted continually in Ventura since that date.

Janss Investment Corporation. The company began its first real estate development activities in 1889. Operations were moved to the Conejo Valley in 1954 with offices in Thousand Oaks and Newbury Park.

Union Oil Company of California. Incorporated in Santa Paula in 1890, its operations have spread from Ventura County to become world-wide.

Centennial

Issue



**VENTURA COUNTY
HISTORICAL SOCIETY
QUARTERLY**

*Charter Day Fiesta
October 1969*

The Ventura County Historical Society

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The Ventura County Historical Society's headquarters is the Pioneer Museum, 77 North California Street, Ventura, California. There are four classes of membership: active, \$5 per year; husband and wife, \$7.50 per year; sustaining, \$25 per year; and life, \$100.

The *Quarterly* is published in February, May, August and November from the Society's headquarters at the Pioneer Museum. Grant W. Heil is Editor and the staff includes Mrs. Pat Bell, F. L. Fairbanks, Junius H. Kellam, R. G. Percy, Mrs. Rafelita O. Philbrick and Richard D. Willett.

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The
Ventura County Historical Society
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by J. Ray Bright

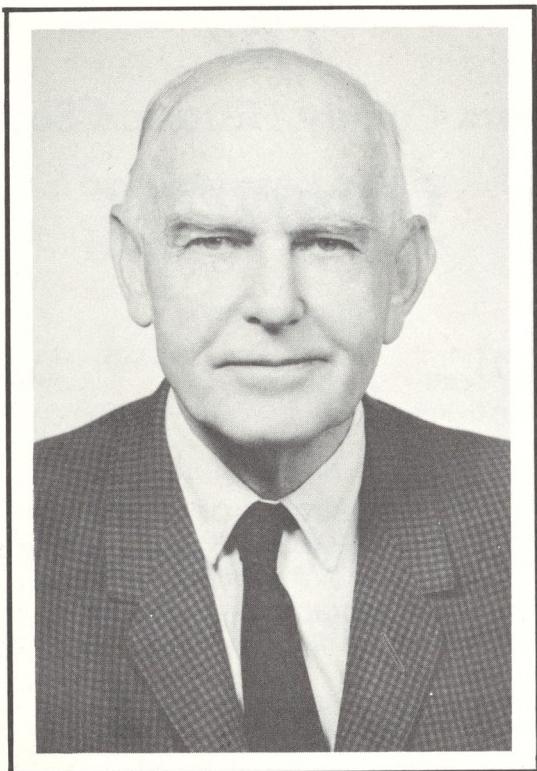
JOURNAL OF W. W. BROWN (1901-2)

Notice

J. Ray Bright is the historian of the Pleasant Valley Baptist Church, and the author of its centennial book.

The wife of Wallace Weston Brown was a granddaughter of John Y. Saviers. Both the photographs and the extracts from two of Mr. Brown's diaries ("Book #4" and "Book No. 5") are in the Saviers Family Collection, which Florence (Brown) Dawson is editing for publication.

Ruth Andress again made the drawing on the cover of this second centennial issue.



In Memoriam

RICHARD BARD, 1892-1969

Richard Bard always took time from his management of the Berywood Investment Company, whose holdings stretched from the Simi Valley to Port Hueneme, to take part in community affairs. His activities included an interest in the past history of our county. As the son of United States Senator Thomas L. Bard, he was present when a plaque was dedicated in 1965 honoring the historic oil discovery in the Upper Ojai on its hundredth anniversary; and he commissioned the writing of that story by William H. Hutchinson in *Oil, land and politics*. Mr. Bard was a sustaining member of the Ventura County Historical Society from its beginning, saw to its incorporation and convinced the Board of Supervisors that it should manage the Pioneer Museum. He was also the first honorary member of the Pleasant Valley Historical Society.

HISTORY OF THE PLEASANT VALLEY BAPTIST CHURCH

by J. RAY BRIGHT

The Pleasant Valley Church was organized on June 12, 1869 with 23 charter members listed in the minutes of the first meeting. Henry Davenport, who had been serving the area as a colporteur (hawker of religious books) was elected moderator; and at the August meeting was asked to serve as the regular pastor, which he did until the following year. During the early years the congregation met at the Pleasant Valley School and in members' homes, the first church being built in 1891. The records do not mention a pastoral salary until January 1872; on that date a committee was appointed to try to raise money to support a pastor. When \$245 in pledges were obtained, the Rev. C. C. Riley was extended a call to serve as pastor for a salary of that amount a year. He served for over sixteen years, traveling from his home in the Fillmore area by horse and buggy or on horseback.

By 1875 the Los Angeles Baptist Association began to have meetings in what was by that time the new County of Ventura, and in 1877 the Santa Barbara Baptist Association was formed to include all Baptist churches north of the "San Fernando Mountains." Four delegates from Pleasant Valley represented the church at the first meeting; and its name ever since has been listed as the Pleasant Valley Baptist Church, although the records do not show any official action taken to change it.

Around 1880 a second church came into being at Springville, just over three miles west of the Pleasant Valley area when William Otterbein Wood, later to attain local fame as 'Parson Wood', organized the Church of the Little Flock (of Regular Baptists). A church building was constructed near the junction of the highway and Central Avenue. Much confusion resulted from the two unconnected churches being located in the same area, especially when a Rev. Thomas J. Wood served as pastor of the Pleasant Valley Baptist Church between 1894 and 1898. By 1905 the building of the Springville Church was no longer in use although the con-



The original building of 1891

gregation continued to exist; and in 1917 the Pleasant Valley Church was able to obtain the 1400 lb. bell which Parson Wood had had cast in Los Angeles for \$200 as a loan, later to be a permanent gift.



An outdoor baptism

The first church building of the Pleasant Valley Baptist Church was built in 1891 on land donated by Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Davenport at the location of the present church. At the same time, they gave land for a cemetery across the road, and each church member who donated \$20 to the building fund was given a cemetery plot. The record of September 1891 stated: The new Church was dedicated free of debt, which had cost about \$1800 . . . At the morning service there were \$200 raised which was all that was thought needed to finish paying expenses of building the Church. A parsonage was completed in 1903, two large rooms were added sometime in the same era for Sunday School use and social activities and in 1903 John Mahan constructed and donated a baptistry to the Church. In 1910 electric lighting was installed, much of the wiring being done by Dave Flynn, later justice of the peace in Camarillo.

Before the baptistry was built, baptisms were held in a variety of locations. In August of 1893 "A number of people assembled at T. A. Rice's fish pond last Sunday to witness the immersion and baptism of new members of the



The enlarged church by 1920

Pleasant Valley Baptist Church". And in April of 1900, seven people were baptized in the lower end of the creek in Santa Rosa Valley, three of these being Mabel Hagans, Mrs. S. J. Willard and Miss Ida Willard.

The Church, along with the school, served for many years as a social center for what was first called Pleasant Valley, after 1901 Camarillo. A report dated 1906 stated: For last year, the social gatherings in the Church for the young people of the community were of the general 'good time' order, but during this . . . year gatherings of a higher order have been planned, and the programs have been musical, literary, educational, etc.

In 1921 the average attendance in Sunday School was 105, and it became necessary to plan the construction of an additional building. Completed in 1925 much of the work appears to have been done by members, as records show the total cost to have been only \$604.92. By 1929 the Church was ready to proceed with the construction of an entirely new church, to be financed partly by the sale of a portion of the cemetery property to Adolfo Camarillo.. The old

building was moved, construction was started and the new church was dedicated in August of 1930.

The spirit of friendliness and mutual help that existed through the years between the Pleasant Valley Baptist Church and the rest of the community is illustrated in this excerpt of the last will and testament of Juan E. Camarillo, who died in 1936: As a mark of gratitude and appreciation for the many acts of kindness shown to me by the pastors and people of the Pleasant Valley Baptist Church, and the spirit of tolerance and respect always manifested by them toward the Catholic people of Camarillo, I give, devise, and bequeath unto the P.V.B.C. (written out) at Camarillo, County of Ventura, State of California, the sum of Five Thousand (\$5000.00) and no/100 Dollars.

Another example of community cooperation was the plan devised by Mr. Hazan (Mike) Dizdar, who owned a restaurant in Camarillo and operated the water system, in reference to the cemetery which had become run down over the years and which was only partly owned by the Church. Mr. Dizdar paid for the cost of removing the bodies to other cemeteries and deeded the lots back to the Church; the Church then deeded the property to the County of Ventura for perpetual use as a park. It is now operated by the Pleasant Valley Recreation and Park District as Dizdar Park.

After construction of an educational building in 1955 and the decision to use the parsonage for Church purposes in 1960, the Church had sufficient space for its needs until 1965, when a committee was formed to consider future growth. The result was the Church's present plan to build a contemporary building on newly purchased property. One hundred years of growth and progress were commemorated at ceremonies held at the Church in June of 1969.

JOURNAL of W. W. BROWN
(1901-1902)

July 26th
1901
Friday

Hang my hat up in the old office again. Find a large portion of the camp has been moved to Camarillo and the office staff split; some of the boys up the line at or near Soledad and some of them at Camarillo, the new quarry site for the Montalvo Branch: S. P. Co. constructing a connecting strip there to make a direct line from San Francisco to Los Angeles.

July 27th

Trains into and from city have been busy for some few days handling the Epworth League excursion.

July 28th
1901
Sunday

Very pleasant weather, quiet in camp.

July 29th
1901

Same old trick, but on days now; earn about 13 cts. per day for S. P. Co., possibly this estimate is high, that is 'nothing much to do'.

July 30th
1901

Very pleasant & calm, we figure to move the quarry soon.

July 31st
1901

Take off one engine (2017) and crews. The others (2848 & 2808) haul ballast & waste east of Santa Barbara. White caps out at sea today and rain up the coast a ways, pleasant here. No more laborers required here.

Aug. 1st
1901

Pleasant and breezy. Ocean travel about as usual, no small crafts though. The seaweed growing fast and extends from shore out to sea about half a mile, very dense.

Aug. 2nd
1901
Aug. 3rd
1901

Clear & fine, beautiful sunsets these evenings.

Clear & warm. S.P. orders 2,000 laborers to be shipped from Kansas to Chatsworth Park, free transportation: same strip we are going to finish.

Aug. 4th
Sunday
Aug. 5th

Quiet & humid & cloudy.

Cloudy & rain during night, delightfully cool during day. Begin to take out wires and prepare cars to go to Camarillo, 'New Camp'. Temporary office in a box car.

Aug. 6th
1901
Tuesday

At this season of the year vivid phosphoric displays appear all along the coast, causing such a bright light at night that one can read a newspaper by its light; it presents a very novel and interesting appearance to the stranger; and when the moon shines, reflection causes the ocean to seem to be on fire. The display is more especially noticeable wherever the water is broken, being brightest in the breakers.

Aug. 7th

The beautiful weather continues: several months & practically no rain except during the night & then only on a very few occasions. Now working in the box car, the office passenger car having gone to the front.

Aug. 8th
1901

Seals and many strange birds to be seen. I saw today a bird known locally as a road runner: it resembles in form a pheasant and gains its name from its tendency to run upon the ground in preference to flying, very little of which it can do as near as I can learn. The country is teeming with birds of all kinds; saw several owls, 30 buzzards at one time hovering above the quarry camp dump.

Moving camp material & quarry truck, etc. gradually to Camarillo, California via Montalvo.

Crews in early, and slide out for 'San Luis', leaving camp very quiet and lifeless all day.

Crews back again and 'hotfoot' 'all over'. They had to stand at S. L. O. under financial embarrassment (pay day nearly due) and 'it nearly broke them up in business' to camp there without sport.

Indications of a storm east, cooler & cloudy at times today and for several days following.

Perozzi, a *ranchero* (rancher) a Swiss who leases this ranch upon which is our location, discusses ranch, stock and weather prospects of the coming winter. We tell him how to make the machine go "ha!"

A very cool evening wind. Secured a soybean from an acquaintance, it came from Manila.

Aug. 9th
1901
Friday

Aug. 10th
1901

Aug. 11th
1901

Aug. 12th
1901
Monday

Aug. 13th
1901

Aug. 14th
Wed.
1901

- Aug. 15th
1901
Thrs.
- Introducing Chinamen upon sections as fast as possible now; this lets the Mexicans out: of the two evils a choice is hard.
- Aug. 16th
1901
Friday
- 'The Little Man' while out for a spin on his gasolene motorcar is ditched and breaks a few ribs. He gives me the grin and claims he will recover before my ankle is serviceable; and the worst of it is I do not dare make a wager upon the result: but he creeps around mighty cautiously even if he doesn't use crutches.
- Aug. 17th
Sat.
1901
- A picnic at S. L. O. today and the boys sour because they cannot attend, being kept subject to orders on account of a washout & waterspout. Delay to San Joaquin Valley traffic diverted this way: we are getting the 'Owls' and their through trains via the coast until repairs are made, especially at Tehacapi where track was destroyed by cloud-burst.
- Aug. 18th
1901
Sunday
- Lighting visible, vivid background to the mountains over in the direction of Bakersfield; but during the weather changes we have only a few clouds and very little cool wind and temperature.
- Aug. 19th
Monday
1901
- An oil boring outfit has arrived and the prospecting owners are going to sink a well in the bottom of Jalama Creek; Have noticed indications of petroleum oil (asphaltum) there when exploring, and they quite likely will strike oil.
- Aug. 20th
Tuesday
- Tearing down crusher building, the crusher taken down yesterady. Everybody on the move.
- Aug. 21st
Wed.
1901
- A 700 pound sea turtle captured at Santa Barbara; it became entangled in the kelp (seaweed) beds and was lasso'd and drawn by its flipper to Smith's Wharf and made fast.
- Aug. 22nd
- 13 cars run away down last leg to Leda and ditch several and unload two. Brakeman Hardman injured about head and arm, but not seriously. The phosphoric display in the ocean visible nearly every night.
- Aug. 23rd
- Weather beautiful, very little wind, no rain, occasional heavy fogs at night (almost always

some fog visible at night) and an abundance of sunshine and a very even temperature although sometimes cool at night (still the weather kicker is in evidence).

Aug. 24th
Saturday
1901
25th

A train of crusher material and the greater part of the laborers & employees go to Camarillo.

Forty and odd turkey buzzards overhead.
Clear & fine.

26th
1901

Warm & clear. "No more will the pound of the crusher be heard in the wilds of Jalama": C. E. Lark.

27th
1901
Tuesday

Supt. of roadway has charge of track, stations, telegraph, etc.; under him is the road master. Supt. of transportation next to the supt. of roadway, makes schedules & controls train movements. Supt of machinery controls motive power, etc.; under him the master mechanic.

28th
1901

Clear & fine continuous weather. 5 or 6 more train loads of waste wind up our work as now given here.

29th

Clear & fine all day, heavy fog banks in sight nearly all the time and often, in fact nearly every night envelops the land, leaving during the day almost without exception; our location clear even when entirely closed in on every side by fog. Fortunately this gives us an ideal weather.

30th
1901

Clear & fine, breezes at night and cooler. Wires in trouble allow us to hear Los Angeles, Bakersfield and others east working. Very quiet in camp, only a few of us here.

31st
Sept. 1st

Condr. Richards saw a bald eagle near Leda.

Clear & fine weather continues, sea as smooth as glass for a few days.

2nd to 14th

Clear & fine, sea calm, some fog.

Sept. 14th
1901

Orders to leave Jalama for Camarillo at noon; but Supt. Austin and about 75 men remain to finish clearing up track, buildings etc.

Sept. 15th

Arrive at Camarillo about 1 a.m. The Quarry is located in & near a bean field. The landscape presents level prospects broken by irregular outcroppings of high mountain formations of a vol-



"THE CAMP," S.P. QUARRY - 1902.

The S. P. Co. Camp

canic appearance. The mountains remind one of islands very much because of the general plain level. Foggy high overhead and mild.

Sept. 16th
Monday

Saloons closed in Ventura County by popular vote but a few 'Blind pigs' running yet, as liquor shops are now called. Various trees grow along the barrancas (creeks) in which are rabbits, etc. and mocking birds, bee-martins, linnets, etc. Clear & fine.

Sept. 17th

Clear & fine, some wind. Local inhabitants say the heavy East Winds are now due and some rain.

Sept. 18th
Wednesday

Chinese cooking and other outfits leave soon for Moorpark in charge of L. H. Long, Asst. Engineer, S. P. Co. Upon their departure will take meals at the Hotel. Clear weather.

Sept. 19th

Clear & fine. Foggy at night and slight airy breezes during the afternoon. Farmers hauling crops in from fields to warehouses. They strew straw along roads similar to the way our lumber men do to 'swamp' a road in winter time but here

it's dust instead of snow that's the cause. Crushing ballast today.

Sept. 20th

Have No. 9 dispatchers's wire and No. 13 Co's wire to Los Angeles, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and intermediate points. Dispatchers call "X" at Bakersfield and "K" for operator on this division, but the dispatcher's call on the division north of Bakersfield is "Ds" instead of "X". Los Angeles 'Ng' office is supt's. office division to Yuma 'a.t.'

Sept. 21st
Saturday
1901

Clear. Hauling ballast from the Quarry on the Branch three miles away from the telegraph office (Camarillo) to and between Carpinteria & Summerland near Santa Barbara, since 19th inst.

Sept. 22nd

Clear during day, fog as usual at night. Began taking meals at the Hotel supper time evening of 20th and enjoy the place & food, also the people.

23rd
1901

Harvesters and thrashing machines at work all around this section of country. Day light to dark work pay from \$1.35 to \$3.50 per day on machines. A good profit in limas at $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents.

24th
1901

Clear. Down to a slow old grind at the trade, about a dozen messages and a couple of '31's' per day; plenty of time to run around and view surroundings & visit.

25th
Wednesday
1901

Meet folks here from all over the U. S. and from Canada and foreign countries. Becoming quite familiar with the Spanish and Mexicans and their ways; nearly all the section men are Mexican 'Greasers'.

26th
1901

Good chance here for advancement for laborers and especially educated laborers; in earning money, etc. one of the best parts of country for the workingman.

27th
1901

Some of the boys from the Camp drive over with a team once or twice a day, and we gossip.

28th
1901

Here as in our southern states east people resemble each other and have similar habits, one of them is horseback riding and the use of mules.

29th
1901
Sunday

The ladies all out to a W.C.T.U. Meeting (Temperance) somewhere off near the mountains



"Pay wagon"

in the distance last evening; and we men-folks set up a graphaphone and enjoy ourselves at home. The Weather Bureau & Railroad issue weather bulletins advising farmers and others to prepare for a storm of winter type now raging in Washington & Oregon, Saturday p.m. Today, Sunday, pretty quiet but cloudy, promised rain not at hand yet.

30th
Monday

Rained last night enough to lay the dust; and cloudy today, windy in the afternoon and rifts in the clouds. Pay car came yesterday; they handle some 50 to 150 thousand dollars or more on a division. Boys back from Los Angeles and report a 'hot old time'; they went in & out on our work train that ran in for repairs.

A shivaree is a serenade to a young married couple in this country. Cloudy & mild.

Cloudy & cool at night, quite sharp these mornings.

Clear & cool in a.m., warm & mild in p.m. Business outlook fine, crops good.

Oct. 1st
1901
Tuesday
Oct. 2nd
1901

Oct. 3rd
1901

- Oct. 4th
1901 Clear & fine, fog at night. When windy during bean harvest, it blows beans into great rolls and carries them along across fields causing the beans to separate and become lost. 5 or 6 thrashing machines in sight thrashing beans, work way late into night by fire light as the fog causes beans to be damp in morning and have to dry before being handled. Costs about \$150.00 a day to run one machine. Fruit lands, alfalfa, beet and wheat lands in rating preference; then pasture lands & waste lands, mostly mountainous. Have Engine 2190 at the Quarry and 2811 and 2172 as road engines at Camarillo Quarry. These engines & crews all at work regular. Hauling petroleum oil from the oil wells near the Quarry to cars here (Camarillo) for shipment.
- Oct. 5th
1901 Weather fine. Went to Oxnard last night and saw the town: characteristic western boom there and many saloons, but gambling has been censured and the Mexicans and others loitering around town; quite lively American Beet Sugar Co. has a large refinery; and there is located here a bull ring (bullfights yearly). Today very quiet.
- Sat.
- Oct. 6th Fine weather, no winds. Camarillo boasts of a \$5000.00 school. Bean industry is making big drain on the railroad cars.
- Oct. 7th Fine & clear. Begin to enjoy myself in this splendid climate.
- Oct. 8th Business 'A1' and promise of increase in all branches.
- 1901
- Oct. 9th Tuesday Fine & clear all day. Fog at night.
- Oct. 10th Wednesday A young lady, Miss Callis, one of the school teachers here, presents to the writer a photograph of our Hotel while under repairs,, showing a windmill at the rear and a horse fastened to a picket in front of the Hotel.
- Oct. 11th Clear. Crows appear in considerable numbers but pass over.
- 1901
- Oct. 12th Regular routine & weather until Oct. 20th.
1901 Then we have our first real East Wind; and it's a

scorcher from the arid lands of Arizona and very unpleasant; it also raises great clouds of dust that are nearly blinding, liable to blow off and on for about a month and a half or more; whenever the wind subsides, it is splendid weather.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|---|
| Oct. 21st | East Wind & dust. Hot. |
| Oct. 22nd | Comfortable weather, light breezes. |
| Oct. 23rd
& 24th | Westerly winds and cool breezes, delightfully clear moonlight evenings. |
| 25th | Cloudy & rains during the night. |
| Oct. 26th
1901
Saturday | Showers all days and cool. Wires not working. Not exactly fun travelling in the mud caused by four or five inches of rain at one time, especially with crutches when they sink from a few inches to two feet deep. |
| Sunday
27th | Unsettled weather. |
| 28th | Fair. |
| 29th | Rainy. |
| 30th | Clear & cool. |
| 31st | East Winds again and very hot. Dust sweeping across the country. |
| Nov. 1st | Landscape begins to present a freshened appearance and grass growing bright new and green very rapidly. |
| Nov. 2nd | The sky coloring begins to soften and presents a beautiful effect harmoniously; a contrast to the previous dry gray cast that has been everywhere prevalent for some time both on <i>terra firma</i> and in the sky tints. Everyday enhances the beauties of the country and it soon will be at its best. |
| Nov. 3rd
1901
Nov. 4th | Clear and warm. |
| | Begin working a night shift of laborers at 'B' the Quarry, now working Engines 2190 there and 2811 and 2172 on the road; run about fifty some odd cars of ballast a day at present, being distributed between Ventura and Mason St. Station, Santa Barbara. Killed one car repairer, named Dunn of Los Angeles, and injured several people since work began here. Having a few wrecks along the |

Nov. 5th
1901
Tuesday

Nov. 6th

Nov. 7th
Nov. 8th

9th Nov.
Nov. 10th

line at various places and times of a nature: from scouping eight hand cars at once by one train to blocking traffic for hours; and also the regular customary run of accidents, but none very great.

Halloween this evening as I am convinced by the young ladies at the Hotel packing my steps (on which I enter the office car) away to the top of the beet dump platform and mounting them there on a post; but others were visited and fun in general. Halloween exploits subject of gossip at the Hotel. Among guests at the Hotel: Miss M. Callis; Miss Adalaide Jones; Miss Laura Willard; Miss Ida Willard. Think they removed steps.

Warm during day, but very cool at night and sharp in morning.

Foggy but sun burns through speedily.

Foggy forenoon & cool. The school children in trouble on account of throwing beans, they are surely throwing them 'a plenty'. Beans nearly all harvested. Nov. sixth began to use ankle and at noon walked to the Hotel without the aid of crutches; but ankle very weak and great caution and plenty of time necessary to walk, but it's encouraging after about seven months 'lay up'. Miss M. Caliss' sister was married some time since and we guests at the Hotel were presented with some of the wedding cake, and a list of names to dream over; and we had a 'good josh' on some drawings. The marriage occurred at Ventura. The Quarry site is on a mountain at its base named Old Bony, presumably on account of outcropping boulders resembling bones; the mountain is one of the largest hereabouts. Over near Saticoy they boast of a volcano; it is barely alive though but keeps earth and ashes hot. Find fine specimens of crystals in various forms thereabouts. Clear & fine.

Cloudy.

Rainy, showers. Go to Montalvo on X2172 with injured brakemen, splendid trip, beautiful views; return to the Quarry and drive over to Camarillo in a double hitch team. Quite muddy, but escape

showers and enjoyed a good day's outing. Rains will damage a good many bean crops yet, they are beginning to pop (burst) open now and scatter on the ground; this means money loss to some farmers. Back to crutches again as ankle won't stand use yet. One of the school teachers, Miss M. Caliss of Ventura, ill and scholars contemplating a holiday or two. Horseback riding quite common with all classes in this country, even among children to and from school and across country.

Monday
Nov. 11th
1901

Nearly clear and warm. The grass is appearing on the mountain and hillside slopes. Saw an ocean liner away to the westward on the line of the horizon, distant about ten miles while standing in my car door: this a surprise as I wasn't aware the ocean was so near or could be seen except from mountains hereabouts; the steamer was bound southeast. Confirm this when related at the Hotel. One of the neighboring town, Hueneme, is spoken thus "Y Nee Mah" Hows that! My location, Camarillo, is thus "Camareyo" (Spanish names). Large flocks of young crows flying southward.

Nov. 12th
Nov. 13th

Clear & cool.

Clear and cool. Cloudy a.m. Cold nights and mornings.

Nov. 14th
1901

Cool and fair. About 25 men arrive daily as laborers for the Quarry.

Nov. 15th

Cool nights, pleasant days. Geo. Willard's ranch buildings, three miles from the Hotel, were today destroyed by fire, causing a good deal of local comment. Secure two rattlesnake's rattles from the Sebastians.

Nov. 16th

Pleasant. A lady cyclist passed the office on the track bound east riding a track 'bike' at 11:35 a.m.: 'not a velocipede', a regular 'bike' with two braces running to a small wheel on right hand side to balance and keep the wheel on the rails.

Nov. 17th
1901

Take ride (motive power, a horse) to view the ruins of Willard's old adobe house that was de-

stroyed by fire, that is still smoldering. Quite a quaint picture, with its surrounding buildings, trees, windmill and turkeys of which there were twenty-five splendid birds and other fowls. The ponds are a short distance above, where the boys secure their ducks. Passed through a section of several acres of tunas or prickly pears, a cactus that has barbed spines & woe to the person or animal that brushes against the plant. The fruit grows on and around the leaves in a pear shape of a reddish color, covered with spines; it is of a milky sweet taste and used as a food by Mexicans and by our people as a novel dish in the form of pies. The growth is so dense that only a wild cat can travel through it in many places. Also saw growths of cane, sycamore, oak and native woods; this section is the entrance to a large canon and is a low boggy meadow, capable of fine cultivation with proper irrigation. Visited Juan and Adolph Camarillo's ranches. They are about a mile from the rail crossing; and are fine buildings with convenient barns and outbuildings, well stocked and the land thoroughly cultivated surrounding the buildings, and good orchards of apricots and other fruits. Return home along a different avenue from the one traveled on outgoing trip. Weather perfect.

Nov. 18th
Monday
1901
24th

Pleasant, weather fine up to and including Sunday 23rd 1901.

Pleasant. Hear two steamers saluting with their whistles out on the Pacific this morning.

Pleasant.

Fog.

Fog.

Pleasant. Eat turkey today and have a grand time for the day.

Windy & fair.

Pleasant with just a little East Wind.

Young people have a sheet and pillow party at Mr. Mahan's place in the evening. Pleasant weather.

Dec. 5th

Take off Engine 2172 and crews on account of Time Card No. 6 going into effect 12/6 1901 at 1201 a.m. on the San Joaquin Div. and stop night shift at the Quarry on 5th inst. on account of the same. On Sunday the first took a ride in a road cart with Will Hartman through Pleasant Valley to Leesdale and return to Camarillo visiting Will's home, it being set down in and among semi-tropical growths and trees with a picturesque effect; also called on a Mr. Gordon near the beet dump at Leesdale, and ate supper and viewed the ranch. Passed many California pepper trees, they have very small narrow leaves and long drooping branches of berries of a purple or reddish tint. And ate a pomegranite, a fruit somewhat pear shaped containing many seeds of a reddish color that are pleasant to the palate. Saw the old vacated tavern on the old stage road (Santa Barbara to Los Angeles) at Springville.

Dec. 6th
1901

Sent home in Nov. one \$35.00 postal money order and one \$20.00 to L.M.B. Cool weather.

Dec. 7th
Saturday
1901

Presented a few Chinese nuts and keep the seeds of two of them, look like two small elongated horse chesnuts. East Winds today and cool. Notice a kind of tumbleweed, size about three by two by one foot down to small ones, blowing along over the fields for miles without stopping, first from one direction then another as wind changes clear across the valley. Large clouds of dust racing along also in every direction. Only day shift working at the Quarry and business light at office.

Dec. 8th
Sunday
1901

Clear and cool.

Dec. 9th &
10th
Dec. 11th
Wednesday
1901

Cloudy & cold, windy.

Weather predictions say "frost". Cloudy, cold and windy. Saw an ocean steamer sailing away north on the horizon line away to the west towards Oxnard about noon today. Sky illuminated last evening in direction of Santa Paula, rumored that it is a burning oil well causing the light.

Dec. 12th
Thurs.
1901

With the new Time Card No. 64 dispatcher's office 'X' moved from Bakesfield to River Station, Los Angeles: same call 'X'. This splits the staff of dispatchers, leaving one set at Bakersfield in 'Ds' office that work north from there on the San Joaquin Div. New Card also runs some of their trains this way via coast. Rumor and hear-say that water was frozen once before this year at the Quarry in a tub outdoors. Cold, cloudy and windy: water pipes froze last night and frost came as predicted but no damage done by it. The farmers plowing and praying for rains to come to soften the ground. Preparations being made for Christmas.

Dec. 13th
Fri.
1901

Clear and cold nights and cold mornings but warm during the middle of the day. Miss M. Caliss, the school teacher, presents her class with a candy cane for each pupil; and hearing me remark that I wanted a cane sometime previously in order to put aside crutches, she presents me with one made of candy to the amusement of the guests at the Hotel. Rescued returned P. O. money order of \$20.00 from L.M.B. today on account of no paying office at Cumberland.

Dec. 14th
Sat.
1901

Moving several buildings through town to ranches close by. Cold clear weather and frozen water in the mornings, frost predicted for tomorrow morning again. Move the S. P. 72803 (my car) away from Camarillo back to the Quarry again and I move my luggage into a room adjoining the Quarry telegraph office. Heavy frost this morning.

Dec. 15th
Sunday

With the old outfit, regular routine. Weather cold and frosty in the morning. Old Bony Mountain towers above the present site. Two boys from the Camp scaled its heights (of which there are fine benches on the west side) and discovered a tube casing at the tiptop buried in a pile of rocks and left by government surveyors who were in this section resurveying last spring; their record states Old

Bony is 1700 ft. high. From this height one can see away north along the sea coast to Point Conception near our former quarry location and also a fine view of the ocean all along the coast until the adjacent mountains south block the view in that direction: to the southward in and among the mountains are small fertile valleys; Ventura and nearly all the towns north to the Point Concepcion appear quite plainly.

Dec. 16th
Monday
1901

Frost, clear & calm and frozen still waters. Rumor circulating that next move will be Nevada, not confirmed as yet.

Dec. 17th
1901
Tuesday

Warm East Winds today and dust flying high and thick. Sent the first instalment of the outfit to Wadsworth, Nevada this morning.

18th Dec.
1901
Wednesday

Warm East Winds prevalent. Chief Engineer of S. P. Co. Wm. Hood arrived at the Quarry today about noon, then goes to Santa Susana (2 private cars). Nevada move certified yesterday, but no details. The laborers' wise heads are deep into the rumors of Nevada and its present climate.

19th
Thurs.
1901

W. E. Marsh and party leave camp tomorrow for Nevada work after the Xmas holidays are over, these being granted them gratis to be passed in San Francisco or elsewhere. We say good-bye to old acquaintances and friends. Clear and mild weather. Mr. L. H. Long and C. Bruckman take charge of Sloss Quarry transferred from W. E. Marsh today. The boys in the Camp find old pieces of canister shells on Old Bony; in these shells are small bullets. Canister evidently shot from vessels out at sea in target practice, distant some seven to nine miles.

Dec. 20th
Fri.
'01

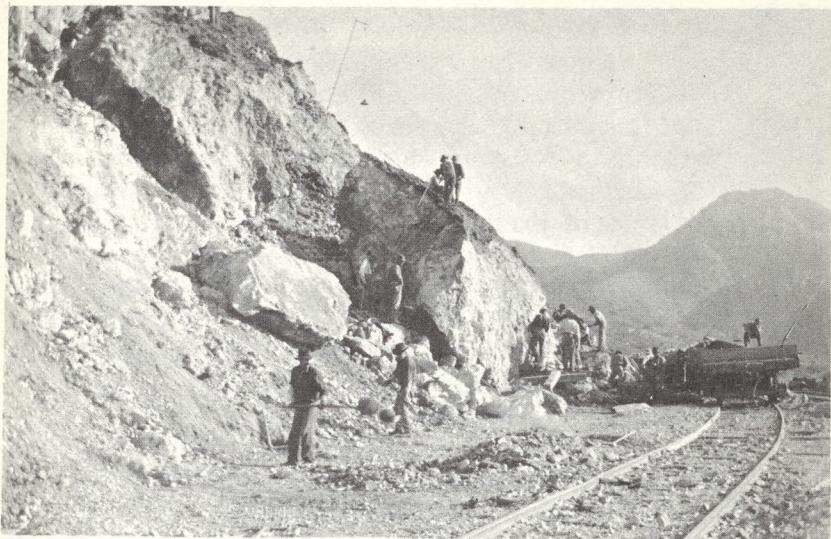
W. E. Marsh party leave camp at 7:20 a.m., X2811 Ward & Carnagan. Foliage turning a golden color. Working for L. H. Long, Asst. Engineer, S. P. Co. at the Quarry today, and a promise of an increase in wages. Have to get down to business now, ha! Walking without cane or crutches but still weak.

- Dec. 21st
'01 Cleaning up around the Camp and in buildings.
- Dec. 22nd
'01 Clear & windy. Mexican women and a few of the men and boys from their camp nearby visit us and collect discarded clothings, etc.
- Dec. 23rd
'01 See the Mexicans upon the hills probably after the prickly pears (cactus).
- Dec. 24th
'01 Celebrate the evening and chat with the boys.
- 25th
Christmas Presented with a silk handkerchief, toothpick holder, candle stick, cigars, candy and a box of candy, a cane from friends at Camarillo (the Sebastians & Willards). Pleasant weather.
- Dec. 26th
'01 Quiet and at work as usual.
- Dec. 27th
Dec. 28th
'01 Cloudy & warm, windy.
A very high pressure wind (cyclonic storm of sand) that beat the records, blew clouds of dust mountain high and so thick one couldn't see ten feet away at times; also blew small buildings from their locations and tore away tops of windmills and like damage; the dust percolated through and into nearly everything so that one could write in it a moment after it was brushed away; the worst storm of the kind hereabouts and throughout the state, velocity about 80 miles per hour. Not much damage in the Camp.
- Dec. 29th
'01 Windy but subsiding. Warm.
- Dec. 30th
Clear & warm. Working on monthly reports on the Smith Premier Typewriter, and regular wire work. Had a banquet last evening, very swell, only the office members.
- Dec. 31st
Warm, clear. Several large packs of coyotes around last evening, the first that have shown for several months. Clear and mild the last day of the year. Hard at work. Receive a letter from home. Can see the light of the Hueneme Light-house: it is on a point of sand on the Pacific about nine miles away; any clear night from the Camp it appears very much like a star, only larger. A good many ladies and gentlemen visiting the Quarry lately. Crushing about 30 cars 'Rodger' bal-

- last, about 2 sideboard ballast 'Rodgers' and about 4 'Rodgers' waste on an average daily, later on 35 & 3 or more.
- Jan. 1st
Wed.
1902
- Clear and cool. Monthly reports cleared and we will retire somewhat earlier. Lining with canvas and papering, etc. our future office. Everything 'ship-shape' soon and more like city life. Watch our Chinese cooks peeling vegetables and preparing meats and fish.
- Jan. 2nd
1902
- Cloudy & cool. L. H. Long visits camp today.
- Jan. 3rd
'02
- Boss goes to Ventura on Ward's extra from Mr. Camarillo at 7 a.m. Cloudy, warm and East Wind again, quite dusty.
- Jan. 4th
'02
- Clear, warm, East Wind.
- Jan. 5th
Sunday
'02
- Clear, warm, East Wind. Fireman on Engine Ward & Carnagan 2172 secures a small rattlesnake and has fun scaring the boys with it after he cuts it near the head so it's slow in its movements; the snake was found in the Quarry. Moved into the newly furnished room at the office building today, everything 'O.K.' Rain badly needed: in case there is none within a few weeks farmers will lose what they made last season; every branch of business will be affected by the seeming dry season; will cause a general shortage of money.
- Jan. 6th
'02
- Pleasant & warm, cloudy.
- 7th & 8th
- Pleasant and warm, cloudy.
- Jan. 9th
'02
- Warm, cloudy & pleasant. Sent the typewriter back to L. H. Long's office as they are short one and this does away with increase in wages: Glad of it, as I won't have to handle the reports. Light frosts night of the 7th and 8th and a heavy frost January the ninth in the morning. Cool nights but soon as the sun rises, warm and splendid weather.
- Jan. 10th
'02
- Heaviest frost of the season this morning, some wind later. Cloudy & pleasant day. Very cloudy p.m.
- Jan. 11th
'02
Saturday
- Pleasant & cloudy.

- Jan. 12th Cloudy & pleasant. Went to Oxnard Saturday night and returned Sunday afternoon. Oxnard is only about three years old and already a better and larger town than Norway, Maine.
- Jan. 13th
14th & 15th Cloudy and warm. Looks like rain, but it probably will clear away. Windy Wednesday afternoon.
- Thurs.
16th Cool & frosty morning, pleasant & cloudy later.
- Friday
Jan. 17th
1902 (Jan.) Cloudy & cool.
- Saturday
18th
1902 Much needed rain Saturday evening and during the night; about one and one half inches here and about four at Simi (snow on mountain peaks of Simi). It was showery: this helps but the ground needs more water.
- Sunday
Jan. 19th
1902 Cloudy & cool. Snow on the tops of distant mountains melts away by noon.
- Monday
Jan. 20th
1902 Clear and heavy frost. Make first trip east on ballasting between Sloss and Simi today; extra 2172 Ward & Carnagan, 15 loaded 'Rodger' ballast.
- Jan. 21st
1902 Frost and cool morning, cloudy.
- Jan. 22nd
1902 Wednesday Rains in showers during last night and snows on distant mountains of Simi Valley: every appearance of winter there and the cold felt here, being cold, cloudy & damp; but the sun will soon warm the air and earth after it has risen above the monutains that block its rays for some time, until about nine a.m. Everything washed bright and fresh by the rain, and the small animals and the birds enjoying the moisture in the growths and earth.
- Jan. 23rd
1902 Heavy frost freezes the grasses and weeds, heaviest of season so far. Very warm as a rule as soon as the sun is high but warm only a short time today; growing very cloudy and cold, quite winter like if one looks at distant mountains. Large number of crows flying south. The artesian well borer, preparing to leave camp with his outfit, stops work

	on the well today at about (3) three hundred feet. Raining at 7:20 p.m.
Jan. 24th '02	Rain & cool.
Jan. 25th	Cloudy. Purchased 80 acres of school land in San Diego County on Caresa Creek near Imperial District also close to Cuyamaca & proposed R. R.
Jan. 26th	Cloudy & cold.
Jan. 27th	Very cold & cloudy.
28th & 29th	Clears somewhat and warmer.
30th	Fair and cool.
Jan. 31st 1902	Fair. Received.
Friday	Visit Oxnard and take a drive all the afternoon viewing real estate prospects in and around town. Visit the American minstrels, Gus Suns, in the evening and retire at the Oxnard Hotel.
Feb.	Leave Oxnard & return to Camarillo, Sloss Quarry.
Sat., 1st 1902	Clear day. Light rains Sunday forenoon. Mild weather while the sun is 'up and doing' but cool nights and beginning to grow misty these nights, light fogs. Short trips around the Camp and to Camarillo and Oxnard. Banquets in the Camp; many visitors and friends call at the Camp & some fine views taken by amateur photographers of the Quarry and Camp sites, a few of which I secure. Plenty of small game for the sportsmen and women and we feast on rabbit and small game; during one day's tramp a friend of mine locates a gold surface outcropping of which I obtain from him a sample of the ore but not the location. Coyotes every now and then hold a 'powwow' and sometimes only two of them will sit upon the ground opposite each other and proceed to howl in each other's faces until they strike a chord; then you would wager that a dozen of the brutes or more were gathered, but they seldom come in sight where it is as thickly settled as here. Another trick they have is: one coyote will advance from
Feb. 3rd '02	
Feb. 4th '02	
Feb. 5th 1902	



Sloss Quarry

a pack and just bark not howl, whine or cry until they entice the dog nearby to challenge their barking; and if they (the coyotes) are hungry will endeavor to get a dog to come to the barking coyote; if the dog appears close enough to them (which is seldom, as dogs seem to be aware of some trap or danger) the whole pack will jump him and usually devour him. Have become acquainted with western life, and features and developments seemingly strange at first now appear ordinary to the writer: for instance the Chinese celebration of their New Years just past; manners of the Mexicans and other nationalities; methods employed in work by the Westerner and their mode of living and their praying for rain during what we at home (East) think their rainy season. In fact a deluge is very seldom and in this locality will not rain equal to our spring in New England. This is winter season: ground plowed; snow on the monutains; grasses green & growth throughout the year of various kinds.

Feb. fifth
to the 21st
Feb. 21st
'02

Passes in the usual way as above noted.

Secure from a chance acquaintance in the Camp store today a wild boar's tusk about $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, that this man killed near his home in the Conejo. (Spoken "Caneigho" a Spanish word, means rabbit.) The wild boars furnish sport with plenty of excitement and danger in that locality & parties, horseback, with dogs and lances and firearms frequently participate in these adventures and tell us all about the pastime. Cloudy today and rain, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches at night. Also secure sample of wood (Rhamnus and manzanita, a native of Calif. & grows only in that state).

Feb. 22nd

Rainy & moderate temperature. Obtain an Indian stone mortar and pestle today from the foremen's bunk house, that was found in the cave on Old Bony Mountain. 'Open and shut' weather. It had rained all over the state. Crews lay off on account of the weather.

Feb. 23rd &
24th & 25th

Rainy and ranch owners and everyone happy as the rain will warrant planting that has been retarded, especially the beet industries. Weather cleared at midnight.

Feb. 26th

Fair, cool and breezy. Snow quite heavy on Simi mountains.

Feb. 27th

Misty and rainy, cool.

Feb. 28th
Friday
1902

Pay car. Fair, breezy & cool. Rumor circulating that the crusher will soon shut down until Santa Susana Tunnel is completed: inside information says about April 1st 1902 the crusher will stop. The tunnel requires from 6 month's to a year's work.

March 1st
Saturday
1902

Presented with a mock orange. It resembles an orange, growing on a vine similar to a pumpkin vine; and the blossom is like a pumpkin flower but is white and taller, native to Calif. I threatened to help myself to an orange & by this means was presented with the mock orange. Purchase photos: one of the Camp and one of a portion of Sloss Quarry.

March 2nd
Sunday
1902

Los Angeles, Calif. Visit its old Spanish mission in the plaza, and inspect same; built 1861. Los Angeles is a quiet town, said to have Mid-Week Sundays: days that are very quiet. Heavy rains the night of 3/2 '02 ('B' to 'X') Quarry to Los Angeles. Trolley ride through town to the S. P. Co.'s Arcade Depot (NG); then obtain a room at Hotel Nadeau. Inspect S. P. Co.'s railroad and also East & West Lake Parks. Have a trolley transfer as a curio and a few other articles. See the town by lamplight and 'marked up' to leave (X & OD) at 12:30 a.m. 3/3 '02. Fair weather. General formation hilly, having a bright fresh appearance on account of the rains. Buildings, some fine ones, seemingly small and low for so large a town. The river near River Station (X & OD) is a dry bed except when very rainy. Today's Los Angeles *Herald* has an article and a few views on Sloss Quarry; have obtained a copy.

Monday
March 3rd
1902

Fair, mild. Arrived at the Camp at 4:45 a.m. having passed Burbank, San Fernando, Saugus, Santa Paula, Saticoy and other way stations *en route*: a broken country in general formation. Saugus is the junction for the San Joaquin and also the Coast Division to San Francisco, Calif. Burbank is the junction connecting Chatsworth with Los Angeles; also will when the tunnel at Chatsworth completes the connection with Montalvo, doing away with the strip Montalvo to Burbank as a preferable main line and using the Simi or Chatsworth cutoff for the Coast. This is our present work, ballasting, etc., this side of the tunnel. Crusher shut down Saturday night. Ward Extra 2803 took Westinghouse Engine shaft to 'Los' for repairs, requires several days; meantime we work extra 2190 Camarillo to Strathearn, near Santa Susana. Gangs cleaning out cuts. Everything in the Camp tied up.

March 4th
1902

Heavy East Winds, stormy north of us.

March 5th
'02

Fair. Can hear the roaring of the ocean nine miles away very loud in the evenings. Rains in night.

March 6th
'02

Heavy snow on the mountains. Fair. Start crusher again today.

March 7th
'02

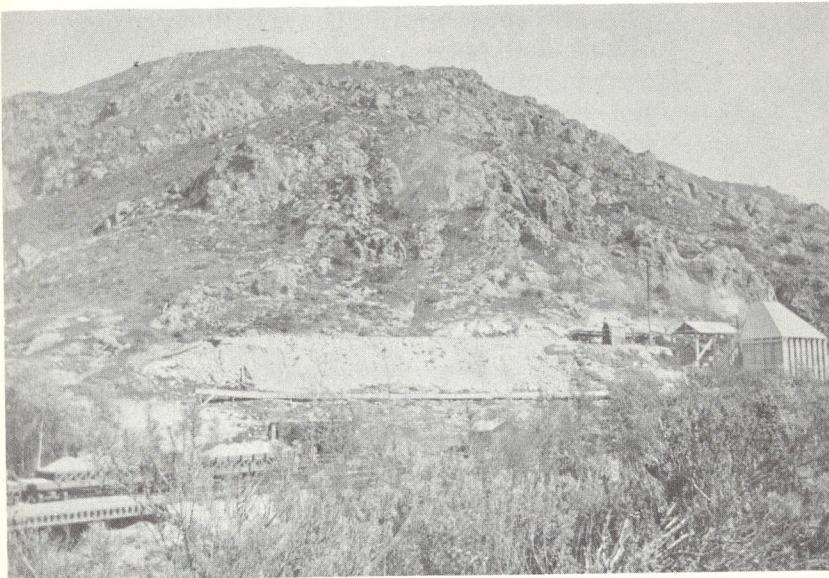
Secure a rattlesnake skin, an Indian arrow head with sealing wax on it and an Indian water jar of earthenware, unglazed, called an olla, spoken "oyer." This jar will keep water cool in the hottest climate or location, and drips one small drop in every 3 minutes or so; it's customary to throw the water left in the cup upon the outside of the jar. Another method: oatmeal next to the jar or outside burlag wrap covered by another piece of burlap through which the oatmeal sprouts & grows.

March 8th
Sat.
1902

Dance at Somis this evening; nearly everyone in the set in the Camp attending. Purchased two photos: one view in the Quarry and another of the crusher; obtained these from the manager of the Union Oil wells just beyond the Camp. Crusher began running yesterday and doing fairly well. About 3 weeks work ballasting, Santa Barbara to surf at hand; this helps prolong this work & something new may turn up. Above ballasting on account of recent rains. Cloudy, cool & rainy today. For the first time since located at Sloss the creek bed near the willows is full of water and constitutes what we call a brook or rivulet, has been running for seven days. (Somewhere a few miles north of the Quarry is a stone some thirty by forty feet or thereabouts, nearly circular, that had many mortar holes in it).

March 9th
'02

A party from the Camp goes to Point Mugu, near Hueneme, to the Indian burial ground; a very large one that has been explored very little as many skeletons and properties of the Indians appear on the surface at this time. There must have been great numbers of Indians to require such a large graveyard; and also there is a trail



The crusher

made by the Indians for 15 miles over the mountains (worn so hard that no grasses yet grow in these trails though not in use) like a deer path in that they endeavored to keep on the level all the way to Sycamore Canyon where there are evidences of one of their old camps but no burial grounds located as yet thereabouts. Then the Indians trail runs to Saticoy to a graveyard and also to Simi. And thirty miles out at sea is an island upon which a whole Indian tribe lived and perished; also a white woman that, while on a visiting trip, lost her child upon the island (Sam Nicholas) and refused to leave or be brought away and about 20 years later when seen had lost the power to express herself in our language and, wishing to remain, was left to her fate. Santa Barbara people have a history that is interesting of above island and its people. The U. S. Government owns the island. Reverting to the party to the point at the beach that is an oyster bed, the boys found many

curios and presented to the writer a portion of an Indian's skull, two of the major bones of the legs, two extremities of the spine, and one tooth found upon the surface and not in perfect condition. Very little if any excavating has been done and we intend to find something valuable someday when time is available for this seven mile drive to this point (Point Mugu) on the beach. There are also three large caves south of Port Hueneme somewhere, about 300 feet deep, a half mile from the point on the beach. In these the Indians moved and buried their kind in layers one upon another in the back of the caves. The waves of the ocean at times entirely or nearly fill these caves with sand, then again it washes away. There are veins of paint in these mountains, of a reddish color; some precious stones as opals and some pockets of gold. Some ironwood is also found in distant canyons in these mountains. Cloudy weather & cool, damp & windy.

Monday
March 10th
1902

Pleasant & cool breezes. To Oxnard in the evening on a work engine as the hauling engine goes to Santa Barbara and no longer hauls our Camp supply of water. Nothing of particular interest that's new.

March 11th
and 12th

Fair & warm, spring-like East Wind Tuesday. Our Chinese cook, Ah Gin, presents two china cups and saucers with colored designs and fine quality to the writer saying "You no show him;" so perhaps they were smuggled goods, who knows? Sing, the cook for the laborers, gives an empty Chinese beer jar; I can 'show' him.

March 13th
'02

Fair, warm & cloudy.

March 14th
1902

Fair and warm. The Mexican camp near the dismantled windmill is now abandoned; the last 2 families moved away this forenoon. The snow on the mountains is melting away on account of warm sunshiny weather. Finished my memoirs of travels across the states today. Setting up a gasoline engine and pump on the well in the Camp

and expect to discontinue the trips to Oxnard for water, now made daily.

March 15th

Confirm today a fact I have been watching for a long time; that is, heat waves produce a reflection as perfect as water. Have often noticed this result but today is the only time that a true and entire reflection appeared showing several houses, outbuildings, teams, trees and clear details, looking toward the Simi at one thirty p.m. Then I at once look for the regular appearance of a similar reflection but imperfect that appears on such days, looking toward the ocean from the other side of our Camp, exactly where we often see mirages. And true enough it is there in an uncertain sort of way. A view as definite nearly as an oil reflection could have been photographed of this view today. I believe it is perhaps less than a mile distant from the Camp well pump to the complete reflection. The uncertain sort of views toward the ocean are often mirages as they often envelop nearly all of the land and trees, leaving sometimes a few bodies of trees apparently in large bodies of water much like the ocean and islands. One would wager they saw the waves break upon a beach if they had not been advised otherwise. These continue all the year but more especially in summer.

March 16th
'02

A delightful day. A typical midsummer weather but somewhat warm in the sunshine that is causing havoc with the snow in the mountains. Spend the day visiting at Camarillo.

March 17th
'02

Weather of the 16th inst. duplicated; the heat wave reflections could not be seen yesterday (Sunday) but are very plain today in exactly the same position.

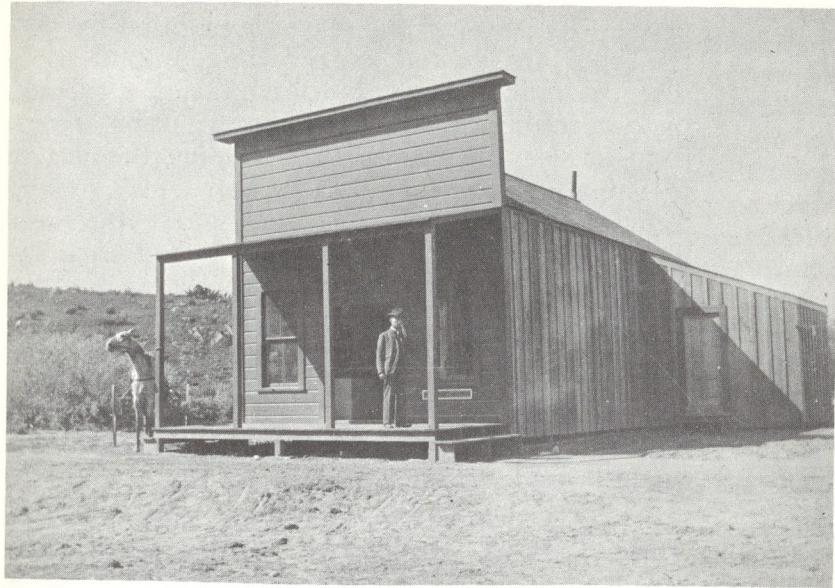
March 18th
Tues.
1902

Cloudy & mild. Went to Oxnard last night on work extra 2608 after water for Quarry & Camp. Returned 9:20 p.m., after a walk in town and a few purchases completed; a jolly party in all and a few friends from Camarillo accompany us to the 'Burg'.

Company in the Camp; also the poll & road tax assessor on a visit, this time not business, "No?" taxes not quite due. Chat with an old prospector on his experiences in Alaska and elsewhere. Cool and cloudy evening, windy. J. W. O'Brien of Santa Barbara leaves his position as our bookkeeper and returns to L. H. Long's office, Santa Barbara. This reduces our office force to Tom Mullander (Time-keeper) and Chris Bruckman (Assistant acting as Supt.) and the writer (Telegraph Operator) Chas. Dana from San Luis Obispo (one of the 'Old Boys' yet with us as Engineer at the crusher) also Dan Ogden (Manager of Quarry and crusher). J. W. "Will" Newman, J. L. Sebastian's agent at the Quarry store, at Los Angeles for a few days in charge of our school land deal in San Diego County, working for a close of the deal, and to secure return of our money from Wisemans Land Bureau, 105 So. B. Way.

March 19th
1902
Wednesday

A gambler from Oxnard in the Camp for the last few days, one of the so-called 'Tin Horn gamblers' variety, and all the local sports have a bad case of 'cold feet' as they are afraid of him; he catches a few 'suckers', is boarding with the barber, Coliss, who runs games in his shop building, any kind nearly from nickle in the slot, peanut or wheel machine to the dice or card games. No liquors sold or handled in the Camp, neither any religious gatherings. Delightful and heavy showers last night. Cloudy but mild and pleasant today. Snow in the mountains has nearly vanished. This winter Simi has had a partial coating of snow off and on for more than a month up to present time; this however is a little unusual in duration and quantity. Here in the valley the *rancheros* (or farmers) are tilling the soil and nearly ready to plant, some have finished planting; season a bit late on account of the wait for rains. Heat reflection picture again today. After last night's rain the ranges on both ends are shortened in today's views



The Quarry Store

seemingly by the cool damp of earth, evaporation and air currents; only a very little can be seen in a low range today, more especially of the heat waves' reflected picture than the water illusion.

Fair & cool. Very light heat waves & reflection today. A rock became detached from a cliff in the Quarry and fell upon a laborer's head causing a severe flesh scalp wound and a generous flow of blood; sent injured man on extra 2068 to Camarillo to meet No. 51, and sent him to the Company's Doctor G. A. Broughton, Oxnard. Some few days since a Jap shot a negro wench in a saloon in Oxnard; he escaped the police. Sometimes the 'Jerries' strike town and one or more start a 'Hot Time': anything from stopping a man with a lantern to light a cigar to taking a shot at someone, or being shot at themselves; and sometimes they shoot to make a hole that will let daylight in, however this is very rare. Only a few days since a man was found murdered in a box car at Saugus, no

March 20th
1902

clues. The most of the scares are caused by 'Jerries' that are looking or prowling around for a place to bunk at night; but last year an organized band of robbers infested this country using chloroform in sleeping rooms, then helping themselves to valuables, some of which were subsequently found in the centre of a hay stack where they were hid while the stack was being made and seemingly the robbers failed to relocate them, or were frightened away. There was also more recently a gang of safe breakers but they played in hard luck, making no hauls that would pay for their powder even as a rule so they quit. Holdups on highways are very rare. 'Knockout drops' frequently used in towns, usually to rob.

March 21st
1902

Cloudy, misty & cool morning; nearly clear & warm at noon. Some few Indians make good workers but seldom last more than one day. When hailed on the road "Hello John, 'savy' pick and shovel one dollar and half a day" reply "'Savy' pick and shovel two dollars day and board, no 'savy' one dollar and half", and if they are set to work, will 'stay with it' just one day.

March 22nd
Sat.
'02

Fair, windy, sandstorm increasing, cool. J. W. Newman returned to the Camp the twenty first, inst. and secured a land proposition near Escondido, San Diego County, in exchange for one we previously had with Wisemans Land Bureau; the latter is 120 acres for what is already paid \$160 for certificate of purchase in one person's name alone, patent costs one dollar an acre additional or can run on interest in lieu of taxes.

March 23rd
Sunday
1902

Cloudy and rain in afternoon & snow very heavy at Simi. I form a party of four (two Adams and two Browns) and go to Point Mugu on the Pacific Ocean with a Camp team and a lunch for eight people. Our journey at first is for about two miles through a growth of willows and we keep busy dodging and avoiding being struck by branches, especially those in the back of the wagon

who received the branches with a swish from those ahead if not dodged. Just as we emerge from the willows and along outside of them we pass very many mock oranges on the vines but now ripe and the vines dried up and dead. Then we frighten several sagebrush rabbits to their holes, pass many nicely cultivated ranches and some uncultivated land, many mountains and through one gap and around many mountains to the seashore. Having passed many pepper trees (the ground strewn with the reddish berries) and stopping at an artesian well to quench the thirst of man & beast, we saw two very large eagles here at the slough and directly are on the marsh. There are indications that the marsh extended further inland, and it is claimed that small steamers and boats used to come up to the now tidewater mark. Further along we discover a sheepherders' camp; and they have company today, and are out hunting. On a fence post of their enclosure is fastened a skin of a coyote. All along hereabouts are corrals with fences made of the tunas to protect the young lambs from wild animals at night. And there are several good streams of fresh water from wells hereabouts and around each a slough, filled with rushes and rank growths of cat-o-nine-tails, etc. In these are many birds among which I saw several flocks of orioles, and one flock contained some thirty birds. Further on the flat beneath the mountain that has a fixed signal at the top (being a United States signal station in use formerly as one of a series along the coast, the next above near Ventura) we drive along in full view of several islands and observe the sand bar that waves have thrown up, that prevents the water from coming in where it formerly held sway thereby leaving a marsh and beach and many enclosed lakes and streams in and upon which are all kinds of denizens of the deep, fowls and some animals. We note three flamingoes, many water-snipe, pelicans in

great numbers and ducks in flocks and pairs; and many familiar birds in these ponds are shovell-bills (resemble shovels and dig in sand) can be caught by hand often if hauled at one motion from water but if delay allows them leverage in water cannot be held, they are of no value; clams are all over the beach just below their breathing holes that cause sands to be spongy. There was an oyster bed at the point but it has been destroyed by waves & sand. We see a steamer going north, also in the offing a windjammer headed the same way. Arrive at the Indian graveyard, excavate finding a few bones of human kind and many animal and fish bones scattered promiscuously in the earth as though the waves had unearthed and moved them sometime. The graveyard is mostly a mass of all kinds of shells that seem to have been burnt; in these the skeletons & property of the Indians were placed in one spot that is nearly a circle of sitting stones. Someone has plowed over the ground quite a little and a few signs of excavations. Graveyard is located at the foot of hills, just beyond a cliff or rocks, at the end of a wash from a ravine; or as here called, a small canyon. Just beyond on the beach is a portion of a bow of some vessel wrecked some thirty years ago or more, evidently destroyed by fire; I secured relics of pieces of burnt wood and others water & weather worn, also shells and barnacle growths upon same and also on pieces of iron and iron that was melted and fused into and around wood, name of vessel unknown. Below the point an old, old-fashioned craft that would hold some 30 or 40 rowers is stranded in fair condition, and was repaired and used along shore for fun sometime. This old craft is evidently Spanish. Eat lunch, gather shells and dig clams; then start for home after harnessing the horses; that have eaten grass and some of the hay we brought. And as it is rainy, we don't stop to gather curios but with shout & song and jest and a 'sic' to the dog (named Bob or Nig) along with us

for him to take after some animal. He refuses to chase birds, even walking by a weed upon which sat a screech owl. Never saw it rain harder and we ask each other if "Are you sorry you came", answer "Of course not". In half an hour the rain lets up and we arrive where sportsmen in the fall, spring (or let loose there) rabbits, usually 2 at a time, for hounds to chase. Usually giving an exhibition of a mile to two or more in speed that astonishes, we had a treat in seeing a jack rabbit spin across the field for a mile run, then a 'stop and stare' and run again out of sight as fast as he could go; and we helped him with a "Ye Hoo" all together. Hereabouts are many mushrooms and fine soil; and on the mountains acres of tunas with their ripe reddish fruit are very pretty in the rain. We now pass many sheep upon the mountains and soon a herd of sheep of some one thousand head and their herder & donkey pass to a canyon just ahead and to one side of the highway. Just passed on our return through the gap between a large mountain and a small one each standing alone from the (general) range; on the land (or back) side of the larger, very large boulders in great numbers have been broken from the overhanging heights and dropped & rolled to the gap below & upon the plain. A short distance & we have left a mountain on our right hand noticeable among its neighbors as its peak is strewn with gigantic boulders that appear nowhere else hereabouts; the next mountain shows us a cavern on the face of a rocky cliff about fifty feet in elevation from the roadway. The rain has continued and we are now passing crossroads, ranches and dry creek beds until we reach the willows again; this time they have a veritable rain storm in store for us, but we reach the camp none the worse at about 5:30 p.m. Left about 10 a.m., reached the ocean about 12 noon, left the ocean about 4 p.m. Clear, cool and fine 9 p.m.

- March 24th
1902
Monday
- Cloudy, windy, cool and showers in the afternoon. L. D. Mallory presents a specimen or rather sample of lead with copper and gold values in exchange for a relic from the wreck at beach that I secured Sunday; I found a sample in the Quarry that looks like gold values, and a spent bullet (38). Learn that crows build their nests about the 1st of March, and are all hatched before other birds begin building nests. Orioles are building now.
- March 25th
1902
- Cool, cloudy and windy; looks like rain around Simi. Wards extra hauled the last of the 300 cars of ballast for north of Santa Barbara today.
- March 26th
1902
- Rain last night, cold and windy today, cloudy. Everyone coming hereabouts should watch every change of climate and change their clothing or wraps accordingly even if three or more times a day, and especially at night, extra covers should be kept handy to either use or discard as weather often grows chill and warm quickly; if this is not done, there will undoubtedly be another on the list of rheumatics, etc. that seems very prevalent here. With proper caution in protecting against quick changes, that will not trouble one until the changes have caused a serious trouble or disease; the climate is of the finest.
- March 27th
1902
- Clear and pleasant in sunlight, cool in shade breezy. Los Angeles Cm'rcl. Of's. changed from 'A' to 'Gs', Saugus from 'Sg' to 'Jn' recently.
- March 28th
Friday
1902
- Cool and misty at night, warm in the daytime but a little haze.
- March 29th
Saturday
1902
- Mists lifts. One tourist from the Middle West observing near Ventura salt was used on fish from the ocean remarked "Why I should think it wouldn't be necessary to use salt on fish from the salt water".
- March 30th
Sunday
1902
- Fine weather; visiting friends at Camarillo.
- March 31st
'02
- Cloudy and pleasant with heavy fog last night. Visitors and office force nearly all attend the dance at Oxnard tonight.

April 1st
Tuesday
1902

Cloudy last night, begins to rain at ten o'clock a.m. today. L. D. Mallory left camp yesterday; he was Boss Carpenter for W. E. Marsh and Camp Carpenter here.

April 2nd
1902

Pleasant forenoon, cool afternoon, somewhat cloudy; snow on mountains gives the air a chill when wind is from their direction. Saw a road runner, a bird measuring about two feet in length from beak to tip of tail and about ten inches in height; it's named road runner because it's seen oftenest running in the road or alongside often on fences for miles. It is a deadly enemy of the rattlesnake and resorts to its prowess and all sorts of tricks to kill them: discovering a snake asleep, one alone of these birds or more if within call hasten to hedge the snake within an enclosure surrounded by barbed spines from cactus; then tantalize the snake until its body is filled with spines; then dispatch it, after seemingly enjoying the torture they give it meantime as a cat with a mouse. These birds are being raised by a priest in Arizona for this very purpose, they attack 'rattlers' on sight. This priest had a brother and sister both struck by a rattler, they were after water at a spring, later both died; and the Rev. Father hopes to have these birds protected and increased not with revenge but by a spirit of humanity. George Willard from Willard Hotel was my guest this evening.

April 3rd
1902
Thursday
April 4th
'02
April 5th
'02
April 6th
'02
Sunday

Showers but clears & becomes pleasant.

Cloudy, breezy & cool night.

Cloudy & cool.

Visit Section Foreman Chas. Greene at Somis and have a pleasant afternoon and notice recent rains have improved the country a great deal: grasses and growths bright and green. Somis has one fine school building, a church, store, blacksmith, and dance hall and S. P. warehouse and S. P. Co. (depot) station. Heavy rain in the night.

- April 7th
Monday
1902 Cleared in the forenoon, fine weather. E. H. Harriman's special with Harriman's party passed the Camp at 10:23 a.m. on its way to Santa Monica; after viewing the Simi Tunnel and the Chatsworth Park end of the tunnel, the party rode over the grade in wagons and went on via Burbank.
- April 8th
1902 Warm & pleasant.
- Tues.
- April 9th
1902 Typical southern California weather.
- April 10th
Thurs.
1902 Went to Oxnard on the 'Go Devil', a gasoline track tricycle, and returned after enjoying a pleasant evening to Sloss quarry.
- April 11th
'02 Dance at Camarillo School House tonight. Everyone in the set attend, also people from Ventura, Oxnard, Los Angeles. A pleasant company and fine evening and return in the Camp team to the Quarry about 2:30 a.m., a party of six person.
- April 12th
1902 Beautiful weather. Banquet. Misses Dela & Atola Wagner (Ventura) Miss Pauline Bello (Somis) C. Dana, D. O. & Mrs. and the mayor, W. W. B. plus Frank, Ben & Geo. Willard, Matt House, Mahan.
- April 13th
1902 Sunday Attend church at Camarillo (John 6:27). Splendid weather. Enjoy dinner at J. L. Sebastian's and visit at the Hotel Willard and return home in the evening with J. W. Newman.
- April 14th
1902 Clear & fine. Have a walk along the willows near the creek bed. Heat waves all these fine days. Tax collector in the Camp.
- April 15th
'02 Tuesday Clear, breezy & warm. Fog comes in nights. Walk about 2 miles this evening; this is the first long walk since last May 1901. Went to Camarillo on 'Go Devil' last evening with Chris & Chas. (Bruckman & Dana) and they went to Somis while I visited the store & Hotel and enjoyed music, both instrumental & vocal; and the company agreeable. Returned about 10 p.m. on 'Go Devil'.
- April 16th
1902 Chris and Chas. go into the ditch this noon while on the way to Montalvo; 'Go Devil' left the rail on our branch track near the first curve, close



Ida Willard and Jessie Hartman at Sebastian's store

to the blue gums (Avenue of Blue Gum Trees) Camarillo, Calif. The motor car turned over upon Chris after throwing him off and bruised and sprained his wrists and bruised Chas. and piled up on him with his head up between the rods connecting the little wheel; both were badly shaken up, and Chas. found his watch a dozen feet away; the accident was close to an iron cattle guard which luckily they escaped. It's doubtful if the motor-car could be auctioned off just at present writing; seemingly no reason for the accident. I can't walk far, but shall take chances on foot most of the time from now on. Walked a mile away to a gap on a bench of Old Bony Mountain and discovered a fine prospect in a dip beyond where the Union Oil wells are located: some standing water and quite a few trees and a ranch. Return to the Camp at dark, passing stock and fighting mosquitoes that come from the standing water evidently. Was along the creek bed for a short distance, and note



A party at the Quarry

the bullrushes are very tall (about 6 feet) and strange plants; and found a strip of woven reeds that was left by the Mexicans camped some time since but now gone from the old windmill well (a boxed well about 4 by 4 feet, water about 30 feet below the surface now).

April 17th
Thurs.
1902

Cloudy, fair, then fog at night. Light breezes. Constitutional and visitors in the Camp for today's news. And completed 1st coat of ballast on the branch; this leaves only a short strip to 2nd coat; then sidetracks, yards and some trimming completes our work as the outlook appears at present until Simi & Chatsworth Park Tunnel is finished.

April 18th
'02

M. of W. Dept. orders more ballast today, this will prolong our work. Some few of the young ladies from Camarillo today and several young men, photos taken of various groups and we all enjoy an afternoon outing in the Quarry upon the hills, meantime gather flowers of many varieties that are now nearly at their best; incidently discovered a rattlesnake, a few horned toads and always present a prospect of others appearing at just the most unexpected place or moment (that the ladies protested).

April 19th
1902
Saturday

Cloudy, cool and a broken fog. The office gang pass an evening relating experiences they

have had in various parts of the country and time arrives to retire all too soon.

April 20th
Sunday

Visit at the 'Village', Camarillo and Hotel Willard. Pleasant day; and walk to the Camp after evening services at the church in company of the Misses Willard, Laura and Ida, and Miss House.

Monday
21st

Heavy winds, clouds of dust and a bad spell of weather all day, clears and quiets down at sunset and I go to Oxnard on Engine 2068 (taken in solely that I may reach town) Engineer Casey to attend a Masonic Banquet by Junior Members, Oxnard Lodge No. 341 F.&A.M. at the Masonic Temple in Oxnard, Monday April 21st 1902 at 8 p.m. On the program in my collection: fine readings, singing and general entertainment; a delightful people and in an elegantly furnished reception club and other rooms; Mr. Tom Rice presents the Stars and Stripes in silk to the Lodge, a beautiful flag. Refreshments follow the artists' performances: floral decorations for tables of great variety and beauty, and ice cream served after being formed in a mould in various shapes of vegetables, Brownies, fruit, etc. that furnished a diversion. Meet and become acquainted with the 'Brethren'. Go to the Camp with Condr. Ward Extra 2803.

April 22nd
1902
Tuesday

Fair weather. Train to the Hotel in the evening; then after a pleasant chat at the store and the Hotel, enjoy another walk by the railroad track back to the Camp. Clear and moonlight; and coyotes barking, and hear a mockingbird and a Bob White and other kinds of birds sing and call.

April 23rd
Wednesday

Windy. The business shows signs of a close at Saturday night, and we no longer make it a secret; it's possible I may finish the month. Have a fine walk to the 'Village' (Camarillo) and after refreshments at the Hotel, constitutional back to the Camp over the highway that rounds the hills and passes through the woods along the creek bed; and listen to the noises of birds, animals and breezes. A perfect evening, clear moonlight with a few clouds; and this continued for about five

miles together with the trip to the Village totals about eight miles: that's the record for my ankle and all it would stand! I also passed several ranches with their ranch houses, outbuildings, shacks and tents, windmills and stacks of various kinds of hay, mostly wheat straw; and saw many cattle and various kinds of stock, horses, hogs, etc.; and note while along the Blue Gum Avenues the level farming lands are being worked and reworked, repeatedly by gang plows, harrows and other machines that require from four to several dozen horses or mules to manipulate this soil and even more to keep weeds down, especially a variety known as tumbleweeds that are thrifty large quick growers. The winds tumble these for miles across the open, later in the season: remarks, of course, of one as described while in the telegraph car at Camarillo. Saw a great number of owls and they were quite tame, could nearly pick them up from the roadway, not quite; horned toads, cute little fellows a plenty and the air alive with strange and interesting sounds; this was a treat. Expect I never will see Old Bony's tiptop view, can't climb yet! And only two trips remain to complete sight-seeing hereabouts: the oil wells and the pond about which I have heard so much a few miles away.

April 24th
1902
Thurs.
April 25th
1902
April 26th
1902
April 27th
1902

Pleasant. Constitutional.

Pleasant.

ditto.

ditto. In company with Jess Conrad and Bro. went on a visit to Hueneme and took a general inspection of the quaint, nearly dead little town; walked onto the pier and watched the waves and the flash of the light in the lighthouse across the water. A short distance on the sand bar there are five large warehouses of the I.P.M. Co's and a goodly number of business houses running yet. On the bank building I am advised the second brick is on a level with the ocean which is held back by

a sand bar. Cross over the Slump Ditch from Oxnard's Beet Sugar Factory, a short distance out of town; it runs to the ocean, piped the latter part of the way. We pass a typical stage and see sights that are only to be found in a western town. Returning home narratives in order.

April 28th
1902

Cool, pleasant. Walked to the Village at Camarillo and return each evening except the 27th or rode in on the train, motor or handcar for sometime now. Today I win.

April 29th
1902
April 30th
1902
Wednesday
May 1st
1902
Thursday

Cool. Visiting & regular duties.

Pleasant, a few clouds and a little mist.

Kindness of M. House of Camarillo go to Hills Canyon distant about six miles to a May Day picnic of the Pleasant Valley Church; a good number of pleasant people who seemingly enjoyed the outing in a fine grove between mountains in wild picturesque scenery; a stream nearly dry, but not quite, in which the small boy was at home and secured frogs and turtles. While the stronger venturesome young people scaled the hills, gathered beautiful trail growths and flowers; while their elders enjoyed the surroundings and happiness everywhere manifest; lunch served, little of which went to waste; swinging in temporary rope swings; and the preparations for the trip home and prospects in route completed a delightful day. At the canyon or rather after entering it there is a steep grade (roadway) that leads to cultivated lands on the mountains and over and beyond to the Conejo. To the left hand of this mountain highway is a clear cut crag of rock overhanging a wild, rough and thickly wooded branch of the canyon; this is one of the distinguishing landscape features. Oak and sycamore in great numbers; the grain fields that need rain, in which are hundreds of swine; the ranches, two of which at Mr. Hill's are located in a delightful position with some taste and cost. We here saw a beautiful peacock strut and show

its feathers. We note a Mexican on a bronco, he is breaking, and they cause diversion in the road as we passed along between mountains on either hand in parallel ranges upon the left are several artesian wells, and numerous breaks in the formation and canyons that reveal splendid retreats and trees; upon the right formation an uneven slope or range of foothills. The soil is rich but should have irrigation to protect against dry years. Pass Camarillo & Lewis Dairy on the left side of the road and see their stock in good form. Next as a relief to the senses breaks upon the sight a view of a little pond, quite little, surrounded in part by high bushes and upon its surface mud hens, mallards and ducks ply their way in and around the rank rushes; directly the road overhangs the pond along the side of a bluff and an articial dam looms up at the end of the pond, acts as a retainer. We are now in sight of Old Bony Mountain at the Quarry which we reach while passing Mexicans, tenants of Camarillo, tilling the soil and a few ranch buildings; these lands if opened are capable of good production: someone must be dreaming or they may be waiting for the opening of the Southern Pacific Railroad through this country.

May 2nd
1902

Pleasant. To Camarillo, visiting my Lady, Miss Laura E. Willard. Transportation kindness of Condr. Bowersock extra 2040.

May 3rd
1902

Fine weather, a few small clouds but needed rain doubtful.

May 4th
Sunday

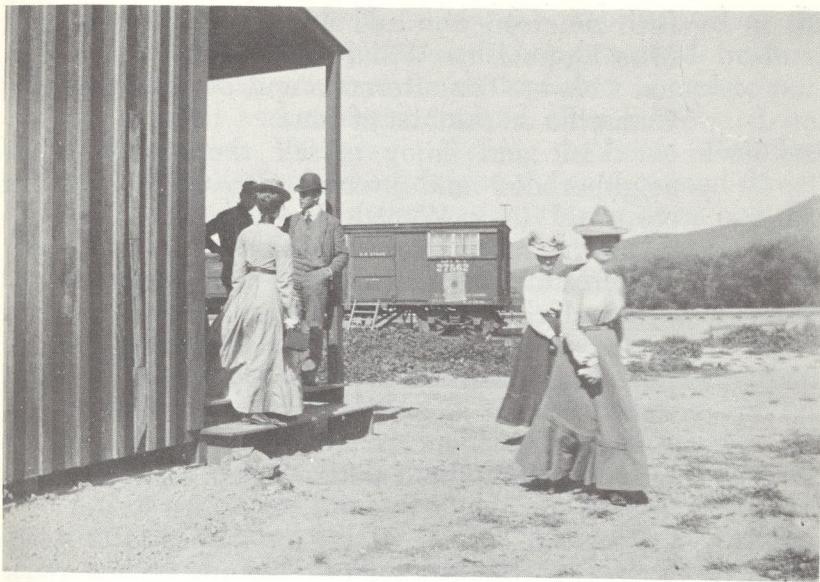
Visit Santa Susana with Miss Laura Willard. Splendid weather and a fine trip: the valley presents a beautiful aspect at this season of the year; fellow travellers all seem contented and prosperous. Shake hands with the S. P. Co. Agent at Santa Susana and Engineering Dept. Operator from Simi quarry, Mr. O. A. Turner, and also with Foreman of the Jap gang at Terminal 'pro Tem.', Mr. J. H. Maag; and after turning our locomotive, return home enjoying the views from car windows. Then



Laura Willard and W. W. Brown at his telegraph car

the writer in company with Misses Laura & Ida Willard drive in a single hitch to the foot of the Conejo short grade and observe the progress on the new grade from which this country expects to receive business from the Conejo Valley; the long new grade is a great improvement over the short grade. Pictureque and wild country adjacent to these grades. We pass the contractor's camp, ranches and an apairy of O. Willards' and call on the Supt. of the Union Oil wells, Mr. Sawin, and have a chat. Take notes on the wells, tanks, buildings, cables, derricks and general appearances of the location and of the soil. A novice might think a tar concern was doing business here. We now return to the Camp, Sloss Quarry, have supper and directly after I clear the wire and get release I drive to Camarillo through an avenue one mile long of blue gum trees and for two miles through bean fields. Pass the evening visiting and walk back to the Camp.

- May 5th, 6th Fair weather, some few clouds and one heavy mist appears. Attend a social at Miss Mahan's; a large attendance of pleasant people and the least of these were not the small boy and girl and their games. Readings, recitations, musical and novel diversions detained everyone longer than was intended to stay but no one seemed to regret that it was early!
- May 7th Went to Ventura on X2068 handcar and stopped at Hotel Ross, then purchased an engagement ring for Miss Laura Willard. Called at the courthouse and introductions are in order, kindness of Mr. C. Bruckman. Then return to the Camp on the return of X2068 from Santa Barbara.
- May 8th
1902 Drive to Camarillo with a team and Hostler Master Riggs, a young man from a nearby ranch. This better than the handcar method of the 7th inst. Enjoy a constitutional, made a call and then the regular drill back to the Camp.
- May 9th
1902 Clear weather and fine. Everything quiet in the Camp.
- May 10th
1902
Saturday 'The Girls' visit the Camp and call on the writer and stay for supper; then we all drive to the Village (Camarillo) and spend the evening at their home (Willards' Hotel).
- May 11th
Sunday
1902 Pack outfit and leave Camp Sloss Quarry bound for Wadsworth, Nevada to work for W. E. Marsh, Asst. Engineer S. P. Co. in the same Department on reconstruction of the Central Pacific Reno, Nevada to Ogden, Utah: but first say good-bye to friends and visit at the Hotel. Leave on No. 51 Condr. Smith and stop off for the night at Oxnard. Purchase presents for my Lady Laura and her sister Ida and make final preparations for departure.
- May 12th
Monday
1902 Mojave. I see and speak to the man in charge, Mr. Lemuel Rogers, who is to marry Miss M. Callis who teaches school at Camarillo. I present them with two china cups and saucers and



"Company in camp"

they present Laura and me with a clock 'To help pass the time with'.
* * *

June 20th
1902

Awake at Suddens, but as we are pulling out; and do not see my friend, the Agent. Passing familiar coast scenes; and call at 'Q' Office Santa Barbara, 'Vov' Ventura and 'Mo' Montalvo at about 10 a.m. Verify previous conclusion that Goleta to Santa Paula, California and Simi Valley from Montalvo excell as a residence section any point I have visited in the 'States' for business, climate and location. Leave Montalvo at noon and have lunch at Oxnard, and on errands 'up town' seeing acquaintances. Returning in about twenty hours board the train (Smith Condr.) and chat with the train crew until we reach Camarillo, Cal. my present destination, shortly after the noon hour; and greet friends and acquaintances. Call at and stop at the Hotel Willard and find preparations forming for a wedding to take place June the twenty-

fifth nineteen hundred and two; the principals, Miss Laura Elna Willard and Mr. Wallace Weston Brown. The afternoon and evening passed at Camarillo on the 21st of June.

June 22nd

Visit and enjoy myself thoroughly in the neighborhood and around Camarillo. Weather clear and fine. Went to Hueneme, Cal. and called at Mrs. Mehn's for a travelling dress of Laura's; and then to the beach and pier and warehouses and watched the 'combers come ashore in beautiful waves and ripples and with a deafening roar and pounding upon the sands. Quite a number of sight-seers out along the shore and upon the pier. A few yachts at anchor and one getting ready for a sail out upon the Pacific Ocean. Lack of time hastens our departure and we return to our team and call at Seaside Hotel for dinner after which we revisit the dressmaker's, passing among young men in the street playing ball for practice. And after securing the dress return along a pleasant drive on a sandy road in the half shadow shade of the blue gums nearly all the distance to Camarillo, observing quaint little dwellings and many interesting incidents, one of these being the foreign laborers at home and at work. Reach home safely and, of course, unhitch the horse and repair to the house; and then attend evening services at the Pleasant Valley Baptist Church; and pass a very interesting evening until time to rest for another day.

Monday
June 23rd
1902

Hitch Beaver, the family horse, to the buggy and drive Mrs. Sarah Jane Willard (Camarillo) to Ventura, Ventura County, California to procure a marriage license for the writer to wed Miss Laura Elna Willard. The same granted and filed. Also a certificate, or rather deed, recorded for one house lot purchased in Camarillo of Mr. F. Davenport in favor of Miss Laura (Elna) Willard, presented by Wallace Weston Brown. A Mr. Wagner, assistant to a Mr. Brown, the Re-

24th
1902

corderer made the entry for deed record at the county seat. Necessary shopping and business executed, we have lunch; and then complete purchases and commissions and drive homeward, out of town (Ventura). Passing the home of the late John Saviers, emerge upon the county road directly we leave a private way, in this instance one that was not exactly safe to traverse with a team. The ocean breezes, cool and exhilarating, aid us in comfort as we pass team after team heavily laden with produce and meet acquaintances driving to and from town along the way and upon the road. Leaving Montalvo and its sparse settlement but rich lands, we cross the Santa Susana branch of the Southern Pacific at the grade a short distance after crossing the main line; and speedily discover the Ventura Bridge that at this season of the year spans a dry bed of the Santa Clara River which in the rainy season swells into a dangerous stream of water in which many have perished endeavoring to ford (or cross over) before the erection of the bridge that is not absolutely necessary a greater part of the year but saves many accidents and causalities. Passing Little Jerusalem, California (a small town) we are soon approaching Springville, a yet smaller town, and then Old Bony Mountain at Sloss Quarry looms up against the sky beyond Camarillo as we are arriving at our "port".

Nervous preparations for the morrow's event and the attending decorations and 'Flora' and not to be omitted feast. Enjoy pleasant weather and agreeable company as old walks and localities are visited and commented upon during the day and evening; in all together a picture the writer never will forget. Our world would be brighter and better if there were more such pictures for pastime. I sometimes have posed upon the stage at other times before men at home and abroad but never was so thoroughly 'The man of the passing minute' as today; and all eyes look and look again and con-



Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Weston Brown

tinue the looking in a way that would be troublesome at another time, but is today appreciated although a little strong on the 'search light'. Then the final finishing touches to everything and the clergyman, Rev. (Mr.) Wright of Hueneme, Cal., arrives; and with a little haste, the participants are cautioned what to say and how to do; and the ceremony is performed in the presence of Mrs. Sarah Jane Willard, Miss Ida Willard, George Willard, Oscar Willard and relatives and friends present. From later deveolpments it appears 'The Kodak Fiend' was preesnt in the person of Master Fernando Tico who secured three views: 1 of the party on the way to the train, one of principals and one of the gathering at the train, where 'The Boys', the crew (Condr. Smith's) were ready and waiting: the Conductor Smith wearing a large wide band of white or cream colored ribbon on the sleeve of his coat (right arm) and with a string of assorted sizes of footwear in various stages of service strung conspicuously upon a wire and fastened at various distances from each other we observed were dangling from the rear coach behind and later discovered shoes and more shoes attached to everything we have as baggage. One feature of the proceedings struck me forcibly: the extravagance used in the amount of rice furnished and wasted, the stock lasted for some time; fortunately not very much advertised after we left, leaving Camarillo. All the old shoes were removed from the traps on the way to Montalvo; yet there appeared as big as a mountain one lone shoe when we start to leave the following morning and we receive more congratulations and "Good wishes" and "Farewells" from the S. P. men and others. At the Oxnard Hotel waiting train connections until morning where a jolly good time is spent and "good-bye" given to friends; and the sights seen and visited, and a poor exhibition in the Masonic Hall by some outside talent endured or tolerated;

for some time in the evening miserable singing and music across the way from the hotel. Departure from the plaza fronting the hostelry, we board train from the stage and are now puffing for Montalvo on the main line.

* * *

Sept. 30th
1902

Previously received certificate of marriage from (Mr.) Rev. G. C. Wright, Hueneme, to use in a frame and advised of another kind in book form, received latter. Received 'papers of our marriage from folks at Camarillo, county 'papers' accounts in the *Free Press* of June 1902 and also in others and many photographs taken at Camarillo.

Membership

NEW

James C. Moule

SUSTAINING

Philip Bard
William H. Cook
Roger Edwards

Mrs. Henry A. Levy
Mr. and Mrs. Lester T. Shiells
Mr. and Mrs. Milton M. Teague

LIFE

Philip Bard
Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Borchard
Henry M. Borchard
Mrs. E. C. Canet
Mrs. Effie Bartlett Daly
Mrs. Harold Dudley
Mrs. Rosemary H. Duncan
Mrs. Joyce Totten Fraser
Mrs. Katherine H. Haley
John F. Henning
Mrs. Edith H. Hoffman

Walter Wm. Hoffman
Mrs. Helene Holve
Carmen Camarillo Jones
Mrs. Edwin J. Marshall
A. A. Milligan
Mrs. Mary H. Norcop
Mr. and Mrs. Francis Petit
Grace S. Thille
John P. Thille
Harry Valentine
Richard D. Willett

Half a Century of Service

California Mutual Insurance Co. Organized on April 4, 1898 as the Ventura County Mutual Fire Insurance Co. with E. P. Foster, president; Nathan Blanchard, vice-president and Charles Barnard, secretary. This old Ventura County business firm has faithfully followed the high standards set by its pioneer founders.

Santa Paula Savings and Loan Association. Organized in April 1890 as the Santa Paula Building and Loan Association with J. R. Haugh, president; Caspar Taylor, vice-president and H. H. Youngken, secretary. This organization has served the interests of home owners and builders, as well as those of the investor.

County Stationers, Inc., 532 E. Main, Ventura. Successor to John J. MacGregor. Since 1898 Ventura County's complete stationer and office furniture dealer.

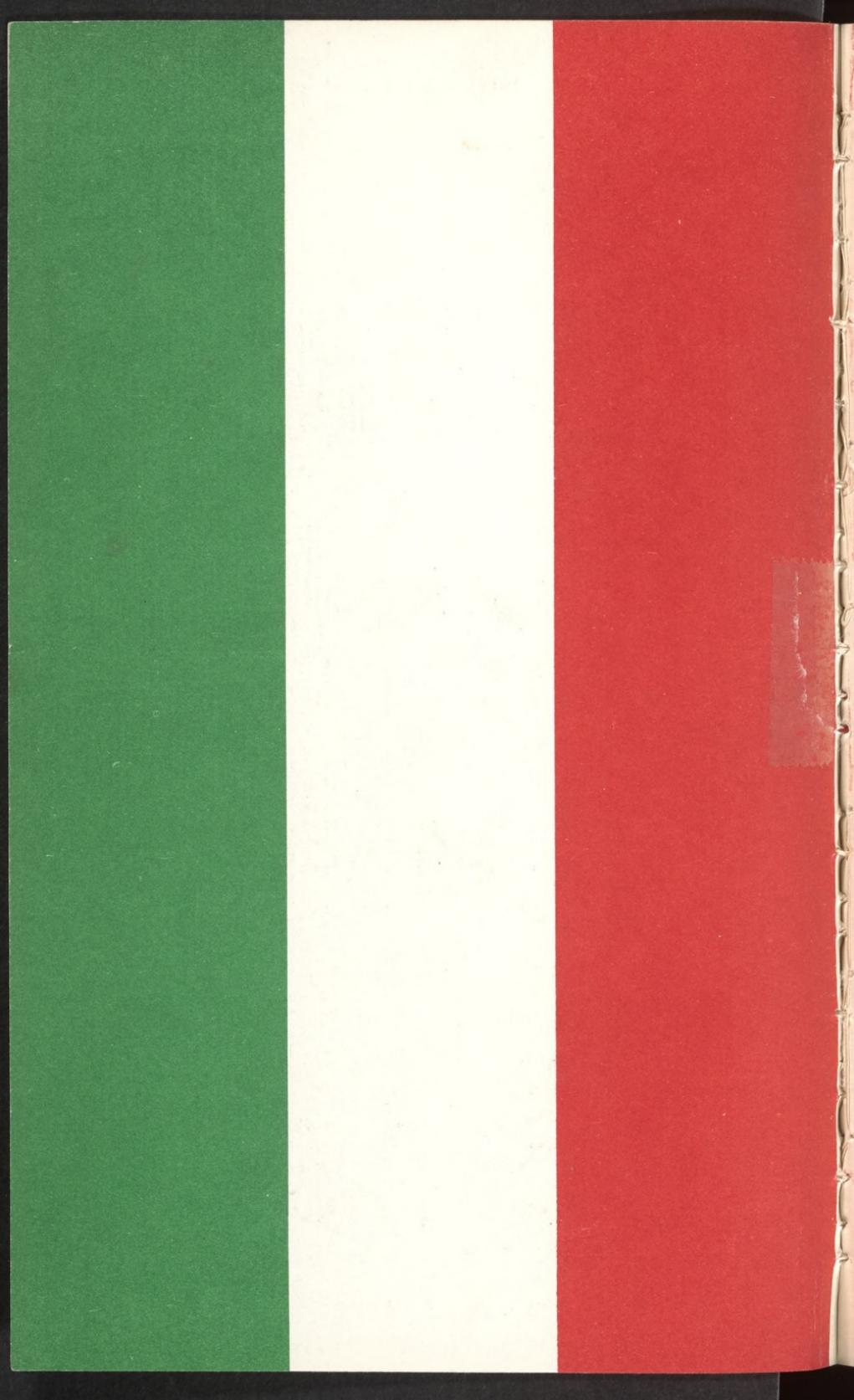
Bank of A. Levy, 143 W. Fifth St., Oxnard. Founded in 1900 by the late Achille Levy, who came to Hueneme in 1875. Since its inception Bank of A. Levy has been closely allied with the farm and ranch industries of Ventura County.

Title Insurance and Trust Company. Successor to Ventura Abstract Company, founded in 1893 by Charles Barnard and incorporated in 1898 by him and four associates, Lloyd Selby, J. S. Collins, Robert C. Sudden and John H. Reppy. The office has been in continuous operation in Ventura County since that time.

Joseph P. Reardon Funeral Chapel, 757 East Main Street, Ventura. Successor to the business established by the Reardon family in 1911 and conducted continually in Ventura since that date.

Janss Investment Corporation. The company began its first real estate development activities in 1889. Operations were moved to the Conejo Valley in 1954 with offices in Thousand Oaks and Newbury Park.

Union Oil Company of California. Incorporated in Santa Paula in 1890, its operations have spread from Ventura County to become world-wide.



VENTURA
COUNTY
HISTORICAL
SOCIETY
QUARTERLY

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February 1970

The Ventura County Historical Society

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The Ventura County Historical Society's headquarters is the Pioneer Museum, 77 North California Street, Ventura, California. There are four classes of membership: active, \$5 per year; husband and wife, \$7.50 per year; sustaining, \$25 per year; and life, \$100.

The *Quarterly* is published in February, May, August and November from the Society's headquarters at the Pioneer Museum. Grant W. Heil is Editor and the staff includes Mrs. Florence Dawson, F. L. Fairbanks, Junius H. Kellam, R. G. Percy, Mrs. Rafelita O. Philbrick and Richard D. Willett.

The Society assumes no responsibility for the statements or opinions of authors of various articles. All communications should be addressed to the Society at the Pioneer Museum. Memberships include subscription to the *Quarterly*. Additional copies are available at \$1.00 each.

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THE HISTORY OF TWO OLD HOUSES

I HELPED TO BUILD

By Edith H. Hoffman

VENTURA AS A SEASIDE RESORT IS SECOND
TO NONE ON THE COAST

Notice

Railroading is a hobby of Dr. Maguire; he makes model railroads, collects everything on the subject and has written two other articles on railroads for *The Quarterly*.

Mrs. Hoffman's article is another in a series on old Ventura homes by persons intimately associated with them.

In Memoriam

Robert Sutherland Raymond
1893 - 1970

Bob Raymond served twice on the Board of Directors of the Ventura County Historical Society, and had also been a member of the Cultural Heritage Board of Ventura County. He continued on as a consultant, designing the monument for Santa Gertrudis Chapel.

A GLOSSARY OF THE RAILROAD TERMS Used by W. W. Brown

by JOSEPH F. MAGUIRE, M.D.

page 8*

trick: a tour of duty. In Mr. Brown's day all tours were 12 hours; so there was a day and night trick.

Engine 2017, 2848 and 2808: locomotives and their numbers.

ballast and waste: ballast is crushed rock used for railroad track and tie support, and to provide the proper drainage; waste is crushed rock and earth, too fine or large to be used as ballast.

page 9

slide out: all dressed up and ready for some time in town.

page 10

The Little Man: assistant superintendent of the project.

Owls: Southern Pacific name for the train which had the overnight run between Los Angeles and San Francisco via the San Joaquin Valley.

page 11

ditch and unload: a railroad car ditches when it goes off the track, and unloads when it is also tipped over.

Supt.: Superintendent.

Condr.: Conductor.

page 12

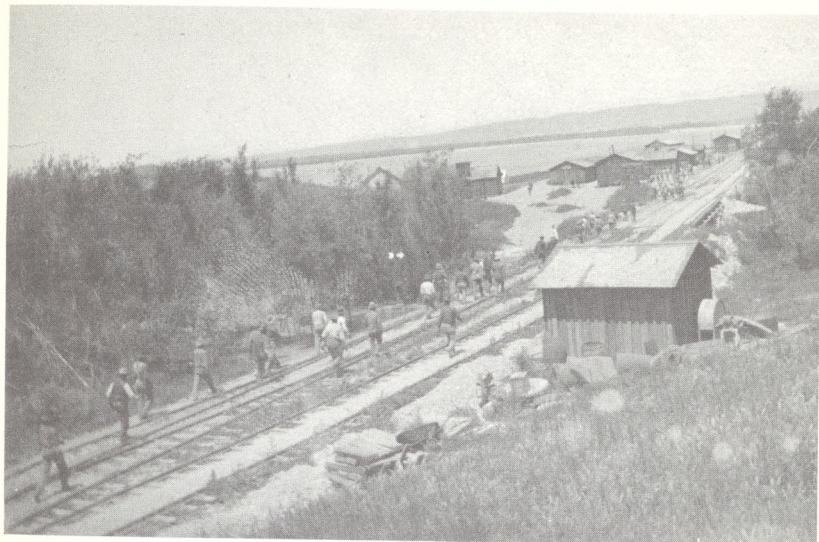
swamp: to cover a softened road surface with lumber, straw or other material so it will bear vehicle weight.

page 13

X, D, Ds, Ng and a. t.: operators' and dispatchers' call letters. All stations were on the same wire in the same area; and these call letters were necessary to alert the wanted operator that he was it, like the different rings on a multiple party telephone line.

31's: a type of order to trains which can be handed up to the engineer and the conductor by

*The listing is by the page in the October 1969 Ventura County Historical Society *Quarterly*.



Quitting time

means of hoops, giving information as to the road-bed ahead; whether to slow down or not, etc.: it is a helping order.

page 14

pay car: the railroads, up to the time when most everyone owned an auto, took their employees' pay to the place of work and paid them off in 'hard money'.

page 15

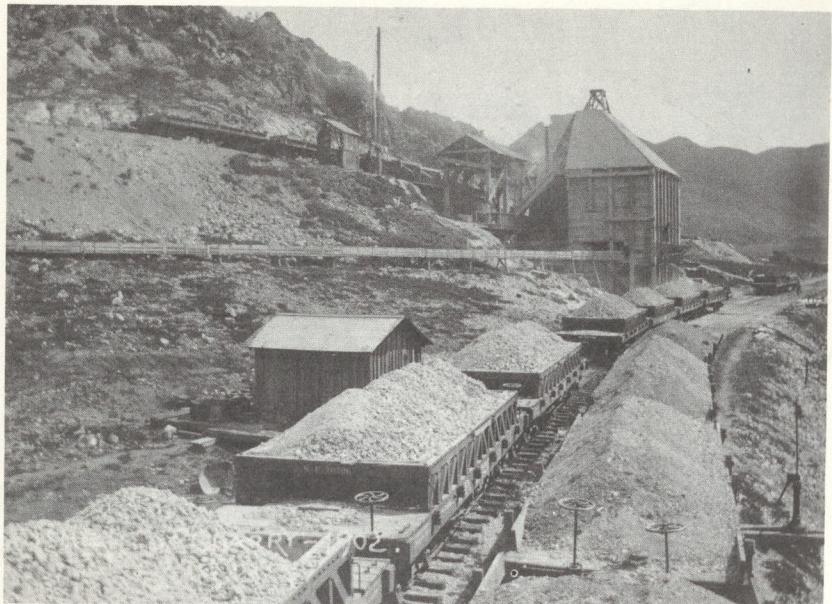
road engines: locomotives used for moving trains on main or branch lines, as opposed to yard engines which are used for switching cars in a railroad yard or marshalling area.

page 17

X2172: this denotes an extra or non-scheduled train, the locomotive number being used as the train number. Until fifteen or twenty years ago almost all Southern Pacific freight trains were extra trains, being sent on their way by the dispatcher who passed them along from station to station as he was able between the timetable times of the regularly scheduled (usually passenger) trains.

page 18

track bike: an ordinary bicycle, given a third



Rodger ballast and waste at the crusher
wheel and altered so its wheels would operate
on railroad track.

velocipede: a three-wheel, hand-operated
track car, consisting of the wheels, a framework,
a seat and the operating handle which one pushed
and pulled back and forth. Some know it as
an 'Irish mail'.

page 20 Time Card #6: new schedule of work shifts
and of trains, now known as an Employees' Time-
table.

page 22 X2811 Ward and Carnagan: an extra train
pulled by Locomotive 2811 whose Conductor is
Ward and whose Engineer is Carnagan.

page 23 Rodger ballast: a type of gondola car, so
arranged that it can be dumped from the side or
bottom.

page 29 marked up: railroad slang for being sched-
uled to do something. In this usage it meant
that Brown was scheduled to leave Los Angeles

at 12:30 a.m.

page 35 No. 51: a regularly scheduled train.

page 36 knockout drops: The chemical is called chloral hydrate. The usual dose medicinally is 7½ grains for sedation. Much larger doses were used by unscrupulous bartenders, usually in whiskey, to quell obstreperous customers or to immobilize an intended theft victim; in seaport towns it was frequently used to render sailors unconscious so that they could be shanghaied aboard ships to fill out the crew list.

page 41 Section Foreman: The person in charge of the laborers who repair all elements of railroad track (the track gang or 'gandy dancers'); he is also responsible for the proper maintenance of the track in his particular section of the railroad.

page 42 Go Devil: a motorized track car, having four wheels; sometimes called a motorized handcar.

page 44 side tracks and yards: side tracks or sidings are placed along branch or main line trackage to enable opposing trains to pass one another, or to allow a faster train to overtake and pass a slower. Yards consist of trackage for the storage of railroad cars and for making up cars into trains.

page 48 M of W Dept.: Maintenance of Way Department was responsible for large scale maintenance of trackage beyond the capability of the local section gang, including relocation of line, repair of bridges and culverts, etc.

page 50 pro tem: temporary.

page 55 X2068 Handcar: apparently Handcar #2068 was dispatched from Camarillo to Ventura as an extra train, a very rare occurrence, for the sole purpose of insuring Mr. Brown's arrival in Ventura with the least delay possible.

on the searchlight: the cynosure of all eyes. As the bridegroom everybody was around him, and he was the focus of all attention when the bride was not present.

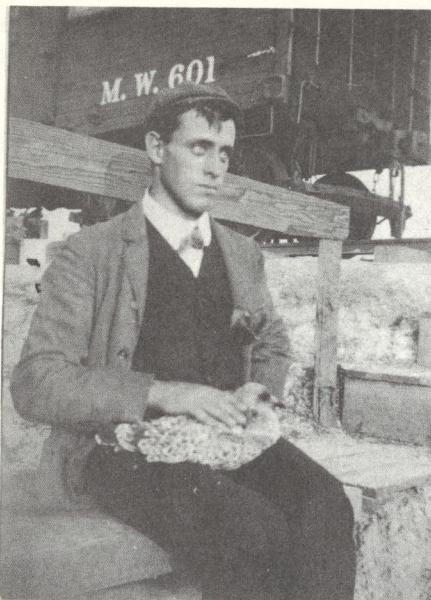
THE BOOMER OP OF VENTURA COUNTY with Apologies to Eddie Sands*

by JOSEPH F. MAGUIRE, M.D.

Wallace Weston Brown, the author of the diaries which appeared in the second Camarillo Centennial Issue of *The Quarterly*, was born in Lewiston, Maine, October 25, 1873. He grew up in that junction point of the Grand Trunk and Maine Central Railroads, and attended Bates College there. From his journals, and there are several volumes, it is apparent that his first railroading as a telegrapher was for the Grand Trunk in Lewiston and other Maine railroad points. In April of 1900 he began an odyssey from Portland, Maine that was to take him from his departure point across the United States to the Orient and back to the States, eventually to assume the status of a 'home guard' on the Southern Pacific Railroad as a result of his sojourn for that company as telegrapher at Camarillo.

For the most part Mr. Brown was a working tourist on his journeys. As noted above his vocation was that of railroad telegrapher; but he was not above working as a cook, veterinary helper, gandy dancer (trackman) or other occupations when the situation necessitated it. His journals indicate him to have been a man of great curiosity concerning all things with the ability to make accurate observations of geography, people, weather, economics and politics and to draw from them some very accurate conclusions. The latter portions of many of his journals include his theories of many various phenomena of man and nature and his reasoning as to why and how these events occurred. This is particularly evident in his descriptions of and theories as to why mirages occur, a great number of which he saw on the plains between Oxnard and Camarillo when he was stationed at Sloss Quarry.

*A boomer in railroad language is a railroader who moves from railroad to railroad, as the spirit, the season or difficulty with a railroad's administration moves him. An op is a telegraph operator or brass pounder; Eddie Sands was the telegrapher hero of a series of stories appearing in the *Railroad magazine* years ago by Harry Bedwell, the dean of railroad fiction writers.



Wallace

Weston

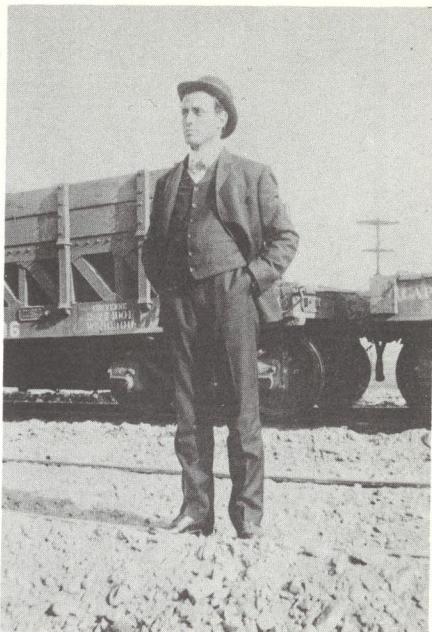
Brown

He left Portland by steamer for New York City; he was steward and cook on the boat, but such was his curiosity and personality that he was soon learning navigation from the captain and before arriving in New York was even taking his turn piloting the ship. He saw all the sights in New York commenting that the aquarium there was the best in the world; and then went on to Baltimore and Washington, D.C., this leg as a 'paying' tourist, where he spent three or four days seeing the sights of both cities. He includes a very interesting dissertation on the decorations of the Capitol's rotunda. He then obtained employment on the Southern Railway as a telegrapher and travelled via pass to Ashville, North Carolina where he was assigned as agent and telegrapher at the station at Canton, a small town in the Blue Ridge Mountains. He arrived on May 1, 1900 and remained there for three months, running the road's business with efficency, making friends and continuing observations of the district and his deductions from them. Included are two accounts of the treatment of the Negro in Canton which leave no doubt that inter-racial relations have markedly improved.

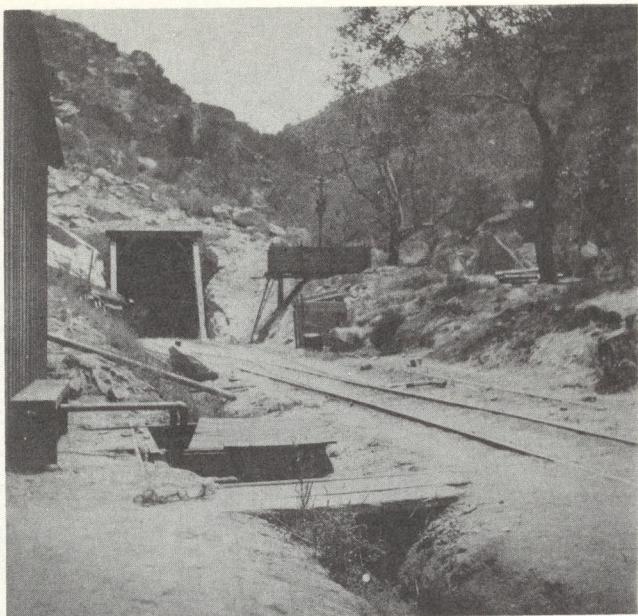
After seeing and commenting on all the areas of interest in and about Canton and Asheville, his "feet began to itch again" and he left on August 1, 1900 again as a paying tourist and headed for the Far West. He stopped off at many of the large cities enroute; he paid particular attention to Chattanooga's famous Lookout Mountain and its battlefield, collecting a few bullets for his curio collection; he also identified all the eight states which can be seen from the summit. He spent a day at the Mammoth Caves of Kentucky and was much impressed with their geology and points of interest. After sightseeing Chicago including the famous stockyards he went on across the Great Plains; he was awed by the huge expanse of flat land and the tremendous acreage farmed by single families, so much larger than the farms he knew in Maine. His pocket book being a little thin he went to work for the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad at the wayside station of Tyndal, South Dakota where he worked as a car clerk in the yards for weeks while waiting for an appointment as telegrapher. Since the position did not materialize or he became disenchanted with the state, by September first he was on his way again; this time going to Omaha and taking the Union Pacific and then the Central Pacific across the plains, the Rockies and the Sierras to arrive in Sacramento about the middle of the month. He had several "bull sessions" with railroaders and was astounded at the wages which could be earned: when told that one brakeman made as much as \$150.00 a month, he did not believe it until he investigated for himself; and when he found it was perfectly true, decided that the West was the only place for an ambitious young man to work and live.

Sacramento fascinated him: the capitol grounds; the river and its levees; the people so "much more democratic and Bohemian than those east of the Mississippi". And most of all the agriculture: huge wheat fields; large orchards of nuts and fruit and wonderful truck gardens. He spent a week there, again making fast friends and satisfying that remarkably curious nature of his, and then went to San Francisco by river steamer. The boat arrived in the early morning; and he was impressed by the view of the Bay and the Golden Gate as the boat approached the dock, but not so

"W. W.
Brown
himself"



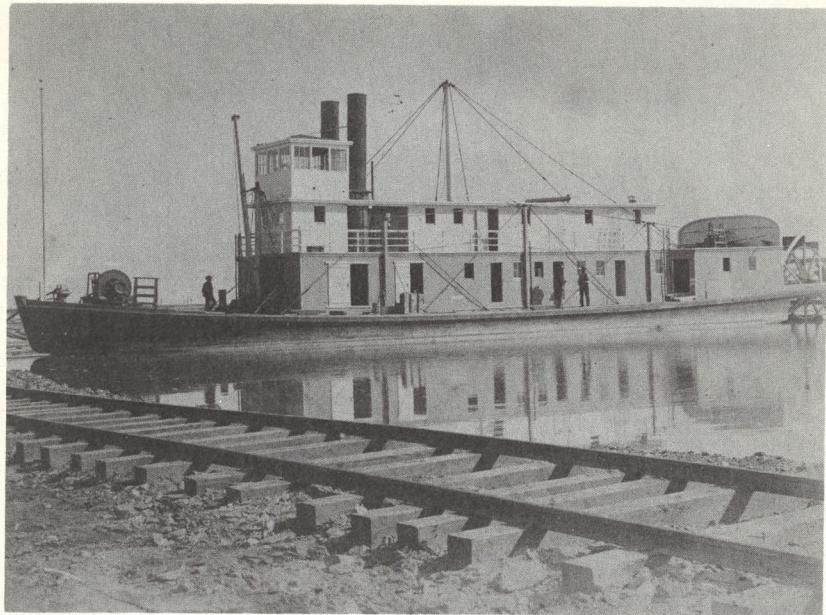
with the town which seemed "not as large" as he expected. He made the usual newcomer tour, including a trip to Telegraph Hill, "the Old Castle", Golden Gate, the Presidio and the beaches. He took a "position" as night cook at a restaurant at Ellis and Market, thereby saving his daylight hours for sightseeing and for making contacts to insure a job on a boat going to the Orient; a trip which was to be the next leg of his journey. He was soon rewarded for his efforts and got on with the W. R. Grace Company who sent him a few miles down the peninsula to Baden (now South San Francisco) where the company ran a remount depot for the replenishment of horses and mules for the German Army forces then in China. His job was that of veterinary assistant, taking care of "all kinds of wild, crazy, sick and injured horses and mules". This job was to continue aboard ship until the animals were delivered to the Germans in China. During the two or three weeks he worked at Baden, he learned to "use the lasso and acquire many tricks that will be useful around stock anytime". He also found that some of these beasts could be dangerous, being attacked by one who fell



Simi end of the Chatsworth tunnel

on him and then kicked him seven or eight times: he tried to "pooh-pooh" his injuries, but he did have to rest for several hours; and when he reported back to work, the Superintendent had him take over as watchman on the main gate. In October a full boatload of animals was driven up the highway from Baden through the streets of San Francisco to the Embarcadero and loaded aboard ship for the journey to the Orient, with young Brown accompanying them.

He was at sea, in the Orient and on the islands of the Pacific until December 1900 when he returned to San Francisco, and went to work as telegrapher for the Southern Pacific Railroad: first at Jalama Spur, just north of Point Conception on the Coast Line, where quarrying operations were in progress crushing ballast for the completion of the roadbed between San Luis Obispo and Santa Barbara; and then at the Sloss Quarry just south of Camarillo, where the same operation was in process for the new branch through Moorpark, Santa Susanna and the Chatsworth Tunnels to Los Angeles. Here he met his future wife, the extracts from his



Great Salt Lake cutoff

diaries telling Mr. Brown's own account of his experiences at Camarillo prior to his marriage.

He was transferred from California to Wadsworth, Nevada in May 1902 and stayed there until he was sent to Lucin, Utah "in charge of eight outfit cars and three Chinamen to work on the approach and also the thirty mile trestle across the Great Salt Lake that the S.P. are to build". He arrived with his charges on June 3 and began working about the railroad camp getting it ready for the coming job. His telegraph line was "cut in" and began operating on the 15th, the same day he was relieved by another operator so he could return to Camarillo and marry his lady, Laura Willard. He left Lucin on the 17th of June and arrived in Camarillo on the 20th. He was married on the 25th and he and the new Mrs. Brown left on their honeymoon which was also the journey back to Lucin and work on the 26th, riding the Coast line to San Francisco. They spent a few days there seeing the sights, the same as those he saw in 1900 plus many others, and then left for Ogden because his orders

Mrs.
Williard
in the
Browns'
car



to Lucin had been changed while they were coming up the coast. The trip to Ogden was uneventful; he does mention the huge railroad ferry Sausalito which took trains across Carquinez Straits from Port Costa to Benicia. Ogden was reached on June 30 where the newlyweds lived until July 14 when they went "to the front" and began life in a converted box car, Union Pacific 035. They continued their housekeeping in this and other cars until the construction was completed. Their oldest child, Willard Morrill, was born in their house car on June 28, 1904 with the aid of a physician from Ogden at a fee of \$45 and that of Mrs. Willard, Mrs. Brown's mother, who was an excellent midwife in her own right.

After the cut-off was completed and opened for regular service on March 8, 1904, he was placed on the 'extra list' of employees used for vacation and sick relief. Mr. Brown worked as a substitute telegrapher all over southern California for the next three years, including stints at Oil Junction, Warren, Mojave, etc., along with several returns to Camarillo and the Simi Valley. It was during this period that the Browns' second child, Alberta, was born at Simi.

In June 1907 the Southern Pacific Railroad informed him that he was no longer a substitute, but had been accepted as the regular night operator at Ravenna, a station in Sole-dad Canyon about halfway between Saugus and Palmdale. Their third child, Melba, was born at Ravenna and died there at age eighteen months of "convulsions" due to teeth-ing. In 1910 while the Browns were still stationed at Ra-venna, the second son, Oran Weston, was born although he arrived while his mother was staying at Simi. Mr. Brown had a bid in for the operator's job at Strathearn, the station then serving Simi and the valley; and in February 1911 he was posted there. He remained until he retired as a home guard in the thirties. A home guard is a railroader who re-mains with one company for his total term of service. The family lived in Moorpark and Mrs. Brown was in charge of the school cafeteria there for years. They had four other children: Olive Etna and Ruth Esther who were born in Simi; and twins, Francis Janine and Florence Lorene, who were born in Moorpark. Ruth Esther died the day of her birth and is buried in the Simi Cemetery with her sister Melba. After the move from Ravenna to Strathearn the "Journals of W. W. Brown" became very sketchy except for a brief per-iod in 1918 when he writes about a vacation trip to the east coast undertaken by the entire family, including four chil-dren. He still commented on the terrain, people, politics and economy of the areas they passed through and described simply and accurately the sights they saw, including a re-turn trip to the Mammoth Caves of Kentucky where he delighted in showing his family around as one who had al-ready been there. This last entry describes a little of Ban-ning, California and then stops; he apparently felt there was no need to describe the rest of southern California.

Wallace Weston Brown died in 1946 and his remains are buried in Portland, Maine, returned to the place where he started his odyssey in 1900.



Miss Edith Hobson

THE HISTORY OF TWO OLD HOUSES WHICH I HELPED TO BUILD

By Edith H. Hoffman

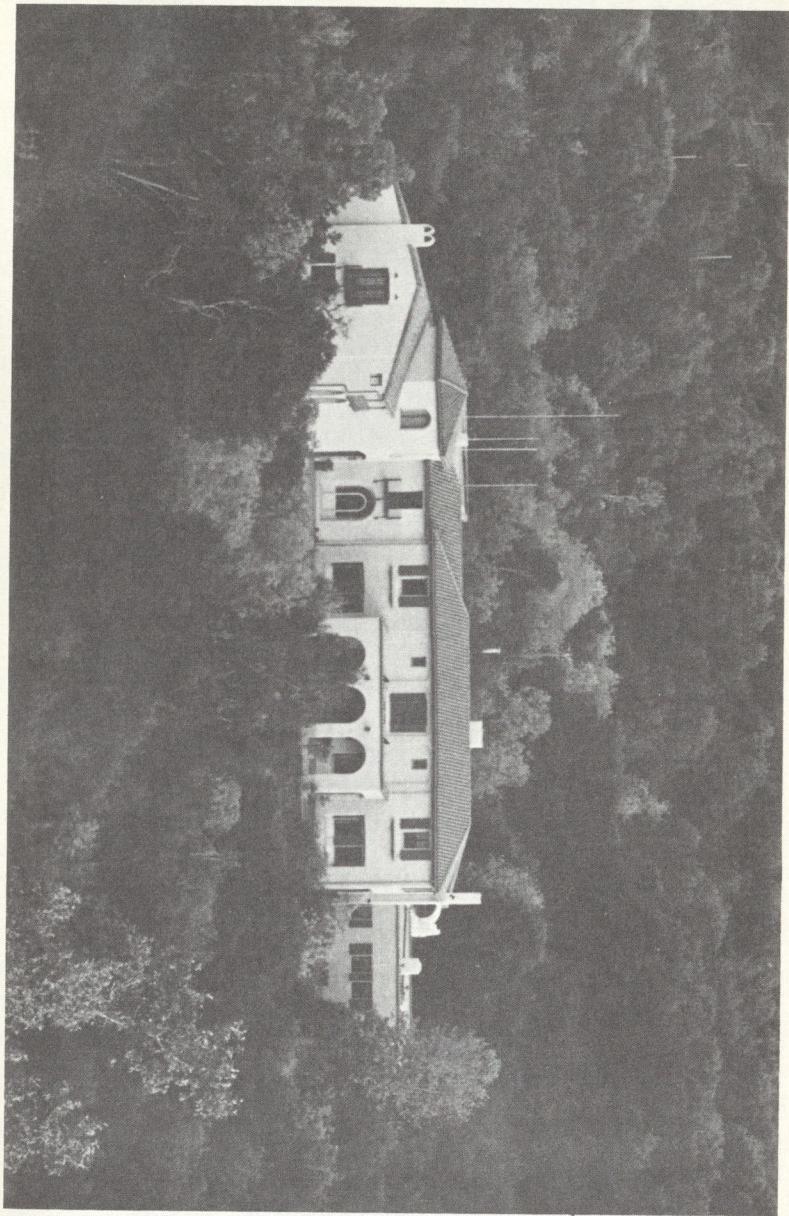
In December 1910 my parents, Mr. and Mrs. William A. Hobson, and myself returned from a trip to Europe, Asia and North Africa. My mother and I had been travelling for a year and my father had been with us for six months. The first instructions my father gave me on our return were that I was to accompany him on his daily trips to the ranches and to the cattle feeding projects. And also, I was to proceed to plan and build a residence in Ventura for us three, of a sort that my mother would like. I was to take full charge and not to bother him with any of the details. At that time we were living at the Rose Hotel on Chestnut and Main Streets, where we had been for five years. Of course I did as I was told and we were all satisfied. Our house on Main and Ann Streets was planned by a distinguished architect, John C. Austin of Los Angeles, and was built by Selwyn Shaw and his son, Bert. Everything was just as we wanted it, and I had a splendid experience.

Then two years later my father was killed in an automobile accident near Fillmore. Our lives were then complicated; but I was greatly assisted by my recent training in life directed by my parents and subsequently by my uncle, A. L. Hobson. Three years later my mother, my husband, Walter H. Hoffman, Jr., and I purchased my uncle's interest in Rancho Casitas and we proceeded to establish a home there. My mother sold the Ventura house; it was sawed in half and successfully moved eight blocks by the new owner to a lot opposite the Plaza where it was again joined together. The next home in which I participated in building was the Spanish type ranch house at Rancho Casitas. The architect, Wallace Neff of Pasadena, who had spent many years in Spain, designed the house; and Sanford Rudolph superintended its construction. It was delightful as a home and most attractive in its setting. It contained every essential that a complete ranch house should possess for the happiness of the adults and the proper raising of a family. We could receive

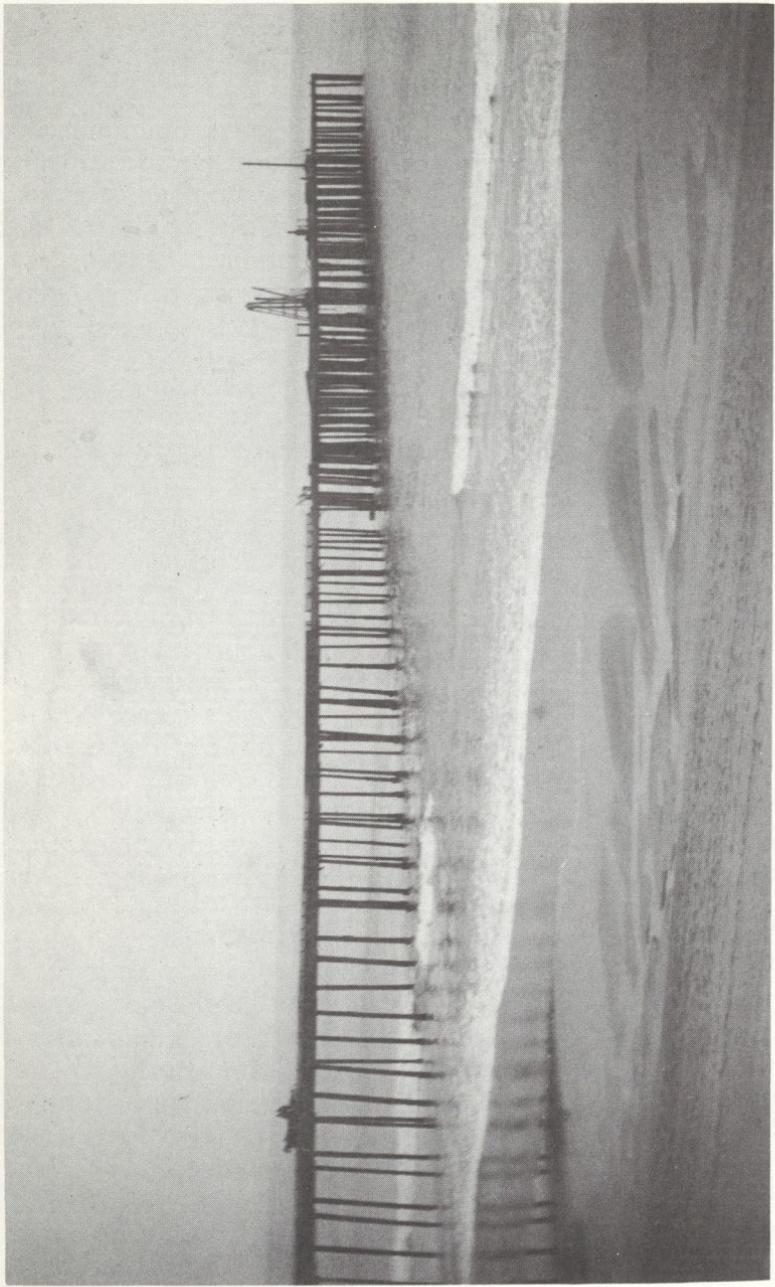


William Hobson and Walter H. in front of the Ann Street house

the many friends we made in California and many distant places as the result of our travelling and the producing and racing of thoroughbred horses. But this delightful way of life came to a sudden end after thirty-seven years. First with the death of Mr. Hoffman in 1955 and a few months later with the condemning of 4000 acres, half of the ranch and all of the buildings, by the Federal Bureau of Reclamation for the purpose of building a dam and a reservoir for irrigation. The eviction took place in two months and our beautiful home was eventually burned.



The Casitas ranch house



Beach

VENTURA AS A SEASIDE RESORT IS SECOND TO NONE ON THE COAST*

It does not seem to be generally known, nor much appreciated by home people, that Ventura as a watering place has no superior, if an equal, on the Pacific Coast. Aside from possessing a climate the most delightful and healthful, it has a beautiful beach stretching for miles along the water front. There is no time when one cannot enjoy a drive on it a distance of from three to six miles, and when the tide is out, ten or twelve miles on the edge of the foaming and curling surf line over a roadbed as hard and smooth as a planed oaken floor. Santa Cruz is deservedly famous as a watering place; and to that attraction it is indebted for its thousands of visitors who go there every season seeking recreation, health and pleasure. And while we would detract nothing from the merits of that 'fair little city by the sea,' we firmly believe that Ventura enjoys superior advantages, except in the matter of speedy and comfortable traveling to and from. Taking the year around, this is by far the most equable and pleasant climate. The beach here is by miles the longest, the temperature of the water is several degrees warmer, and there is no season of the year when bathing may not be indulged in with pleasure and comfort; and while the immediate surroundings may not be so wildly picturesque and grand, the deficiency in this regard is more than supplied by other natural advantages, one of which is the comparatively level roads for long drives, through a fine country. Besides, much of the scenery in this vicinity cannot be excelled by that of any other locality.

There are shady groves, picturesque cañons, wild gorges and limpid streams innumerable, and when it comes to the matter of game, no coast county in the State affords a better field for that class of sport. The Ventura river, a noble stream of mountain water which sweeps the foot of the town, and its numerous tributaries are fairly alive with speckled trout; quail, doves, pigeons and rabbits are found in every direction; deer are plentiful in the mountains and are often seen, and sometimes killed, almost in the suburbs of town.

*The article is taken from a *Ventura Democrat* of 1885.



Upstream

In view of this true and not overdrawn picture of the situation, it would be natural for those not familiar with the facts to exclaim: Well, why has not Ventura profited by all these rare advantages, as other localities have, long since? The answer is simple: Its citizens have never given the matter any serious attention, nor directed a single effort toward utilizing the gifts within their reach, and God helps those only, as a general rule, who help themselves.

Membership

NEW

Mr. and Mrs. Jerry L. Bennett
 Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Bliss
 Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Bright
 Mrs. Roger E. Dockstader
 Dr. and Mrs. George Meinig
 Robert G. Naumann

Mr. and Mrs. H. Travers Newton
 Mr. and Mrs. Norman J. Pultz
 Mr. and Mrs. Luther Rounds
 Mr. and Mrs. Leon E. Seaton
 Mr. and Mrs. George B. Sexton
 Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Stapleton

Mr. and Mrs. Elwood G. Tobey

SUSTAINING

William H. Cook
 Roger Edwards
 Mrs. Henry A. Levy

Mr. and Mrs. Lester T. Shiells
 Mr. and Mrs. Milton M. Teague
 Katherine Bard Wollman

LIFE

Philip Bard
 Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Borchard
 Henry M. Borchard
 Mrs. E. C. Canet
 Mrs. Effie Bartlett Daly
 Mrs. Harold Dudley
 Mrs. Rosemary H. Duncan
 Mrs. Joyce Totten Fraser
 Mrs. Katherine H. Haley
 John F. Henning
 Mrs. Edith H. Hoffman

Walter Wm. Hoffman
 Mrs. Helene Holve
 Carmen Camarillo Jones
 Mrs. Edwin J. Marshall
 A. A. Milligan
 Mrs. Mary H. Norcop
 Mr. and Mrs. Francis Petit
 Grace S. Thille
 John P. Thille
 Harry Valentine
 Richard D. Willett

Half a Century of Service

California Mutual Insurance Co. Organized on April 4, 1898 as the Ventura County Mutual Fire Insurance Co. with E. P. Foster, president; Nathan Blanchard, vice-president and Charles Barnard, secretary. This old Ventura County business firm has faithfully followed the high standards set by its pioneer founders.

Santa Paula Savings and Loan Association. Organized in April 1890 as the Santa Paula Building and Loan Association with J. R. Haugh, president; Caspar Taylor, vice-president and H. H. Youngken, secretary. This organization has served the interests of home owners and builders, as well as those of the investor.

County Stationers, Inc., 532 E. Main, Ventura. Successor to John J. MacGregor. Since 1898 Ventura County's complete stationer and office furniture dealer.

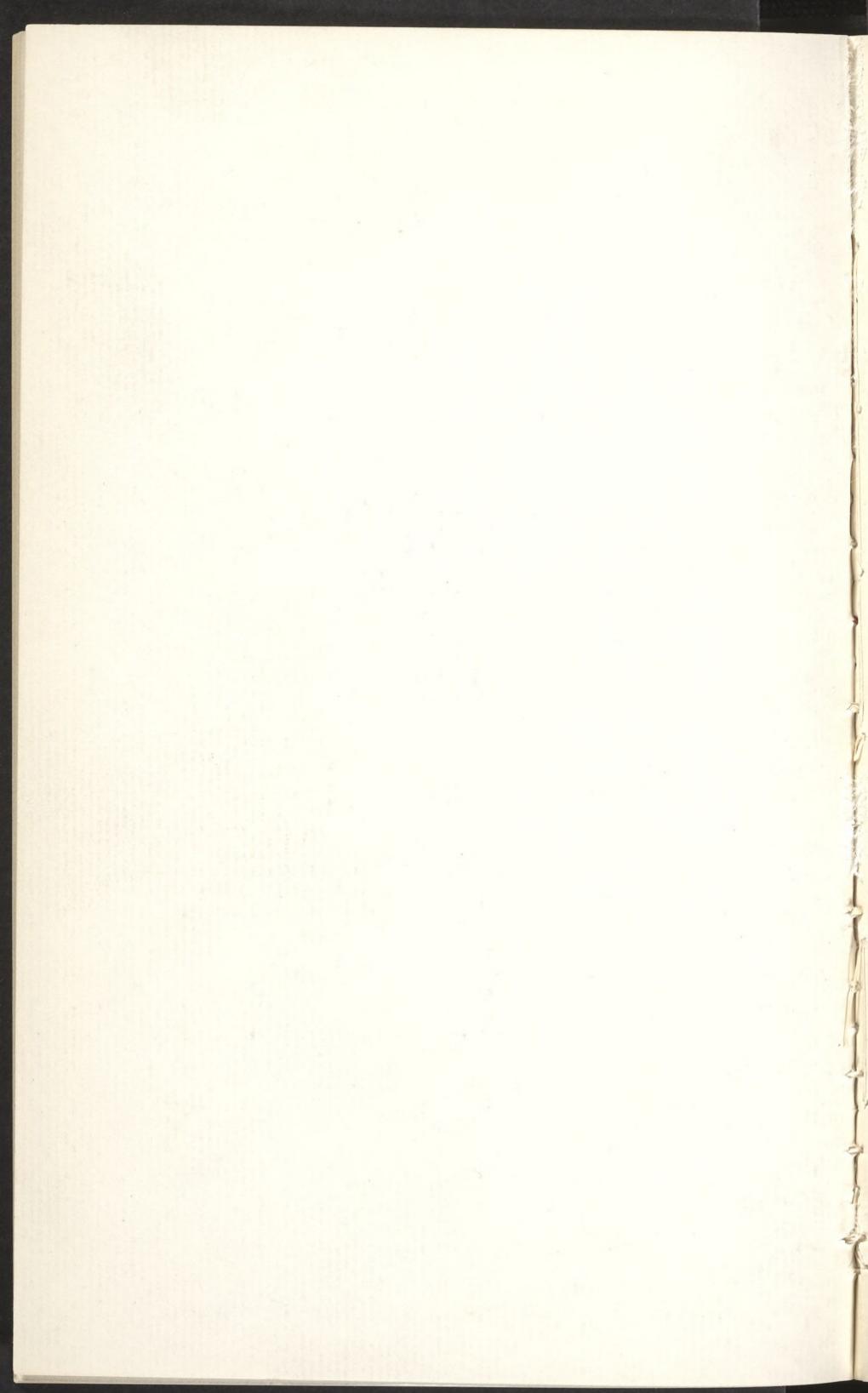
Bank of A. Levy, 143 W. Fifth St., Oxnard. Founded in 1900 by the late Achille Levy, who came to Hueneme in 1875. Since its inception Bank of A. Levy has been closely allied with the farm and ranch industries of Ventura County.

Title Insurance and Trust Company. Successor to Ventura Abstract Company, founded in 1893 by Charles Barnard and incorporated in 1898 by him and four associates, Lloyd Selby, J. S. Collins, Robert C. Sudden and John H. Reppy. The office has been in continuous operation in Ventura County since that time.

Joseph P. Reardon Funeral Chapel, 757 East Main Street, Ventura. Successor to the business established by the Reardon family in 1911 and conducted continually in Ventura since that date.

Janss Investment Corporation. The company began its first real estate development activities in 1889. Operations were moved to the Conejo Valley in 1954 with offices in Thousand Oaks and Newbury Park.

Union Oil Company of California. Incorporated in Santa Paula in 1890, its operations have spread from Ventura County to become world-wide.



VENTURA
COUNTY
HISTORICAL
SOCIETY
QUARTERLY

Vol. XV, No. 3

May 1970

The Ventura County Historical Society

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The Ventura County Historical Society's headquarters is the Pioneer Museum, 77 North California Street, Ventura, California. There are three classes of membership: active, \$7.50 per year including husband and wife; sustaining, \$25 per year; and life, \$100.

The *Quarterly* is published in February, May, August and November from the Society's headquarters at the Pioneer Museum. Grant W. Heil is Editor and the staff includes Mrs. Florence Dawson, F. L. Fairbanks, Junius H. Kellam, R. G. Percy, Mrs. Rafelita O. Philbrick and Richard D. Willett.

The Society assumes no responsibility for the statements or opinions of authors of various articles. All communications should be addressed to the Society at the Pioneer Museum. Memberships include subscription to the *Quarterly*. Additional copies are available at \$1.00 each.

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The
Ventura County Historical Society
Quarterly

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Contents

RESOURCES OF VENTURA COUNTY

Notice

“Resources, etc.” is the text of *Ventura County, California: its resources, etc. etc.*, a promotional pamphlet published by Bowers & Son at their *Free Press* Printing House in San Buenaventura, 1885.

Because of his known scientific interests, the personal references indicate that Stephan Bowers himself was the author.



RESOURCES OF VENTURA COUNTY

Ventura County is 300 miles southeast of San Francisco and 35 miles northwest of Los Angeles. It is bounded on the west by Santa Barbara County, on the north and east by Kern and Los Angeles Counties, and by the Pacific Ocean on the south. It also includes the islands of San Nicolas and Anacapa. The former is about 80 miles south of San Buenaventura and the latter 18 miles. They belong to the government, but sheep are herded upon them by private parties. They are resorts for seals, sea lions, otters and aquatic birds. The area of the entire county is 1,296,000 acres.

The Santa Clara River traverses the entire length of the county from northeast to southwest. This is fed by several tributaries which rise in the mountains near the Santa Barbara line, chief of which we may mention are the Santa Paula, Sespe and Piru, the latter having its rise in Kern County. The Ventura River rises in the San Rafael Range, flowing nearly due south, and is fed by numerous springs and mountain streams. These two rivers reach the ocean but about six miles apart. They furnish abundant water for irrigating purposes, when needed. Ventura is the best watered county in southern California. Nearly every valuable farm in the county can be reached with flowing water.

Good roads penetrate into every portion of the county except the more mountainous, which has not yet been developed. Timber for fuel is abundant in the valley, cañons, foothills and mountains.

The soil is generally a rich loam with adobe on some of the mesas or table lands. The latter is very strong, and produces abundant crops of fruits and grain. The rich, loamy soil of the valleys seems inexhaustible. It produces from from 25 to 60 bushels of wheat to the acre, and fully as much or more of barley. It is also finely adapted for corn which yields from 60 to 100 bushels to the acre, and as high as 125 bushels have been reached. This same land produces from 1,500 to 2,000 pounds of lima beans to the acre, and about the same of bayous and navy or small whites. In some instances as high as 2,500 pounds to the acre have been

raised. In 1881 \$100 to the acre was realized from lands farmed in beans throughout the Santa Clara Valley, enabling farmers to pay for their lands beside giving them a surplus of money for other purposes.

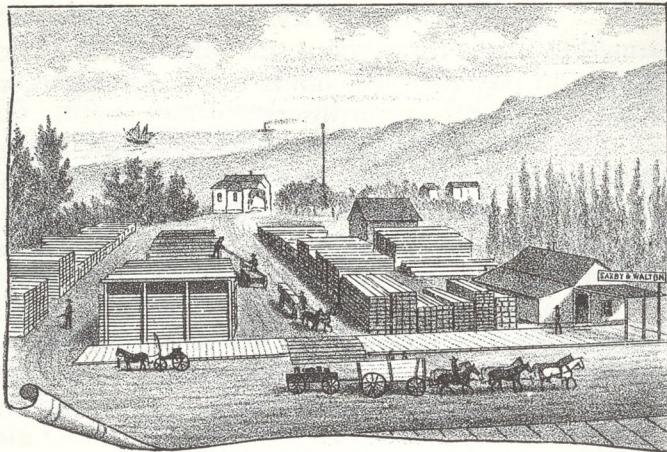
This is also choice fruit land where apples, apricots, peaches, nectarines, prunes, plums, walnuts, almonds, pears, figs, lemons, limes, loquats, guavas, persimmons and nearly every species of northern and semi-tropical fruits grow to perfection. Oranges do better a few miles from the coast.

The population of the county now numbers about 8,000 souls, of whom 1,000 are Spanish or native Californians. The American population represent nearly every state in the Union. The people are intelligent, sober and industrious.

CLIMATE

The climate of Ventura County is difficult to overestimate. Near the coast the mercury seldom falls below 43° or rises above 83°; but in some places back from the ocean in the mountain valleys, it is somewhat warmer in summer and cooler in winter. Taking it altogether the evenness of the climate is unexcelled. Thermometrical observations extending over a series of years and recorded by the late I. T. Saxby of San Buenaventura indicate an average temperature of about 58°. By careful study of the various places in southern California the reader will perceive that Ventura County excels in point of climate. Near the coast frost is seldom or never seen; but several miles back from the ocean a little frost occurs in winter, yet not sufficiently severe to injure orange trees or the most tender vegetation except in rare instances. Large banana trees may be seen growing a dozen or fifteen miles from the coast. The same character of clothing is worn winter and summer. While nearly all kinds of northern and semi-tropical fruits flourish here, roses, fuchsia, geraniums and many other flowers bloom continually; and strawberries may be procured nearly any day in the year. The days are warm but never sultry, hence sunstroke is unknown in the county. The nights are cool and induce refreshing sleep. For invalids and especially for persons disposed to pulmonary troubles this county holds out superior inducements. It is seldom that lightning is seen or thunder

Saxby &
Walton's
Lumber
Yard



heard, no tornadoes, cyclones or other disturbances of the forces of nature. The islands south of Ventura County deflect the warm ocean currents from the equator, pushing them to the very shore line and giving a higher temperature than is realized some hundreds of miles south, thus securing good bathing the entire year.

TOWNS

San Buenaventura, the county seat, is situated on the seashore near the mouth of the Ventura River. The streets are laid out at right angles and houses are built down to the shore of the ocean. An avenue leads off from west Main Street, running north and parallel with the Ventura River for a distance of four miles, and is lined on either side by orchards, gardens and well cultivated fields. The town has: nineteen dry goods and grocery stores; two hardware and tinning establishments which do a large manufacturing business; three furniture establishments which wholesale, retail and manufacture furniture; three drug stores; two shoe stores; two millinery stores; two tailoring establishments; two jewelry stores; one cigar manufacturing establishment; a number of variety stores; four livery stables; three meat markets; packing establishment where bacon is cured and packed in the best style; a candy manufactory; a brewery; planing mill; soda water manufacturing establishment; three oil refineries; the most extensive fruit drying establishment in the United

States; four blacksmith shops; three wagon and carriage shops; several extensive warehouses; two large lumber yards, four hotels; two or three restaurants; public library; club rooms; theater; Masonic Hall; Odd Fellows Hall; four churches; two public libraries; high school and three primary schools; a private school; a kindergarten school; school of telegraphy; photograph gallery; extensive flower garden; express office; one bank with \$90,000 paid up capital; three weekly newspapers; etc., etc. The Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Ancient Order of United Workmen, American Legion of Honor, Order of Eastern Star and Good Templars are represented by flourishing lodges. The Masonic fraternity is represented by Blue Lodge, Chapter and Commandery. There are eight daily stage lines centering in the town and steamers touch at the wharf nearly every other day. There is a fair roadstead where all kinds of steamers and sailing craft can lie at anchor with safety. The town is supplied with excellent water brought in pipes from the Ventura River. San Buenaventura presents an attractive appearance. The residences are surrounded by beautiful lawns and yards filled with semi-tropical trees, plants and flowers. Most of the streets are lined with the pepper tree which seems to find a special adaption here. The sea on one side and hills rising to a height of nearly a 1,000 feet on the other protect the town from all extremes, giving it an evenness of climate probably unsurpassed on the continent. The site is well adapted for building up a city which will doubtless be realized at no distant day. The town numbers about 2,000 inhabitants, chiefly Americans, in which nearly every state and territory is represented.

Santa Paula is situated at the mouth of the Santa Paula Creek and near the Santa Clara River, sixteen miles northeast of San Buenaventura. It is surrounded by a good farming and fruit country, and is the center of the petroleum region. It is supplied with good water from the Santa Paula Creek through pipes at an elevation of over 80 feet. The Farmers' Canal and Water Company's Ditch supply over 300 inches of water, taken from the Santa Clara River two and a half miles above the town. The town contains: a hotel; four dry goods and grocery stores; a hardware and tin store;

drug store; telegraph, express and post office; two blacksmith shops; a church building where the largest and most intelligent congregations in the county worship; two school houses, one just erected at a cost of over \$5,000; and the Odd Fellows and Good Templars have flourishing lodges. It also contains an excellent flouring mill run by water power. The town is 325 feet above the sea level, and is finely situated. The business done in this town amounts to considerable in the course of a year. Some of the most extensive orchards in the county are found in this vicinity.

Hueneme (pronounced Wee-nay-mee) is about 12 miles distant from San Buenaventura, and is agreeably situated near the seashore. It has four dry goods and grocery stores, boot and shoe store, drug store, two harness shops, blacksmith and wagon shop, dressmaking establishment, lumber yard, two meat markets, hotel, church, school house, public hall, public library, telegraph and post office, wharf and steamship offices, etc. Hueneme is a port of delivery, established by Act of Congress in 1882. The wharf extends about 700 feet from the shore to a depth of water sufficient to accommodate the largest ships. While this is not a harbor, yet it is a good roadstead and is illuminated at night by the fine, revolving light of the Hueneme Lighthouse. Being located near the center of the Santa Clara Valley on the side bordering the ocean, Hueneme is the largest shipping point south of San Francisco. The grain-producing valleys of the Simi, Las Posas, Santa Clara, Del Norte, Colonia and Conejo find an outlet for their products at this port. Extensive warehouses, with a capacity for 10,000 tons, have been erected by the Hueneme Wharf and Lighter Company. In view of railway connection with Los Angeles in the near future, the town is growing. Its free library is a credit to the community, and it has the best church building in the county. The town is supplied with good water from flowing wells, distributed by pipes through all the streets, so that the purchaser of a lot obtains his water free.

New Jerusalem is situated on the east bank of the Santa Clara River, seven miles east of the county seat. The surrounding country is exceedingly inviting and very productive. The town is well located, and will doubtless grow into im-

portance when once reached by railway. It has two stores, hotel and restaurant, two blacksmith shops, a church, post office and a school house adjacent.

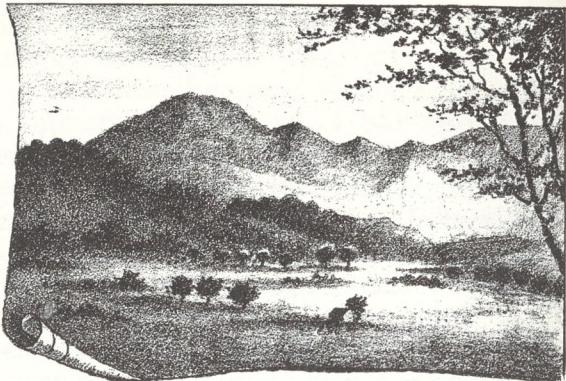
Springville is located in Pleasant Valley on the San Buenaventura and Los Angeles stage road, about 12 miles east of the county seat and nine miles northeast of Hueneme. It is located in the midst of a fine farming district. It has a store, hotel, blacksmith shop, stage station, church building and post office. A fine water ditch brought from the Santa Clara River and another ditch supplied by two artesian wells supply the village with abundance of water.

There is a post office and store at each of the following places: Nordhoff, Cienega and Saticoy; and a post office at Newbury Park, making nine in the county.

VALLEYS

The Santa Clara Valley and the Simi and Las Posas begin at the eastern end of the county, and run parallel in a southwesterly direction for about 25 miles, separated by a narrow chain of mountains rising to a height of 2,000 feet, when they unite about 15 miles from the ocean. Above this junction the Santa Clara Valley averages about four miles in width. The Simi Valley is about the same width until it debouches into the Las Posas when it widens considerably, a ridge of hills extending along the center. At the western end of the Santa Paula Mountains where the two valleys unite, the valley is 10 or 12 miles wide, increasing in width as it approaches the sea where it is 25 miles wide. The first named valley is traversed by the Santa Clara River, and the others by the Las Posas Creek. There is a gradual descent from the head of these valleys to the ocean, and a more fertile region can scarcely be found. On the west side of the Santa Clara River the soil has been penetrated to the depth of one hundred and fifty feet, and found to be simply inexhaustible. Most of the Santa Clara Valley is under a good state of cultivation; and the Simi and Las Posas, which have been used principally for growing wheat and barley and for stock raising, are being subdivided and will soon be open to settlement at reasonable prices. On the east side of the Santa Clara River from the head of the Simi

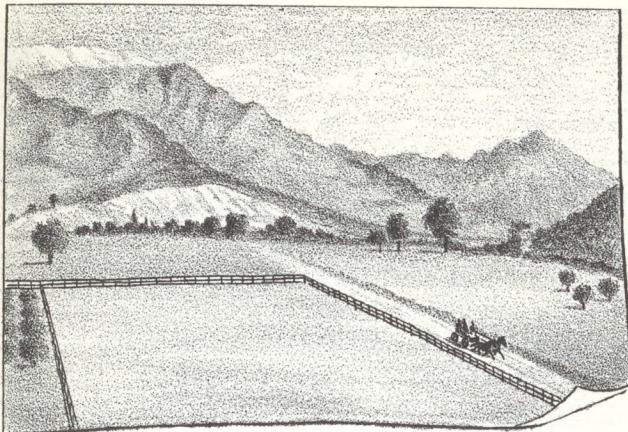
View
in the
lower
Ojai



Valley to the ocean, a distance of about 40 miles, artesian water can be had near the surface. On the Las Posas are several wells but 30 or 40 feet deep that raise water 15 or 20 feet about the surface. The supply seems inexhaustible, and can be used for irrigating purposes when needed. While the matter has not been thoroughly tested, yet the experiments made indicate that the east side of the river with its 100,000 acres of tillable land will be well adapted to fruit culture. Heretofore the principal products have been wheat, barley, corn, etc., to which it is also well adapted; but where apples, apricots and other fruits have been tried, they have done well.

The Ojai Valley is divided into upper and lower Ojai. The latter about 15 miles from San Buenaventura and is reached by daily stage line. The drive is exceedingly inviting, being an easy grade along a clear, beautiful stream. In many places the road is arched with sycamore, oak and other trees, festooned with hanging mosses and vines and made vocal by the song of birds. In the valleys the air is soft and balmy as that of the Atlantic isles of fabled story. They are resorted to by invalids and pleasure seekers. The lower valley is five miles in extent and 800 feet above the sea level. The upper valley is smaller and is about 1,200 feet above the sea level. This basin is well timbered and has a very productive soil, giving the largest wheat yield per acre in the county. It is thickly settled and has the appearance of a vast orchard or garden.

The Conejo is a mesa, or upland valley, on the eastern



View
in the
upper
Ojai

border of the county. It is indeed a succession of valleys, with rich soil, well timbered and abounding in springs and streams. The products here are principally wheat and barley, but doubtless fruit would do well in this section. It contains several thousand acres of tillable land and much good grazing land.

Santa Ana is also a mesa, or table land, containing nearly 10,000 acres of arable land. It is finely timbered and water is abundant. It has several well cultivated farms.

The tillable land of Ventura County will aggregate nearly a half million of acres. This includes all the land on which grapes, fruits and cereals, etc., can be grown. Of this amount less than 200,000 acres have been brought under cultivation. There is plenty of land awaiting the industrious and economical tiller of the soil that can be had at reasonable prices.

RANCHOS

When California passed into the hands of the United States by treaty with Mexico, it was stipulated that the large ranches or tracts of land deeded to individuals and corporations by the latter government should be confirmed and their rights respected. This has proved a somewhat serious drawback to southern California in preventing settlements, in consequence of the litigation between the claimants of the Mexican grant and the United States Government. Fortunately all of these claims have been settled and patents have been

issued by the government. Owners of these large tracts have found it profitable to subdivide and place them upon the market. Nearly all the best land in Ventura County was in large grants ranging from 8,000 to 100,000 acres.

The Colonia Rancho lying north of Hueneme and bounded on the south by the ocean contained 45,000 acres. This tract has been subdivided and about half of it has been sold in small tracts to actual settlers, affording them beautiful and profitable homes. Besides the artesian wells elsewhere referred to, an irrigating ditch or canal, diverting the water from the Santa Clara River near Saticoy, distributes to the farmers in this ranch abundance of water for irrigating purposes. The canal is about 15 miles long with about five miles of branches.

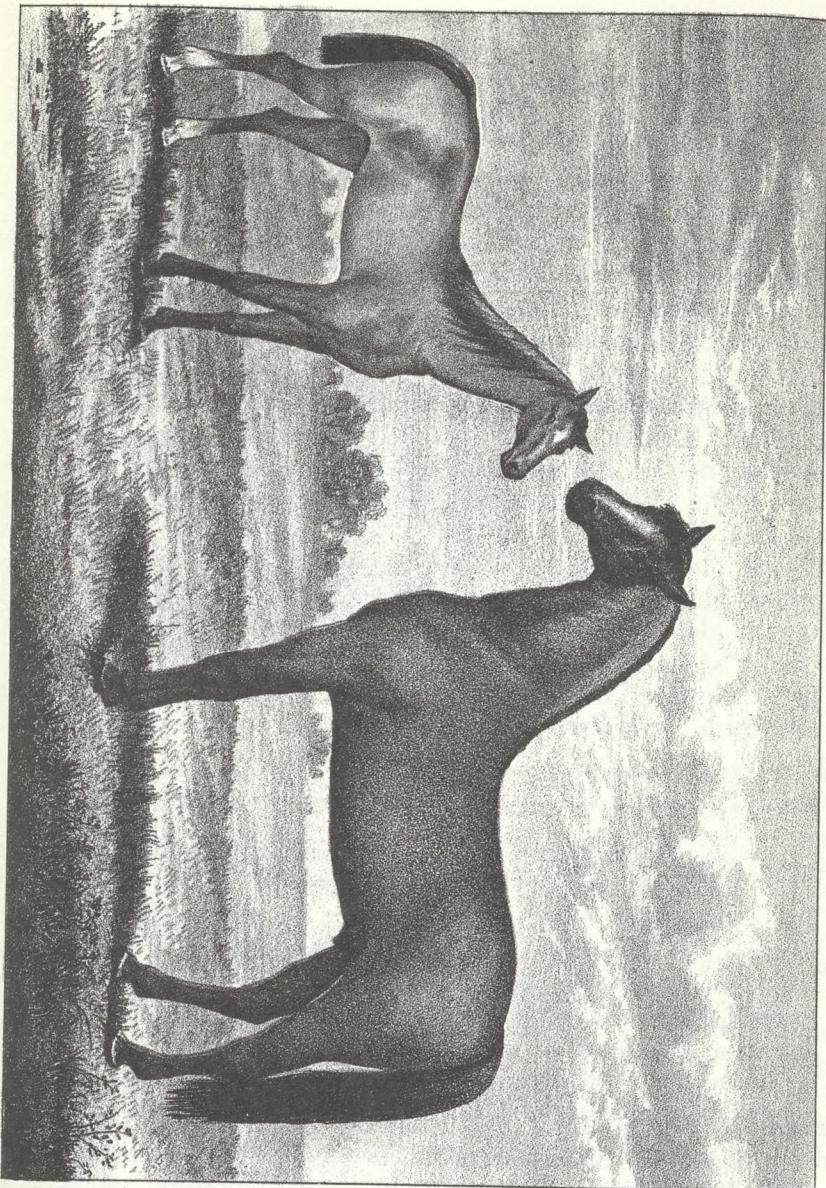
The Las Posas contains 26,000 acres, about 15,000 of which can be cultivated. Artesian wells are obtained at small cost. The soil is very fertile and adapted to raising wheat, corn, oats, barley, etc. and doubtless fruit also.

The Simi, lying to the west of the last named rancho, contains 96,000 acres, several thousand of which can be cultivated; and the remainder can be devoted to grazing purposes. Water is found near the surface and timber is abundant in the cañons and on the foothills. Both the Las Posas and Simi are being subdivided and will soon be offered to settlers. A route for a railway has just been surveyed from Hueneme to Los Angeles, running through these ranchos. It has been pronounced feasible and will doubtless soon be constructed.

The Santa Clara del Norte Rancho, lying north of the Colonia and west of the Las Posas, contains about 13,000 acres of land, most of which is tillable, and will be subdivided soon, we learn.

Tapo Rancho, situated in the center of the Simi, contains over 14,000 acres, well watered. About 3,000 acres can be cultivated; the remainder is suitable for a stock ranch. It contains a good vineyard and olive orchard, and is a desirable tract of country. It is also placed upon the market.

The Sespe which originally contained 8,000 acres can be procured in small tracts, except about 2,000 acres which will probably soon be on the market.



Breeding
stock
of
J. B.
Palin

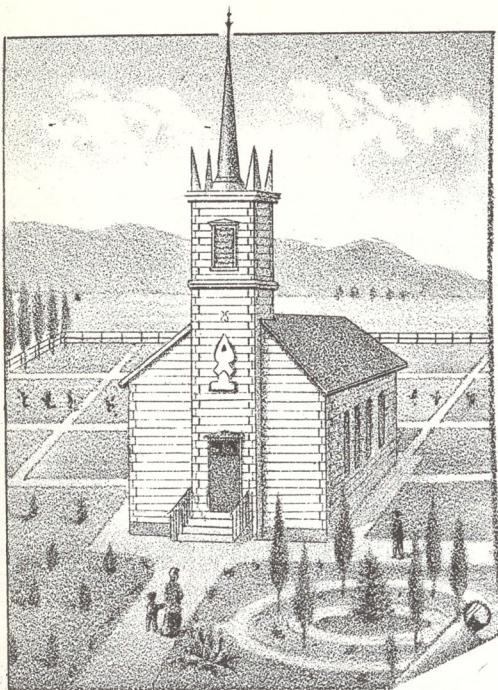
STOCK RAISING

This industry has been carried on in this county somewhat extensively for many years. When under Mexican rule, it consisted solely of cattle and horses; but when the Americans took possession, they made sheep raising a speciality. Under their supervision the county has supported as many as a quarter of a million head at one time. At the present time there is something like 75,000 head in the county. Recently imported draft and other horses have been introduced, the last assessment roll indicating 3,000 American horses, over 2,300 of which are graded. Percheron, Belgian, Hambletonian, Morgan and other breeds have been imported. Among cattle there have been imported Durham, Jersey and Holstein breeds, making the grade of cattle the very best. The county is far in advance of many others in the best breeds of horses and cattle, farmers having reached the conclusion that good stock can be as easily raised as the poorer varieties and to much greater profit. The raising of hogs is also engaged in extensively and profitably. Diseases among stock are unknown here except scab in sheep, which has not proved destructive. Poultry raising has also proved profitable, chickens and eggs always commanding good prices.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES

The public library of San Buenaventura contains about 2,500 volumes, and is free to all citizens of the town. Those living outside of the corporation can have access to it by the payment of 25¢ a month. A town tax of 10¢ on the \$100 is levied annually for its support. The library is located on Main Street in a substantial brick building, erected for the purpose at a cost of over \$4,000. It contains many good books; and is highly appreciated by the citizens of San Buenaventura and vicinity, and highly praised by visitors.

The public library of Hueneme contains nearly 800 volumes, showing great care in their selection. It is kept up by subscriptions and dues, each member paying 25¢ a month. The library occupies a room on the lower floor of the Hueneme Public Hall, and is well patronized.



Baptist
Church
at
Springville

CHURCHES

The county is well supplied with churches. The Catholics have, beside the old mission at San Buenaventura which was founded more than a century ago, a good church house at New Jerusalem. Each of these churches has regular pastors.

The Baptists have organizations in Santa Paula, Hueneme and Springville. At the latter place there is a house of worship owned by an independent Baptist organization.

The Methodists have houses of worship at San Buenaventura, Hueneme and Santa Paula. They also have organizations at Cienega, Saticoy, Springville and Conejo.

The Presbyterians have houses of worship at San Buenaventura and Nordhoff, with congregations at Santa Paula and Hueneme.

The Congregationalists have a house of worship in San Buenaventura, but no organization in the county outside of the town.

In addition to the above there are two or three union or independent churches in the county. All of the churches named above are supplied with regular pastors.

HOW TO GET TO VENTURA COUNTY

Steamers leave San Francisco every two or three days for San Buenaventura and Hueneme, also from San Pedro, the port of Los Angeles. In addition to this there is a daily stage line running from Los Angeles to San Buenaventura. A daily stage line connects with Newhall on the Southern Pacific Railway, fifty miles distant. Three daily stage lines connect San Buenaventura with Santa Barbara, thirty miles distant. Passengers leaving San Francisco can choose between good ocean steamers and the Southern Pacific Railway. Coming from Los Angeles they have their choice between a daily stage line, railway and steamer transit. Hueneme and all other points in Ventura County are connected with San Buenaventura by daily stages.

RAILROAD PROSPECTS

A line has been surveyed from Newhall down the Santa Clara River and Valley to San Buenaventura. Another road has been surveyed from Hueneme to Los Angeles. It is highly probable that one or both of these lines will be constructed at an early date.

FRUIT

The soil and climate of Ventura County are well adapted to nearly all varieties of northern and semi-tropical fruits, prominent among which may be named apples, pears, quinces, apricots, peaches, prunes, nectarines, plums, cherries, loquats, Japanese persimmons, guavas, etc.; cherries to a limited extent. Oranges, lemons, limes, pomegranates and citrons are successfully grown here, also all kinds of small fruits, such as blackberries, raspberries, strawberries, etc. Walnuts and almonds are grown extensively, and Italian chestnuts do well.

Probably all kinds of apples that can be grown in any country are grown here. They are of very superior quality and there is no place in the United States where they keep

better than in this climate. The dried apples sent from this county have commanded double the price of ordinary dried fruit. Pears of superior quality are raised here and are found profitable both for drying and canning purposes. Quinces grow to perfection without the least care and yield largely.

The soil of this section seems to be exactly suited to the apricot. Here it finds its special adaption, yielding immense quantities of fruit of large size and excellent flavor. Upwards of 5,000 acres in this vicinity are planted in apricots, one-third of which is bearing. It begins to fruit the second year after planting and the third year yields a profitable crop. During the season that has just closed it is estimated that between five and six hundred tons of green fruit have been dried, yielding about 100 tons for market. Many tons went to waste for lack of drying capacity, but this want will be met in the future. It is probable that 100 tons have been canned and consumed during the apricot season.

This is a very profitable industry and must become a source of immense revenue to the county. As the district of country in which they can be grown to such perfection is limited, it is not likely the business will be overdone; but there will be an increasing demand for this fine fruit year after year. So far the apricot has had no natural enemy. Neither insect or disease of any kind has ever attacked it in this region. As instances of the profit derived from this fruit we may cite the following: a farmer sold the fruit of a nine acre orchard of four year old trees for \$1,000, the purchaser gathering the fruit from which he also derived a handsome profit, having obtained it for about one cent per pound; the fruit in another orchard of five year old trees sold for \$200 per acre, the purchaser in this instance also realizing a handsome profit by drying the fruit; in another orchard three years old the owner gathered fifty pounds to the tree, which more than paid for the trees and their cultivation up to that time.

A gentleman planted 75 acres of apricot trees on land which cost \$25 per acre; he raised two crops of beans between the trees, which more than paid the cost of cultivation of his orchard, and the third year sold it for \$150 per

acre. This is not a solitary instance, for there are scores of individuals in this county who are quadrupling the value of their land in a similar manner.

Prunes are doing well as far as tried and promise a profitable yield. The French prune grows to great perfection, yielding largely, and promises to become one of the paying industries of the future.

Peaches of all varieties do exceedingly well in this country. They seldom or never fail; and this may be said of nearly all kinds of fruits grown here. Some years the yield is not as great as others but is never a total failure.

This county is destined to become one of the foremost fruit growing counties in the state. Trees grow with astonishing rapidity and yield large crops of the best flavored fruits. The absence of rain in the summer and the dry atmosphere enable the farmer to gather and care for his fruit without loss.

GRAPES

Farmers and fruit growers have not turned their attention largely to grape culture, but as far as tried they do remarkably well. Raisin grapes are grown successfully and produce the finest raisins in the land. This is especially true at Sespe and Ojai Valleys. At the Camulos in the northern part of the county a fine quality of wine has been successfully manufactured for years. The county contains thousands of acres of land not yet brought under cultivation, where every variety of grape known on the coast can be successfully and profitably grown. For size and flavor the grapes grown in this county will compare favorably with the best. A few miles from San Buenaventura is one of the largest grape vines in the world.

OLIVES

A few olive trees planted by the mission fathers many years ago in San Buenaventura indicate their prolific character. At the Camulos Rancho the fruit is manufactured into oil of a superior quality and many are pickled. This tree will grow any place in the county where tried, from the beach to the top of the mountains, and can be made profitable.

ORANGES AND LEMONS

The largest orange and lemon orchard in the county is near Santa Paula. The orange trees of this orchard of nearly 100 acres are just coming into bearing and promise well. The lemons have been more thoroughly tested and are superior to most others grown in the state. The soil is very deep, a rich, well drained alluvial or sedimentary deposit, and is pronounced by Professor E. W. Hilgard superior to any of his acquaintance for "easy cultivation and power to raise moisture jointly". The lemons grown this near the coast are superior to those grown further inland. At the Citrus Fair held at Riverside in 1883, a committee was appointed to make thorough scientific tests for the purpose of comparison of lemons grown in California with imported lemons. The analysis embraced: first, appearance, including size and quality of rind; second, bitterness; third, percentage of acidity. The committee compared the California lemon with those freshly imported from Messina, Malaga and Palermo, and reported as follows: From a careful analysis of the foregoing it will seem that the California budded lemon, properly grown and handled, is the equal in every respect of the imported lemon. The committee further says, "It is noticed in the examination that lemons of Santa Barbara, Ventura, Los Angeles, Anaheim and San Diego are nearly globular in form and all have a smooth, morocco like texture of the rind, while those of the same varieties found in San Gabriel and Pasadena are more elongated in form and not as smooth, and those of Riverside and vicinity are still more elongated and rougher in rind. It is noticeable that the smoothness and thinness of rind indicates greater quantity of juice." This testimony from a Riverside committee carries great weight as to Ventura's ability to successfully grow lemons, which branch of the citrus culture it is believed will be most profitable in the future.

The growing of oranges and lemons has been successfully tested at the Camulos, Sespe, Ojai, Matilija and other portions of the county. There are also thousands of acres on the Simi, Las Posas and other portions of the county that will doubtless produce oranges, lemons and limes of good

quality. This industry is yet in its infancy in Ventura County, while its possibilities are beyond computation.

BEE CULTURE

California abounds in honey producing plants of spontaneous growth. The mountains yield the sages, and other bloom which affords the finest quality of honey. The mountainous regions which greatly predominate in the state and Ventura County will ever be a prominent bee pasture while the wholesale slaughter of bees by cold, which is frequent in the states east of the Rocky Mountains, never occurs here. While the mountains abound in white, purple and black sage, wild alfalfa with wild buckwheat, sumac, and other summer bloom, the foothills and valleys in the spring are covered with alfileria, the bloom of which with mustard enables the bees to fill their hives with bees by the time the finer honey producing plants are in bloom. Honey is collected every month in the year. Southern California is noted for producing more and finer honey than any other portion of the world.

There are about 18,000 hives in the county. Last year the county produced about 3,000,000 pounds of honey, sufficient to fill 150 cars. In many cases 400 pounds of honey to the hive have been produced. One apiary of 700 hives, and surrounded by bees amounting in all to 1,800 hives within the radius of one or two miles, averaged 130 pounds each. Another apiary containing 445 hives in the spring, increased to about 1,200 and yielded 80 tons of honey last year. These are presented as fair examples of the products of the honey bee in this section.

The bee keepers of this county use honey extractors, replacing the comb. They have learned to handle it economically in a wholesale way, and receive their full share of the profits. The Longstroth hive in its simplest form is almost the only one in use. The principal part of the honey is put up for shipment in 60 pound tins, two tins in a case. Some is put up in 12 pound tins, and considerable in one and two pound tins for the English market. The larger portion is sold by commission merchants in San Francisco, orders being received by them from all parts of the world. Some send their honey by the carload to the interior states at a

cost of about two and one-half cents per pound; others send it by sailing vessels around Cape Horn to the eastern states at a cost of less than one cent per pound.

This industry can be greatly extended in this county. The best locations are at the mouths of cañons where water is plentiful. Some apiarists cultivate a little land while taking care of their bees, and others indulge in stock raising.

EDUCATION

No state in the Union has a school law or public school system superior to that of California. Ventura County, with but about 8,000 inhabitants, has 28 school districts; hence there is no place in the county but a school is accessible to the settler. The provisions of the school law are such that the remotest districts have as much money apportioned and are enabled to employ as competent teachers as the more favored districts in the towns and cities. It is frequently said by persons visiting the more remote schools in Ventura County that they have as good teachers as the graded schools of the cities east of the Rocky Mountains.

Two-thirds of the teachers in Ventura County hold first grade certificates, and over 50% are graduates of some normal school. A candidate for a first grade certificate must be versed in orthography, grammar, arithmetic, history, geography, composition, penmanship, bookkeeping, literature, algebra, physics, natural history, constitution of the United States and of California, industrial drawing and vocal music. He must know enough of these collectively to attain a standard of 85 in examination. Candidates for second grade certificates are required to be examined in the first eight of the studies above named, and the standard of proficiency required is the same as that of the first grade. The difficulty of entrance to the teacher's profession is counterbalanced by the wages paid to those who succeed. Teachers receive from \$60 to \$100 per month, and the principal of the Ventura graded school \$125 per month.

The state law provides for a county board of education, and makes it the duty of the board to arrange a course of study for the public schools. Promotions in the schools go by grades, so that each county school is also a graded school.

When the pupil has completed the studies in the first grade, he is examined by the board of education; and if found proficient, is graduated from the public schools, being furnished with an elegant diploma.

Another noteworthy feature is the ample provision made for a school library. Each school in the county receives annually a sum varying from thirty to fifty dollars for the purchase of books and apparatus. As a result, in all of our schools the pupils have access to the best publications in literature. The schools are also furnished with maps, geographical and reading charts, numerical frames, etc., while many of them have complete sets of the standard units of measurements, not only in the common system but of the metric system also. They also have apparatus for elementary instruction in philosophy.

This county affords the most exalted opportunities for education. Among the staff of county officers is a superintendent of schools, who can give the eastern reader any further information he may desire in the matter.

SCENERY

The scenery of Ventura County is very attractive. On either side of the Santa Clara Valley mountains rise to the height of from two to four thousand feet above the sea level, their serrated summits presenting a bold and rugged outline against the sky. This beautiful valley surrounded by "high sierras" was mentioned by Cabrillo but half a century after Columbus discovered America. Senator Sherman of Ohio in his recent visit to this place said to the writer that this broad valley with its surrounding mountains and its clear, blue sky forcibly reminded him of Italy, but that this was on a much grander scale. Out at sea is a chain of islands rising up like grim sentinels to a height of about 2,000 feet. On some occasions San Nicolas Island, 80 miles distant, may be clearly seen with the unassisted eye. The eye seems never to tire in gazing on the placid ocean, the islands in the distance and the mountains on the main land.

The Ojai Valley is a great amphitheater whose walls are mountains. They rise like citadels and embattled walls in all directions. Overlooking the whole is Mount Topa Topa,

rising to a height of 5,000 or 6,000 feet, and coming out in springtime from the snows of untold winters as fresh and beautiful as ever. The Conejo, which appears like a high plateau, is really a succession of wooded valleys with hills and mountains rising in beautiful sublimity. The Piru Creek has cut its gorge through bituminous slate, granite, diorite, etc., leaving vertical walls on either side from one to two thousand feet high, reminding one of the Cañon of the Colorado. The Sespe, Castaic, Santa Ana, Simi and in fact the whole county, present an endless variety of natural scenery sufficient to attract anyone in love with nature.

Deer are still abundant in the mountains, and bears are occasionally killed. Every mountain stream is filled with trout and the ocean affords good fishing at all seasons. The valleys contain thousands of California quail. Game of every kind, except bear and fish in the sea, are protected at certain seasons by game laws, which are likely to prevent its becoming scarce.

CAMPING OUT

One of the many luxuries enjoyed by the residents of California is camping out. As there are, on an average, but about a half dozen days in the year that farmers cannot work in their fields, an occasional rest of this kind is indulged in. Those living near the coast usually seek a wooded mountain stream near which to pitch their tent, while those farther inland go to the coast for a few days to fish, bathe in the ocean, collect shells, etc. Several families usually unite in the expedition. For two-thirds of the year one can spread his blanket upon the ground and sleep with perfect impunity. For the tourist, the seeker of pleasure or of health and the naturalist, Ventura County presents great attractions.

GEOLOGY

The territory embraced in Ventura County belongs to the tertiary age, Miocene and Pliocene epochs. The writer has traced a volcanic uplift from a point in Los Angeles County to Point Mugu, 25 miles southeast of San Buenaventura. At that time of this uplift, the islands south of the Santa Barbara Channel were doubtless thrown up, and

are a continuation of the ridge noted on the mainland. Their volcanic character is quite marked. The mountains north of San Buenaventura, the Santa Paula Mountains and those near the coast, to the western boundary of the county belong to the Pliocene epoch and yield many fossil shells, bones of cetaceans, etc. Further north the Miocene period prevails, but fossils are less numerous. In the mining region we have granite, diorite, quartz, etc. Much of the oil belt is overlaid with bituminous slates shoved and heaved at every conceivable angle of inclination and from which the oils exude probably as rapidly as they are elaborated below; but I believe all the paying wells are sunk through horizontal strata of sandstone. Some portions of the county have not yet been explored sufficiently to determine to what epoch they positively belong, or what they may contain. This will be accomplished in due time, and I doubt not that they will yield a rich reward to the scientist and prospector.

NOTES

We call to mind four farmers in one small settlement who, in one season, made enough from their wheat crops alone to pay for their farms. These farms cannot be bought now for less than \$200 per acre.

Several men in various portions of the county have made independent fortunes in raising barley.

A widow lady near Hueneme has made enough money from barley in the past four years to pay for her farm and now has 4,000 sacks unsold.

In 1882 nearly all bean raisers realized a net profit of about \$75 per acre for lima and small white beans. The names of a dozen or more persons can be given who made enough that year to pay for their farms.

Apricots in several instances, the present year, have netted orchardists \$200 per acre. In one instance a farmer realized from fruit raised from 75 acres of four year old trees and they but partially in bearing \$7,500, which will net him at least \$5,000.

One drying establishment this year used 192 tons of green apricots which will make from 35 to 40 tons of dried fruit, worth 25¢ per pound.

Last year and the year previous parties are known to have realized as high as from three hundred to four hundred dollars per acre on apples. The yield of this fruit is simply immense.

The English walnut is very prolific and very profitable in this county. 280 trees yield fruit that aggregate \$1,200, which is \$100 per acre, net. As the expense of growing this tree is slight, it is proving very profitable. The tree begins to bear when six years old, the profits increasing every year thereafter.

The writer is acquainted with a young man who started five years ago with a few cattle which he pastured on government land and is now in independent circumstances.

All northern and semi-tropical fruits are profitable except possibly cherries and currants, which only thrive in certain localities.

A party rented an apiary last year, made 40 tons of honey and had for his share 500 hives of bees.

Small farming is profitable. On 10 acres of land a widow lady will, this year, realize at least \$2,000 on fruit. A man purchased 20 acres of land near San Buenaventura under cultivation for \$2,500 and will, this year, realize that sum from the fruit grown on 10 acres.

We do not say that all can make money as in the above instances; but we do say that whenever a man has gone to work intelligently and been industrious, he has made money. Taking into consideration the genial climate and the productiveness of the soil, we do not know of a better place to emigrate to than Ventura County. One could even afford to live on less here and enjoy this delightful climate.

MISCELLANEOUS

Situated on the Ventura Avenue is a large flourishing mill run by water. It makes choice flour by the latest improved roller process. The flour manufactured is gaining an enviable reputation in other counties. Another mill near Santa Paula, and also run by water, does good work.

Inquiry is frequently made in reference to the price of living in this county as compared with prices east of the Rocky Mountains. In reply, would say that some kinds of

groceries, dry goods and clothing are higher here than in eastern towns; but the low price of many staples, as bread-stuffs, meats, etc., reduces it to about the same price as in the east. Good day board can be secured in the towns at four dollars a week. House rents are reasonable.

Irrigation is only necessary during a dry year. It is also good for alfalfa which yields a half a dozen crops annually, and for citrus fruits when fruiting. Many, however, do not irrigate lemon and orange trees under any circumstances, claiming that they do not require it. But the county has an abundance of water for irrigating purposes when needed.

Every town in the county is supplied with daily mails, enabling the people to keep well informed on passing events.

The county has a bonded debt of nearly \$30,000 but no floating debt to oppress taxpayers. All of the public buildings are paid for and it may be said that the county is virtually out of debt.

Forest trees when planted and cultivated for timber grow rapidly, especially the eucalyptus. This tree is known to grow two and a half feet in diameter in nine or 10 years. With the sycamore and cottonwood it is sawed into lumber which is manufactured into fruit boxes, etc. A small grove of these graceful trees will supply a family with fuel. When cut down shoots are sent up from the stump, yielding a new supply of fuel in two or three years.

Membership

NEW

Mrs. Margaret M. Adams
Mrs. Florence Brown Dawson

Mrs. Myrna Lee French
Thomas B. O'Neill

SUSTAINING

William H. Cook
Roger Edwards
Mrs. Henry A. Levy

Mr. and Mrs. Lester T. Shiells
Mr. and Mrs. Milton M. Teague
Katherine Bard Wollman

LIFE

Philip Bard
Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Borchard
Henry M. Borchard
Mrs. E. C. Canet
Mrs. Effie Bartlett Daly
Mrs. Harold Dudley
Mrs. Rosemary H. Duncan
Mrs. Joyce Totten Fraser
Mrs. Katherine H. Haley
John F. Henning
Mrs. Edith H. Hoffman

Walter Wm. Hoffman
Mrs. Helene Holve
Carmen Camarillo Jones
Mrs. Edwin J. Marshall
A. A. Milligan
Mrs. Mary H. Norcop
Mr. and Mrs. Francis Petit
Grace S. Thille
John P. Thille
Harry Valentine
Richard D. Willett

Half a Century of Service

California Mutual Insurance Co. Organized on April 4, 1898 as the Ventura County Mutual Fire Insurance Co. with E. P. Foster, president; Nathan Blanchard, vice-president and Charles Barnard, secretary. This old Ventura County business firm has faithfully followed the high standards set by its pioneer founders.

Santa Paula Savings and Loan Association. Organized in April 1890 as the Santa Paula Building and Loan Association with J. R. Haugh, president; Caspar Taylor, vice-president and H. H. Youngken, secretary. This organization has served the interests of home owners and builders, as well as those of the investor.

County Stationers, Inc., 532 E. Main, Ventura. Successor to John J. MacGregor. Since 1898 Ventura County's complete stationer and office furniture dealer.

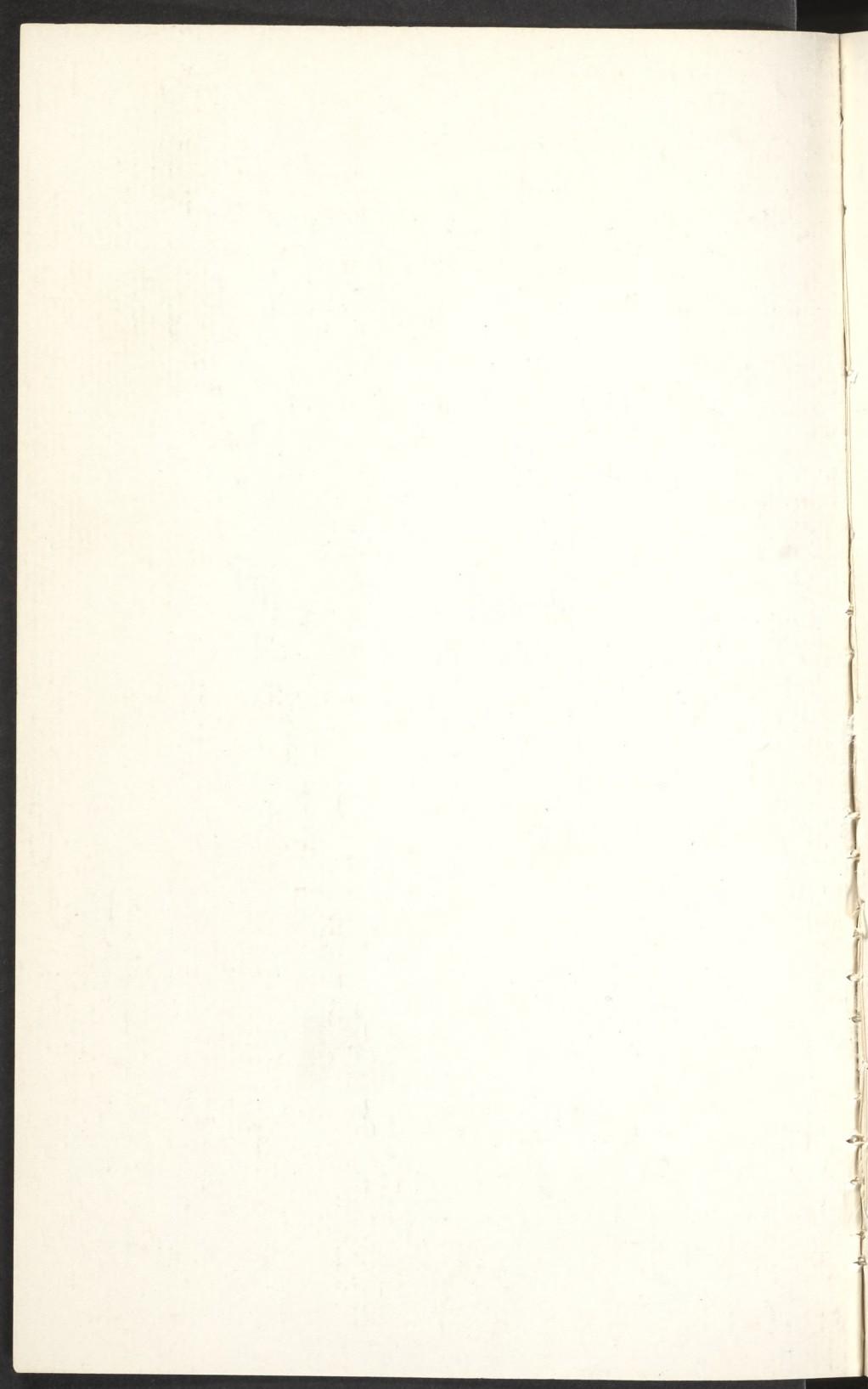
Bank of A. Levy, 143 W. Fifth St., Oxnard. Founded in 1900 by the late Achille Levy, who came to Hueneme in 1875. Since its inception Bank of A. Levy has been closely allied with the farm and ranch industries of Ventura County.

Title Insurance and Trust Company. Successor to Ventura Abstract Company, founded in 1893 by Charles Barnard and incorporated in 1898 by him and four associates, Lloyd Selby, J. S. Collins, Robert C. Sudden and John H. Reppy. The office has been in continuous operation in Ventura County since that time.

Joseph P. Reardon Funeral Chapel, 757 East Main Street, Ventura. Successor to the business established by the Reardon family in 1911 and conducted continually in Ventura since that date.

Janss Investment Corporation. The company began its first real estate development activities in 1889. Operations were moved to the Conejo Valley in 1954 with offices in Thousand Oaks and Newbury Park.

Union Oil Company of California. Incorporated in Santa Paula in 1890, its operations have spread from Ventura County to become world-wide.





Edith H. Hoffman

VENTURA
COUNTY
HISTORICAL
SOCIETY
QUARTERLY

Vol. XV, No. 4

August 1970

The Ventura County Historical Society

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The Ventura County Historical Society's headquarters is the Pioneer Museum, 77 North California Street, Ventura, California. There are three classes of membership: active, \$7.50 per year including husband and wife; sustaining, \$25 per year; and life, \$100.

The *Quarterly* is published in February, May, August and November from the Society's headquarters at the Pioneer Museum. Grant W. Heil is Editor and the staff includes Mrs. Florence Dawson, F. L. Fairbanks, Miss Linda C. Jordan, Junius H. Kellam, R. Gird Percy, Mrs. Rafelita Ortega Philbrick, Thomas A. Roe and Richard D. Willett.

The Society assumes no responsibility for the statements or opinions of authors of various articles. All communications should be addressed to the Society at the Pioneer Museum. Memberships include subscription to the *Quarterly*. Additional copies are available at \$1.00 each.

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The
Ventura County Historical Society
Quarterly

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By Edith H. Hoffman

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"The romantic history of San Buenaventura" is from *The history and reminiscences of San Buenaventura*. The Five Year Index is a supplement for Volumes XI-XV.

In Memoriam

EDITH HOBSON HOFFMAN

1890 - 1970

Mrs. Hoffman was a life member of the Ventura County Historical Society, served on its Board of Directors and was the donor of its book fund. Her continued interest in Ventura's history is evidenced by the article which commemorates the second restoration of the cross, and her sponsorship of the brochures for the 150th and 175th anniversaries of San Buenaventura Mission.

THE ROMANTIC HISTORY OF SAN BUENAVENTURA

By EDITH HOBSON HOFFMAN

In the log of that most illustrious explorer, Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, kept by him when he sailed up the coast of California in 1542, we find the earliest authentic account of our coast and the description of this particular section of California which we call Ventura County. On Tuesday, October 10th, he records that his two ships, the San Salvador and the Victoria, anchored opposite a beautiful valley in which there was "much maize and much food." "High sierras and rugged land" surrounded the valley. This description, according to the historians John S. MacGroarty and H. H. Bancroft, is certainly that of our Santa Clara Valley. Cabrillo continues that near this valley was located the largest of the Indian villages, called Xucu, but renamed by the Spaniards El Pueblo de las Canoas (the Village of the Canoes) owing to the great number of large, strong canoes which were everywhere in evidence and which came out to greet them. These Indians, he says, were the most intelligent that he had found in California; they wore skins of animals and caught fish, which they ate raw; and they lived in large houses similar to those of New Spain, as Mexico was then called. The Indians told them by signs that there were many more fields of maize in the interior and also herds of cattle. Cabrillo took formal possession of the region for Spain and then sailed on up the Channel passing Anacapa and Santa Cruz Islands. These he records were uninhabited because, as he supposed, of the lack of water; but he adds that they had very good harbors. He gives an excellent description of our coast between here and Santa Barbara and then he follows with a description of his visit to Santa Rosa and San Miguel.

In the first decisive plans for colonization Don José Galvez, the Visitador-General of Mexico, evolved the original scheme of work to be followed; and to him along with Father Serra much credit is due. It is to him in particular that our mission owes its name and foundation, for it was his own plan that first San Diego, then Monterey and third San Buenaventura should be built upon approximately the present

sites which he selected on a map drawn by Viscaino, one of the early explorers of this coast. Galvez was particularly interested in San Buenaventura and personally superintended the packing of goods for our mission and the preparations for the departure of the colonization party which gathered at La Paz in Lower California. Preserved in Father Crespi's diary we find a detailed account of their journey, in the course of which our Santa Clara River was followed to its mouth. Then they came along the beach to the site of our present city, at which point Father Crespi mentions its suitability for a mission. From Governor Portolá's diary we have his description of the Santa Clara Valley and of the large Indian village which is strikingly similar to that in Cabrillo's log and which Bancroft identifies with our present location. Portolá speaks of the village, which they named Asuncion, as the largest he had yet seen in California, and describes the houses as spherical in form and thatched with straw. He mentions also the large boats of the Indians made of pine boards tied together and covered with asphaltum. He says that some of the Indians from the Channel Islands even crossed over to the mainland in their canoes to view the strangers. It was not deemed wise at that time for military reasons to found a mission so far from either San Diego or Monterey. Instead of being the third, San Buenaventura was the ninth mission to be founded.

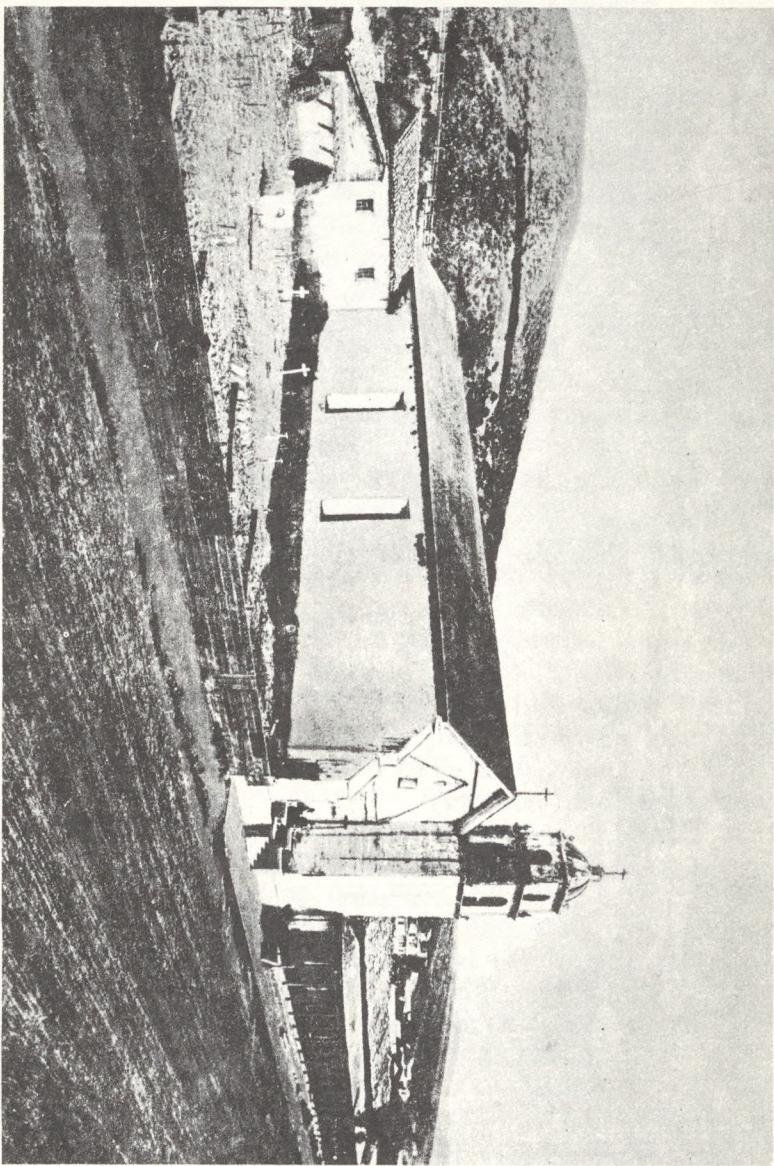
Coming from San Gabriel with a large company of Spaniards and neophytes, Father Junipero Serra founded our mission on Easter Sunday, March 31, 1782, by raising and blessing a hewn cross, which was to serve a two-fold purpose: to be a guide for the souls of the faithful as well as for the Spanish king's ships, bringing the mission supplies into our harbor. This service was followed by mass, after which Father Serra preached an eloquent sermon on the resurrection. Thus was added another link to the chain of missions, a day's journey apart, which was to bring Christianity and civilization to our western coast. In the archives of the missions Bancroft states that there still remains a letter written by Father Serra expressing to Father Lasuen, a brother priest, his joy at witnessing the founding of our mission.

Father Cambon was the first to take charge of the mis-

sion, but shortly after Father Santa Maria and Father Dumetz became the regular priests. They served for ten years and then were succeeded by Father José Francisco de Paula Señan. The mission was originally given fifteen Spanish soldiers under the command of Sergeant Pablo Antonio Cota, later replaced by Raimundo Carillo. This was the largest guard that any mission had because of the great number of Indians located here, though they were the gentlest of all of the tribes. Bright beads and trinkets were used by the priests to attract them until they had seen some of the life of the white man and had learned that he meant no harm to them. When the choice of life with the padres was made, then the Indians were required to live at the mission, for by people so primitive the new ideas were grasped very slowly.

The first chapel, a small one dedicated to San Miguel, the patron saint, was built near the Indian village on what is now Front Street near Palm, as is shown in an old print published by Father Englehardt in his history. As late as 1875 the ruins of this could still be seen near the beach. Work progressed rapidly, for in a letter written by Governor Neve, he says that by "April 12th the enclosure with two ravelins, a gate and a small warehouse had been completed" by the Indians, who worked unusually well under the padres' guidance. The mission flourished from the time of its foundation. In 1787 good progress was reported. The crops in 1790 amounted to 3,000 bushels. The neophytes increased from 22 to 388 and the number baptized were 498. In 1800 San Buenaventura had the largest crops of any of the missions and its herds and flocks numbered 2,464, though its population was the smallest of all.

The San Miguel Mission was now inadequate to accommodate the mission population and in 1801 the present mission was begun. It was completed and dedicated on September 9, 1809; and the first high mass was celebrated by Father Señan. From consulting many old residents and other sources much traditional and authentic information has been secured concerning the walls and the buildings which composed the mission settlement. We can scarcely appreciate the obstacles met with and overcome in their erection. The two Franciscans were the only ones possessed of any



San Buenaventura Mission and the Indian cemetery

knowledge of building construction. They instructed the Indians with loving patience in every branch of manual labor. The great pine timbers were hewn with the ax from the forest of San Emedia, forty miles distant and carried or drawn by the Indians and oxen down to the coast. The oak was brought from the Santa Ana and the Ojai in the same manner. The lime for the mortar to bind the rocks and sun-dried adobes together was found in Cañada San Buenaventura. The picturesque red tiles which roofed the buildings and walls were all burned from the clay of the hills near the site of the buildings.

The exterior of the church had undergone little change except that the entrance terrace and iron gates were removed when some person in a spirit of thoughtless progressiveness believed that Main Street should be straightened at any cost. The interior was entirely modernized. Formerly the ceiling was composed of the rough hewn timbers just as they were cut from the forest with the marks of the ax upon them. On the right wall near the altar was a beautiful carved pulpit up to which steps led from the floor. The two shrines on each side of the high altar were not originally separated with it from the rest of the church by the communion rail. The walls were decorated after the Indians' own ideas of ornamentation which, though unusual in the extreme, were peculiarly appropriate for their church. The beautiful high altar was built in the City of Mexico while the pictures, it is said, were painted in Peru or Spain. West of the mission was the Indian cemetery.

Three enclosed quadrangles surrounded the mission, in which were the gardens and fountains. The water for these and for the splendid irrigation system developed by the padres for the farming land and orchards was brought down from the mountains by the old aqueduct, the picturesque ruins of which we all have seen following the foothills along the eastern side of the Avenue. This water was stored, cooled and filtered through the concrete reservoir located on the hill just below the school house, known as the caballo on account of the stone horse's head from whose mouth the water gushed forth. Later, when the inventive Yankee arrived, it served as a jail and the grating put in for this purpose



El Caballo

is still to be seen at one end. Following along West Main Street near the Hogue-Kellogg Warehouse just below the board walk the foundation line of the old wall can be distinctly traced towards the river, the course of which is now much further east than in former times. That explains why the old Ortega adobe, which was a part of the original quadrangle of buildings, now stands at the water's edge. Parts of the irrigation system constructed of a sort of primitive concrete, have been discovered about town, one recently, running diagonally through the Dennis property.

Old record books of much interest are still preserved at the mission though many of the first were lost or destroyed during the Mexican rule. An old chair of crude yet clever workmanship is also to be seen. It is known as the Marriage Chair, on account of the legend attached to it, that when a young lady sits in it she will become a bride within

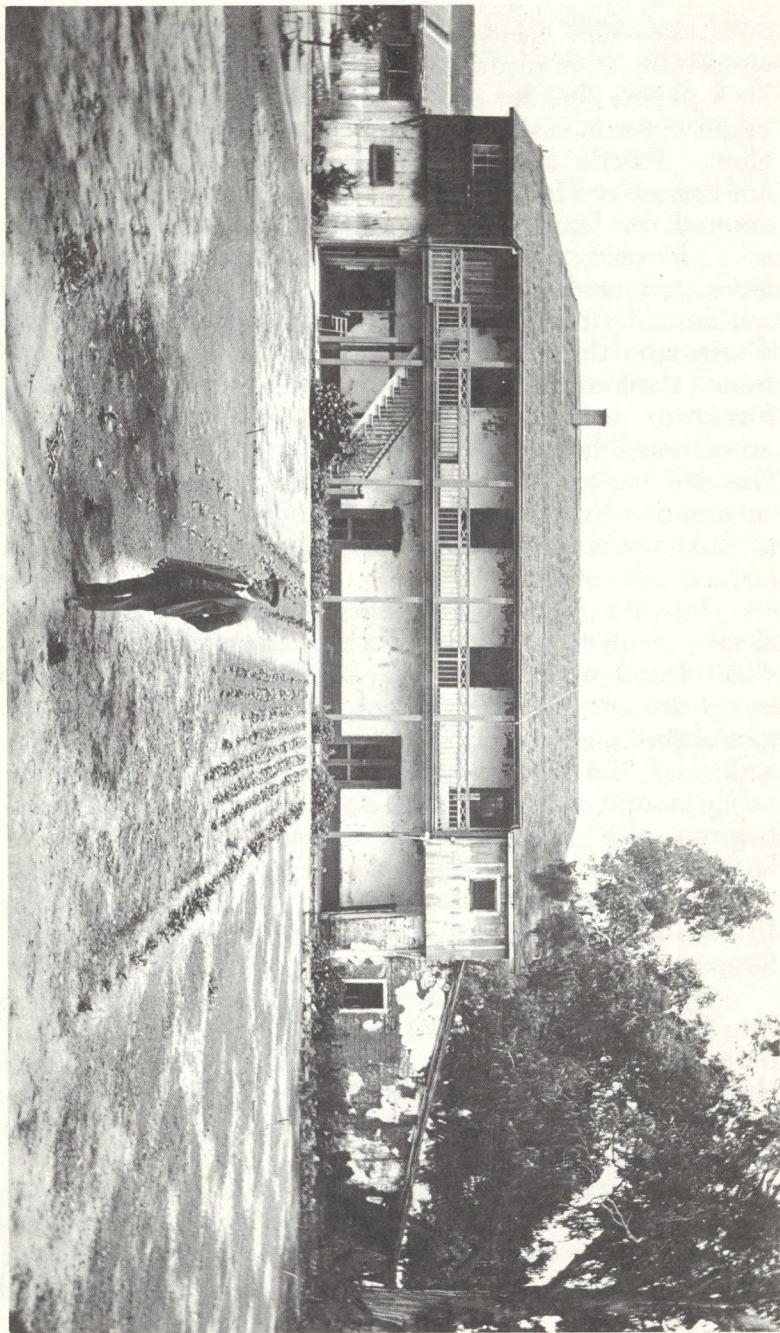
a year. This charm, however, has sometimes been known to fail.

During the decade in which the large church was erected we find no break in the happy monotonous routine of the picturesque mission life. Each day began with early matins; then came the day's work divided in two parts by the noon-day meal and the siesta. Vespers came at sunset and after a short evening of study or instruction the day ended. The Franciscan fathers labored tirelessly for the conversion and the material welfare of the Indians, giving their whole lives working in their behalf. Father Serra, whose life and work are the wonder of all, as the president of the missions, journeyed on foot from one to the other that he might personally aid in their upbuilding.

Tradition tells us that in 1812 an earthquake came as a rude interruption in the life of the mission, frightening the Indians away. The whole settlement moved up near the chapel of Santa Gertrudis, which was located where the two great acacias stood on the Avenue at the side of the Nordhoff railroad tracks. Many remember the splendid pear trees which never failed to bear a luscious crop until the vandal hand of progress marked them for destruction. When the railroad was built, the pear trees were cut down and the last remaining ruins of Santa Gertrudis were cleared away.

The year 1822 marked the end of the Spanish era, and a period of happy idleness followed, filled with the daring spirit of romance. Then it was that the Mexican government so hopelessly in debt to all of the missions for supplies, solved the financial problem that was troubling it by confiscating the property of them all. San Buenaventura suffered with the rest for Mexico owed it \$35,170. First it was leased for \$1,630 and then sold to Don Jose de Arnaz for \$12,000 in June, 1846. At this time California was divided by its Mexican governors into great ranchos which were granted to the loyal supporters of the government. Don Jose de Arnaz, one of the most fortunate, received nearly all of the land near Ventura. It was at this time, during the height of his prosperity, that he built the famous adobe on the road between Ventura and Nordhoff. In 1848 he laid

Patio on the south side of the Olivas adobe



out a townsite around the old mission; and hoping to increase the value of his extensive acres, he advertised in New York papers that he would give lots to any immigrants who might come to claim them. Few responded, however, to his offer. Shortly after Arnaz lost his land, for his title was not recognized by the American government (California had entered the Union).

The change from Mexican to American rule seemed to have no immediate effect upon the customs or atmosphere of southern California. It still remained distinctly Spanish. Those who throughout the governmental upheaval had retained their wealth, lived in the same grand style of old California under the kings of Spain, and entertained with their accustomed hospitality. At this time the De la Rivas and Olivases built their two-story adobes, both of which are still surrounded by the glamour of the old time romance. Stories of bold robbery and hidden treasure recall the days of the lawless adventurer.

In spite of the languid Spanish ways, American customs slowly crept in. First of all came the postal service, which was introduced in 1861. Free delivery was inaugurated at once, though that fact is not generally known. The first genial postmaster, Mr. V. A. Simpson, immediately upon the arrival of the mail, which was seldom very bulky, would safely store it away in the spacious crown of his sombrero and begin a round of friendly calls upon those for whom he had letters.

In 1862 an American company laid out the town again. In 1863 it was incorporated as the result of the efforts of Mr. Simpson, Mr. Stow and others.

By the year 1864 a few Americans had begun to come into the county, which was at that time a part of Santa Barbara County. That same year the Briggs and Colonia Ranchos, the latter owned by ex-Senator T. R. Bard, were subdivided and sold. This marked the beginning of the division of the large tracts of land.

A few years later it seemed wise to those interested in the welfare of Ventura, that it and the adjacent country should separate from Santa Barbara. After a hard fight the measure was passed by the state legislature as the result of

the untiring efforts of W. D. Hobson. In 1873 the county entered upon its separate existence. The first commissioners were S. Bristol, T. R. Bard, A. G. Escandon, W. D. F. Richards and C. W. Thacker. The first county supreme judge was Milton Wason.

The *Ventura Signal*, published by J. H. Bradley in 1871, was the first newspaper of the town. In going over the early copies of this, many interesting items were found. One sheet of 1873 gives the account of the celebration of the festival of Corpus Christi at the old mission. In the garden altars were built and decorated with flowers. The music for the occasion was furnished by a choir and orchestra composed of old mission Indians. The chants were set to some original Indian airs and were accompanied by the orchestra, which used the ancient instruments dating from 1786, consisting of a drum, violoncello, two violins and a flute. An old cello is still preserved at the mission which may be this same original one.

On San Miguel's Day, September 29, 1873, the last great bull fight and dance took place, a remnant of an ancient custom inherited from Spain. Then on November 2, 1875, the cross on the hill was blown down during a severe rain and wind storm. Father Juan, the priest of the mission at that time, stated in the *Signal* that it would be replaced at once, but for some reason he was prevented from doing so.

Thus gradually passed away the Spanish village and in its place grew the prosperous modern American city.

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de la Cuesta, Ramon: Aug. '69, 4.
De la Guerra, Anita: May '69, 20.
de la Guerra, Antonio: Aug. '68, 9.
de la Guerra, Francisco: Aug. '68, 9.
De la Guerra, Herlinda: May '69, 20.
de la Guerra y Noriega, Don Jose: Aug. '68, 3, 6-9.
de la Guerra, Miguel: Aug. '68, 9.
de la Guerra, Don Pablo: Feb. '68, 3; Aug. '68, 9.
De la Guerra, Pablo: May '69, 20.
De la Guerra, Posita: May '69, 20.
del Campo, Mrs. Aldegunda (Camarillo): Oct. '66, 8, 12,
14; Oct. '68, 7, 10, 12, 16-17, 21, 25, 27-30, 40, 47.
Delgado, Maria: Oct. '68, 46.
Delmont, F.: May '68, 21.
Del Valle, Don Ygnacio: Oct. '66, 3; May '68, 6-7;
Aug. '69, 4-5.
De Meritt, C. J.: May '68, 18.
Dennis, Frank J.: Feb. '68, 23.
Dennis, George P.: Feb. '68, 23.
Dennis, Percy W.: Feb. '68, 23.
Dennis, Thomas: May '68, 11.
DeNure, D. D.: Oct. '68, 3, 5.
Dias, Feliz: Oct. '68, 46.

- Dias, Francisco: Oct. '68, 46.
Dias, Mrs. Rosa (Ranjel): Oct. '68, 46.
Dickerson, T. H.: May '66, 6.
Dilworth, Anna M.: Oct. '66, 17; Oct. '68, 5.
Dimmick, Walter: Oct. '68, 23.
Dimmick, W. S.: June '67, 14.
Dizdar, Hazen (Mike): Oct. '66, 33; Oct. '69, 7.
Donlon, Charles (Charlie): Oct. '68, 30; Aug. '69, 23.
Donlon, James (Big Jim): Feb. '66, 9; Feb. '68, 18;
Aug. '69, 18, 20.
Donovan, Tom: Feb. '66, 14-15.
Drapeau, Louis C.: Nov. '65, 1, 11.
Dubbers, Henry: Oct. '66, 21.
Dumetz, Fr. Francisco (Dume): Nov. '65, 5-6, May '68, 6;
Aug. '70, 4.
Duncan, Mrs. Lulu (France): Feb. '67, 1.
Dunn, Mrs. Mable: Oct. '68, 13, 31, 34, 37, 43, 45.
Dunn, Oliver (Ollie): Oct. '68, 10, 13-15, 18-19, 21, 23, 25-
26, 28, 30-32, 34-35, 37, 39, 40, 43-48.
Duran, Fr. Narciso: Oct. '66, 3.

E

- Easly, Samuel: Aug. '68, 14, 28-29.
Easting, L. F.: May '68, 21.
Easton, Geney: Aug. '69, 14.
Edwards, E. A.: May '68, 18.
Edwards, Sol: Feb. '67, 24.
Elliott, C. J.: Feb. '66, 27.
Ellis, Frank: Oct. '68, 33.
Elwell, Belle: Oct. '68, 16, 27, 37.
Elwell, Billie (Willie): Oct. '68, 18-19, 26, 35-36, 39-40, 43.
Elwell, Bob: Feb. '66, 14.
Elwell, Carlos: Oct. '68, 31.
Elwell, Charles (Charley): Oct. '66, 13; Oct. '68, 11, 16.
Elwell, Elfrida: Oct. '68, 45.
Elwell, Leo: Oct. '68, 11.
Elwell, Louis: Oct. '66, 17.
Elwell, Osvaldo: Oct. '66, 13-15.
Elwell, Ventura: Oct. '68, 8-9, 11, 13-15, 23, 25-26, 35, 41-
43, 45-47.

- Elwell, William: Oct. '68, 37.
Elwell, William, Jr.: Oct. '66, 17-18.
Elwell y Lorenzana, Doña Maria Vicenta (Sanchez):
 Oct. '66, 10, 21.
Emmett, Dan: May '66, 8.
Escandon, Alec: May '69, 25.
Escandon, Don Alexander: May '69, 19.
Escandon, Angel G.: Nov. '65, 14; May '68, 17-18;
 Aug. '70, 11.
Espanol, Eugenio Valdez: May '68, 6.
Esperanza, Frank: Oct. '68, 28.
Evans, Haley: Aug. '69, 12.
Evans, James (Jim): Aug. '69, 12, 16, 23.
Evans, Pleas: Aug. '69, 12, 18.

F

- Fairbanks, Fergus L. (Ted): Feb. '66, 13.
Fassett, Eugene: May '68, 21.
Faulkner, George W.: May '66, 2-4.
Ferando, Eddie: Oct. '68, 15.
Field, Clara: Feb. '66, 28.
Fitzgerald, Billie: Oct. '68, 26, 31.
Fitzgerald, F. J.: Nov. '67, 7; Aug. '68, 22.
Fitzgerald, Frank: Oct. '68, 38-39, 41.
Flint, H. P.: June '67, 18.
Flynn, Clarence: Oct. '68, 9, 16, 23, 26, 29-30.
Flynn, David E (Dave): Oct. '68, 5, 13, 16; Oct. '69, 5.
Flynn, Emmett: Oct. '68, 17.
Flynn, Ernest: Oct. '68, 29-30.
Flynn, George: Oct. '68, 23.
Flynn, Martin: Oct. '68, 30, 35.
Flynn, Mary: Oct. '68, 38.
Flynn, Michael: Oct. '68, 5, 16.
Flynn, Pat: Oct. '68, 16.
Forbes, Harold A.: June '67, 15.
Forrester, Charles: Aug. '67, II.
Foster, Eugene Preston: Nov. '65, 22, 24;
 Feb. '68, 21-23, 26.
Foster, Frank: Feb. '67, 30-33.
Fox, John: Feb. '66, 14-15.

Fox, Sam: Aug. '69, 13.
France, Mrs. Kate (Hopper): Feb. '67, 19-20.
France, Paul: Feb. '67, 19-20, 24.
Francis, Mrs. Myrtle (Shepherd): May '69, 13-25.
Freer, James B.: Feb. '67, 19, 22, 24.
Freer, Mrs. Sarah (Hopper): Feb. '67, 19, 24.
French, Ernest: Aug. '69, 8-10.
Frey, George: Nov. '67, 10.
Frost, Emil (Jack): May '66, 8-9.
Fulford, Rev. William H.: May '66, 5-6.
Fulkerson, James F.: Oct. '66, 23.
Fulkerson, John, Jr. (Jack): Oct. '66, 1, 24.
Fulkerson, Jonathon F.: Oct. '66, 23, 27-28.
Fuller, John (Johnnie): Oct. '68, 20-21, 28, 35, 40.
Fulton, Eddie: Oct. '68, 37.
Fulton, J. E.: Feb. '66, 6.
Furrer, Sandy: Oct. '68, 31, 35.
Fustero, Clarisa: Aug. '69, 7.
Fustero, Frances: Aug. '69, 7, 9.
Fustero, Joe: Aug. '69, 7, 9.
Fustero, Juan Jose (Indian Juan): Aug. '69, 1-10.
Fustero, Juanito: Aug. '69, 7.
Fustero, Lena: Aug. '69, 7.
Fustero, Maria: Aug. '69, 7-10.
Fustero, Mike: Aug. '69, 7, 9.
Fustero, Petra: Aug. '69, 7-8.

G

Gale, John B.: Oct. '66, 24.
Galvin, John: Oct. '68, 25, 27, 44.
Garcia, Florentino: Oct. '68, 18.
Gardner, Earl Stanley: Nov. '65, 22.
Gardner, W. H.: Nov. '67, 7.
Garner, Sylvin: Oct. '66, 27.
Gastl, Mrs. Bernice (Daily): Oct. '66, 31.
Gilbert, George S.: June '67, 18; Feb. '68, 12-14;
May '68, 14.
Gill, Manuel: Oct. '66, 25.
Gillebrand, E. C.: Nov. '67, 7.
Gisler, Lesley: Oct. '68, 31.

- Gisler, Sam: Oct. '66, 15; Oct. '68, 14.
Goodyear, William Ernest: Oct. '66, 25; Aug. '69, 23-24.
Gordon, A.: Aug. '67, VIII.
Grande, Billie: Oct. '68, 17-19.
Green, E. O.: June '67, 37.
Greene, Charles: Oct. '69, 41.
Greig, Carroll: May '66, 8.
Griffin, Frank: Oct. '68, 17, 26.
Grimes, Brice: Oct. '66, 6.
Grogan, Fr. Patrick J.: Oct. '68, 19, 23, 28, 30-33, 35, 37,
 40-42, 44-47.
Guerero, Juan: Oct. '68, 46.
Guggenheim, George: Oct. '68, 42.

H

- Haddock, Ray: Oct. '66, 25.
Hagans, Mabel: Oct. '69, 6.
Hall, Charley: Feb. '66, 14.
Hall, H. S.: Oct. '68, 16, 21, 25, 29.
Hall, John: May '66, 8-9.
Hand, Jose: Oct. '68, 42-44.
Hantover, Louis: Oct. '66, 25.
Hare, Ed T.: Nov. '65, 17-18; Aug. '67, I, IV, V; May '68, 21.
Harkey, J. S.: May '68, 21.
Harris, C. L.: May '66, 7.
Harris, Tom: Aug. '66, 15.
Harris, W. H.: Feb. '66, 27.
Harthorn, C. W.: Aug. '69, 10.
Hartman, Elmer: Oct. '68, 1, 4, 9, 29, 31-32, 38.
Hartman, George: Oct. '68, 12.
Hartman, J. C.: Oct. '68, 4-5.
Hartman, Jessie: Oct. '69, 43.
Hartman, Will: Oct. '69, 20.
Haydock, Richard Barrett: Feb. '66, 1-3, 5-16, 20-24, 26-28;
 June '67, 30.
Hearne, N.: Oct. '68, 16, 29, 36.
Heath, Russel: May '68, 11.
Hermon, John B.: Nov. '65, 17.
Hernandez, Adriano: Oct. '68, 10, 14.
Hernandez, Clarion: Oct. '68, 33.

- Hernandez, Elizabeth: Oct. '68, 7, 9-10.
Hernandez, Fernando: Oct. '68, 29, 31, 33-34.
Hernandez, Frank: Oct. '68, 10.
Hernandez, Guadalupe: Oct. '66, 21.
Hernandez, Israel: Oct. '68, 13-15, 17-18, 21-22, 25-29, 31-37, 39-40, 42, 44-45, 47-48.
Hernandez, Jose: Oct. '66, 16; Oct. '68, 32.
Hernandez, Manuela: Oct. '68, 8-12, 13, 15-19, 21, 23, 26, 28, 30-31, 33-35, 39-40, 43-44, 48.
Hershfelder, Ed: Oct. '68, 24.
Hill, John G. (Jack): Feb. '66, 20; May '68, 14-15.
Hill, Ramon: May '68, 17.
Hill, T. M.: Feb. '66, 26.
Hitch, Mrs. Emma (Daily): Oct. '66, 32.
Hoar, Charles E.: Nov. '67, 3-4, 7-8; Aug. '68, 13-14, 20.
Hobson, Abram Lincoln (Abe): Oct. '66, 12;
Feb. '68, 14-24, 26-29; May '69, 8; Feb. '70, 15.
Hobson, Clara Jane: Feb. '68, 14.
Hobson, Cyrus H.: Feb. '68, 14-15.
Hobson, Mrs. Effie (Sargent): Feb. '68, 17, 19, 24, 26, 29;
Feb. '70, 15.
Hobson, Francis Marian: Feb. '68, 14.
Hobson, Mrs. Isabel Jane (Winemiller): Feb. '68, 14-15.
Hobson, May Bell: Feb. '68, 14.
Hobson, Peter John: Feb. '68, 14-15, 23.
Hobson, William Arthur (Bill): Feb. '68, 14-26, 28, 29;
May '69, 25; Feb. '70, 15-16.
Hobson, William Dewey: Feb. '68, 10-15; May '68, 14;
Aug. '70, 10-11.
Hobson, W. M.: Oct. '66, 17.
Hoffman, Calvin: May '66, 6-8.
Hoffman, Ogden: Aug. '68, 6.
Hobson, Mrs. Helen (Barnard): Feb. '68, 17-18, 24, 26.
Hoffman, Mrs. Edith (Hobson): Feb. '68, 10, 17, 24, 26, 29;
Feb. '70, 14-17.
Holland, Helen: Oct. '68, 5.
Holley, Lloyd: Feb. '67, 25.
Hooker, Mrs. Emogene (Daily): Oct. '66, 32.
Hopper, Ari: Feb. '67, 17-24.
Hopper, Mrs. Susannah: Feb. '67, 18-21, 23.

House, Matt: Oct. '69, 42, 47.

Hughes, Max: May '66, 10.

Huston, Mrs. Mabel (Daily): Oct. '66, 32.

I

Isbell, Mrs. Olive Mann: May '69, 8.

Isham, M. E.: Aug. '67, IX.

J

Jenkins, John: May '66, 9.

Jewett, W. H.: Aug. '67, III.

Johnson, Bert: Feb. '66, 14.

Johnson, C.: Aug. '67, VIII.

Johnson, George: Feb. '66, 14, 16.

Jones, Adalaide: Oct. '69, 17.

Jones, Lena M.: Oct. '66, 6, 21; Oct. '68, 7, 11, 13, 17,
22-23, 25, 29, 45.

Jones, Mabel: Oct. '66, 17.

Jones, Tranquilina (Lorenzana): Oct. '66, 21.

Juan Jose: Aug. '69, 4-5.

K

Keir, John: Nov. '67, 10.

Keir, W. S.: Nov. '67, 10.

Kelly, Mary: Aug. '67, VIII.

Kimball, C. N.: Aug. '69, 18.

King, Dale B., Sr.: Aug. '69, 1, 8-9.

King, George: Oct. '66, 32.

Kirke, Hazel: Feb. '66, 10.

Kitchen, Art: Oct. '66, 25.

Kitchen, Jack: Oct. '66, 29.

Kitchen, Otto: Oct. '66, 29.

Kuhlman, Charley: Oct. '68, 21.

L

Lang, Dr. J. E.: Feb. '66, 20.

Lark, C. E.: Oct. '69, 11.

Larsen, Ansgar: June '67, 38-39.

Lathrop, Herbert: Aug. '66, 14-15.

Laubacher, Fr. J. L.: Oct. '68, 9-11, 14-16, 19, 25, 28, 30, 32, 36.

- Lavelle, Celestine: Oct. '68, 28.
Lavelle, Leo: Oct. '68, 7, 9, 11, 19, 21, 23, 31, 48.
Lavelle, Lester (Les): Oct. '68, 7, 9, 11, 13-14, 16, 18, 21,
23-26, 31, 33-34, 38, 48.
Lavelle, Marie: Oct. '68, 48.
Lavelle, Minnie: Oct. '68, 48.
Lavin, Emilio: Oct. '68, 30-31.
Lavin, Frank: Oct. '68, 48.
Leach, Tommie: Oct. '68, 24.
Legan, Pete: Feb. '67, 29.
Lehmann, Leon: Feb. '66, 27.
Lera, Mrs. Ramona: Oct. '68, 12.
LeRoy, Theodore: Nov. '65, 17.
Letterman, J. B.: May '68, 14.
Levy, Achille: Feb. '66, 20; Oct. '66, 17, 19; June '67, 30;
Oct. '68, 45; Aug. '69, 18, 20.
Lewis, Dave: May '66, 10.
Lewis, Henry: Oct. '68, 40-41.
Lewis, Joseph: Oct. '68, 41.
Linkenbring, William: June '67, 14.
Livingston, Mrs. Marye (Daily): Oct. '66, 31.
Livingston, Mrs. Ruth (Daily): Oct. '66, 31.
Long, L. H.: Oct. '69, 12, 22, 24, 34.
Loomis, W. F.: Aug. '68, 26.
Lopez, Jose: Oct. '68, 32; Aug. '69, 14.
Lorenzana, Don Felipe: Oct. '66, 21.
Lorenzana, Jacinto: Oct. '66, 21.
Lorenzana, Jose Crisanto: Oct. '66, 10, 21.
Lorenzana, Sr. Maria Carmen (Rodriguez): Oct. '66, 21.
Lorenzana, Peter: Oct. '66, 12.
Ludekens, Louis: Feb. '66, 7.
Lugo, Jose Antonio: Aug. '68, 4.
Luitweiler, S. W.: Aug. '67, II.

Mc

- McCleery, Kyle K.: Oct. '66, 25.
McCormick, Tom: June '67, 15.
McCoy, C. B.: Nov. '67, 5.
McCoy, Henry: Feb. '66, 11.
McCroskey, Fred: June '67, 35.

- McDonald, Joe: Nov. '67, 7.
McFarland, Daniel: Aug. '68, 14-15.
McFarland, Tom: Aug. '69, 23.
McGrath, Joseph (Joe): Feb. '66, 17-18; Oct. '68, 39, 41-42.
McKay, Dan: Oct. '68, 28.
McKeehan, Ralph: June '67, 38-39.
McKenzie, Murdock: May '66, 2.
McKlosky, John: Oct. '68, 20.
McLachlin, F. W.: Oct. '66, 25, 28.
McLean, H. G.: Feb. '68, 15; May '68, 24.
McNaughton, Mac: Feb. '66, 27.

M

- Maag, J. H.: Oct. '69, 48.
Machado, Louis: Aug. '69, 14.
Mahan, Cecil: Oct. '66, 24.
Mahan, John: Oct. '68, 2-3; Oct. '69, 5.
Mahan, Mary: Aug. '69, 22.
Mahoney, Mrs. Arcadia: Oct. '68, 23.
Mahoney, Tadeo: Oct. '66, 17; Oct. '68, 23.
Malleda, Gus: Oct. '66, 17.
Mallory, L. D.: Oct. '69, 40-41.
Marsh, W. E., Oct. '69, 22, 41, 50.
Martin, Ed: Aug. '69, 18.
Maulhardt, Albert: Feb. '66, 18.
Mayfield, Mrs. Clara (Felsenthal): Aug. '69, 6.
Mayfield, L. B. (Bird): Aug. '69, 5-6.
Mekkelson, Amy: May '66, 10.
Menchaca, Francesca: May '69, 20.
Menchaca, Francisco G.: Oct. '66, 10, 14; Oct. '68, 13.
Menchaca, Doña Susana (Elwell): Oct. '66, 10, 14.
Mendenhall, Bruce: May '66, 8.
Merryman, Mrs. Wilma: June '67, 38-39.
Miller, Mrs. Vernice (Barton): May '66, 9.
Molleda, Frank: May '68, 18.
Molloy, Thomas P.: Nov. '65, 20, 24.
Monlong, Bautista: Oct. '68, 21-22.
Monlong, Juan: Oct. '66, 17; Oct. '68, 21.
Monlong, Maria: Oct. '66, 17; Oct. '68, 21.
Montgomery, M. L.: Nov. '67, 7.

- Moraga, Andrew: Oct. '68, 37.
Moraga, Garrett: Oct. '68, 37.
Moraga, Romulo: Oct. '68, 33.
Moranda, George E.: June '67, 38-39.
More, Thomas Wallace: Nov. '65, 19, 22; Feb. '68, 12;
May '69, 6.
Morrison, John Hoyes: May '69, 1-2, 8, 11.
Morrison, Mrs. Mary Ann (Simpson): May '69, 2-3.
Morrison, Thomas G.: May '69, 2-3.
Mullander, Tom: Oct. '69, 34.
Myers, A. M.: Oct. '68, 47.
Myers, Plenny: Aug. '69, 24.

N

- Neel, Edith: Nov. '65, 24.
Neuhart, D.: Aug. '67, II.
Newby, Nellie: Oct. '66, 17; Oct. '68, 5.
Newman, J. W. (Will): Oct. '69, 34, 36, 42.
Norman, Ike: Oct. '68, 14, 25, 38.
Norton, C. N.: Aug. '68, 22.
Nowak, George: May '66, 2.

O

- O'Brien, J. W.: Oct. '69, 34.
Ogden, Dan: Oct. '69, 34.
Olds, H. W.: Aug. '67, VIII.
Olivas, Chapo: Oct. '66, 13.
Olivas, Lamanda: May '69, 20.
Olivas, Nicholas: May '69, 4.
Olivas, Raimundo: Oct. '66, 6, 21.
Olivas, Ramon: May '69, 4.
Orr, Charley: Oct. '68, 7.
Orr, H. Frank: Nov. '65, 22.
Orr, Orestes: Nov. '65, 22.
Ortega, Juan: Aug. '66, 3.
Ortega, Luis: Oct. '68, 36.
Ortega, Ramon: Aug. '66, 3-6, 10-12.
Ortega, Teodore: Aug. '66, 3, 8, 10.
Ortega, Valentine: Oct. '68, 21, 43.
Outland, Mrs. Stella (Faulkner): May '66, 1, 4.

Oxnard, Henry: Feb. '66, 18-19.

P

Packard, Albert: Aug. '68, 11-12.

Palin, J. B.: May '70, 11.

Parr, R. A.: Aug. '68, 22.

Parrish, J. W.: Feb. '66, 26.

Parsons, Levi: Aug. '68, 11.

Patterson, John: Oct. '66, 31.

Pearson, Albert: Oct. '68, 24.

Pelegrino, Jose: Oct. '66, 12-16.

Pena, Antonia: Oct. '68, 46.

Pena, Louis: Aug. '68, 4.

Percy, Eugene: Feb. '67, 33.

Percy, Mrs. Helen S.: Feb. '67, 17.

Percy, R. Gird: Nov. '65, 11, 22, 24; Feb. '67, 30, 32-33;
Feb. '68, 1.

Percy, S. H.: Feb. '67, 32.

Percy, Stephen (Steve): Feb. '67, 1, 17.

Perkins, Charles: Aug. '69, 22.

Perkins, David : June '67, 32; Aug. '67, II; Aug. '69, 12, 14.

Peterson, Frank: May '68, 18.

Peterson, Louis A.: June '67, 38-39.

Petit, Charles W.: Nov. '65, 11, 20, 22; Feb. '68, 23.

Pfeiler, Albert: Aug. '69, 14.

Phillips, T.: Nov. '67, 7.

Pico, Francisco Javier: Aug. '68, 3-5.

Pico, Juan Estevan: Feb. '67, 7.

Pico, Miguel: Aug. '68, 3-5.

Pico, Patricio: Aug. '68, 3-5.

Poindexter, Robert W.: Nov. '67, 3.

Poli, Sr. Encarnacion (Sanchez) de: Nov. '65, 14-15.

Poli, Manuel Antonio Rodriguez de: Nov. '65, 12-13, 19.

Polly, H.: Aug. '67, VIII.

Pope, Charlie: Aug. '69, 12.

Porter, Mrs. Phosa: June '67, 38-39.

Power, George C.: Aug. '67, IX.

Prescott, C. Dean: June '67, 35.

Price, T. W.: Aug. '69, 23.

Priegel, John P.: June '67, 38-39.

Pujol, Fr. Juan: Oct. '68, 20, 41.

Pulido, Mike: Feb. '68, 5.

R

Ramirez, Frank: Oct. '68, 24.

Ramsaur, William Pinckney: May '66, 1, 12-16.

Ray, James: Nov. '65, 14-15.

Raymond, Robert Sutherland (Bob): Feb. '70, 1.

Real, Louie: Feb. '67, 32.

Reed, Opie: May '66, 7.

Regalado, Guadalupe: Oct. '68, 46.

Rehart, Jacob: Feb. '67, 24.

Rehart, Ray: Feb. '67, 24-25, 31.

Reilly, George: Oct. '68, 5.

Reilly, W. H. (Bill): Feb. '66, 7.

Revera, Feliz: Oct. '68, 7.

Revera, Jeana: Oct. '68, 7.

Reyes, Angel: Aug. '66, 3.

Reyes, Mrs. Glendora G. (Butke): Aug. '66, 18-19.

Reyes, Gloria Juanita: Aug. '66, 19.

Reyes, Jacinto Damien (J. D.): Aug. '66, 1-20.

Reyes, Sr. Maria Ygnacia (Ortega): Aug. '66, 2, 19;
Oct. '66, 21.

Reyes, Rafael: Aug. '66, 2-6.

Reynolds, Walt: Feb. '66, 14-15.

Rice, John: Oct. '68, 5.

Rice, Peter: Aug. '67, III.

Rice, T. A.: Feb. '66, 22; Oct. '69, 5.

Rice, Tom: Aug. '69, 11, 24; Oct. '69, 45.

Richards, W. D. F.: May '68, 18; Aug. '70, 11.

Richardson, Charles: Oct. '68, 32.

Richardson, Eduardo (Eddy): Oct. '68, 16, 21, 45, 47-48.

Richardson, Lucy: Oct. '68, 33-34, 42-43.

Riggs, John: Oct. '66, 11; Oct. '68, 7, 34, 36.

Riley, Rev. C. C.: Oct. '69, 3.

Riley, Mrs. Mary Rebecca (Hopper): Feb. '67, 20, 24.

Riley, Stephen (Steve): Feb. '67, 20, 24.

Roberson, Charley: Oct. '68, 20.

Robins, J. B.: Oct. '68, 5.

Rodriquez, Adam: Oct. '68, 30.

- Rodriquez, Chepa (Chepita): Oct. '68, 15, 26, 39, 40, 43, 45.
Rodriquez, Doña Chona: Oct. '68, 25, 35.
Rodriquez, Jose Leon: May '68, 6; Oct. '68, 34.
Rodriquez, Josefina: Oct. '68, 21, 23, 42.
Rodriquez, Ramon: Oct. '68, 22-23.
Rodriguez, Ygnachio (Nacho): Oct. '68, 43.
Romero, Jose: Oct. '66, 17; Oct. '68, 34.
Romero, Vicente: Oct. '68, 14.
Rose, Leon J., Jr.: Feb. '66, 17-18; Feb. '68, 20-21.
Rose, Sam: Feb. '66, 27-28.
Rosenberg, Elmer E.: June '67, 29.
Roth, James Henry (Jim): Nov. '65, 21; Aug. '68, 1; Oct. '68, 38.
Roth, Joseph: Oct. '66, 32.
Rowe, S. P.: Feb. '66, 27.
Rowe, Sam: Oct. '68, 34.
Rubio, Fr. Cypr.: Oct. '66, 10.
Rudolph, Sanford: Feb. '70, 15.
Ruiz, Arturo: Oct. '68, 31.
Ruiz, Francisco: Oct. '66, 17.
Ruiz, Gabriel: Oct. '66, 7; May '69, 6.
Ruiz, Jose: Oct. '66, 17; Oct. '68, 18.
Ruiz, Jose Pedro: Oct. '66, 7.
Ruiz, Doña Rafaela (Cota) de: Oct. '66, 7.
Ruiz, Valentine: Oct. '68, 34.
Runnion, Guy: May '66, 9.

S

- Salisbury, A. J.: Feb. '66, 6, 11-13.
Salisbury Ed: Feb. '66, 11.
Sanches, Sr. Acension: Oct. '68, 18.
Sanchez, Doña Inez (Guevara): Oct. '66, 21.
Sanchez, Juan: Oct. '66, 21; May '69, 6.
Sanchez, Pacifico: Oct. '66, 21.
Sanjurjo, Francisco: Nov. '65, 14.
Santa Maria, Fr. Vicente de: Nov. '65, 3-7; Aug. '68, 4; May '69, 17; Aug. '70, 4.
Sathen, Dominico: Oct. '68, 22.
Saviers, John Y.: Oct. '69, 1, 53.

- Sawtelle, John (Honest John): Nov. '67, 5, 8.
Saxby, I. T.: May, '70, 3-4.
Schaieber, Mrs. Martha (Daily): Oct. '66, 31.
Scheckel, Billie: Oct. '68, 19.
Schiappapietra, Antonio: Oct. '66, 21.
Scott, Joseph C.: Nov. '67, 4, 7-8; Aug. '68, 22.
Sebastian, J. L.: Oct. '69, 34, 42-43.
Sebastian, J. W.: Oct. '68, 5.
Señan, Fr. Jose Francisco de Paula: Feb. '67, 5;
Feb. '68, 2-3, 8; Aug. '68, 5-6; Aug. '70, 4.
Sexton, Walter: Feb. '67, 32.
Sexty, Ronald W. (Doc): May '66, 9.
Shaw, Bert: Feb. '70, 15.
Shaw, Selwyn: Feb. '70, 15.
Shaw, Wood: Oct. '66, 15.
Shepherd, Mrs. Theodosia B.: May '69, 8, 14, 16.
Shepherd, W. C.: May '68, 24; May '69, 12, 16.
Sheridan, Ed: Nov. '65, 21.
Sheridan, John: May '68, 24.
Sheridan, Robert M.: Nov. '65, 21.
Sheridan, Sol N.: Nov. '65, 15, 21-23; Oct. '66, 21;
Feb. '68, 2; Aug. '68, 6; May '69, 24-25.
Sheridan, Solomon Neil: Nov. '65, 21.
Sickles, Charlie: Aug. '69, 24.
Silva, Rodolfo: Oct. '66, 17; Oct. '68, 42.
Simpson, V. A.: Aug. '67, I; May '68, 14, 17-18; Aug. '70, 10.
Sinfarosa: Aug. '69, 4-5.
Sing, Lou: Oct. '66, 17.
Siqueido, Luciano: Aug. '69, 6.
Sisson, Jeremiah: Oct. '68, 3.
Skinner, E.: Oct. '68, 9, 32, 39, 40, 44, 48.
Smith, Mrs. Grace (Hobson): Feb. '68, 10, 24, 26.
Smith, Len: Oct. '68, 16.
Smith, Tom: Oct. '66, 24.
Snell, Martha: Aug. '69, 16.
Snodgrass, Fred: Feb. '66, 14.
Snodgress, L.: May '68, 21.
Snow, Norman: Feb. '66, 23.
Snow, Robert: Feb. '66, 23.
Snyder, Fred, Jr.: Oct. '66, 29.

- Snyder, Fred A., Sr.: Oct. '66, 29; Aug. '69, 23.
Solari, Augustine (Gus): Oct. '68, 18, 26.
Solari, Doña Merced: Oct. '68, 35.
Solari, Orestos: Oct. '68, 8, 26, 30-31, 36.
Spear, Henry: May '69, 8, 16.
Spence, Jay: Feb. '66, 26.
Stark, Alma K.: May '66, 10.
Stewart, George W.: May '66, 5.
Stewart, I. W.: Feb. '66, 25, 27.
Stewart, Rock: Feb. '67, 30.
Stiles, Wilbur: Aug. '69, 12.
Stone, J. R.: May '68, 21.
Stones, M.: Nov. '67, 4, 10.
Stones, Maroni: Aug. '68, 17.
Stow, John T.: Aug. '67, III, IX.
Strathearn, R. P.: Nov. '67, 7; Aug. '68, 22, 26.
Streeter, W. A.: May '68, 11.
Sudden, Robert: Feb. '68, 29.
Sullivan, Eugene: Aug. '68, 11-12.
Surdam, R. G.: Aug. '67, VII; May '68, 20.

T

- Taylor, Bud: Nov. '67, 4.
Terry, Joe: Aug. '69, 14, 16.
Thacker, C. W.: May '68, 18; Aug. '70, 11.
Thompson, Dixie: Oct. '66, 21; Feb. '68, 26.
Thompson, Johnnie: Oct. '68, 42.
Thomson, Mrs. Anita: Oct. '68, 14.
Thorne, Mahlon: Nov. '65, 17.
Thurmond, Dick: May '66, 16.
Tico, Mrs. Dora: Oct. '68, 13, 23.
Tico, Eduardo (Ed): Oct. '68, 13, 15-16, 25, 28, 30, 32-33,
44-45.
Tico, Eva: Oct. '68, 23.
Tico, Fernando: Oct. '66, 7; Oct. '68, 7, 15, 31, 34;
Oct. '69, 55.
Tico, Fred: Oct. '68, 7, 9, 11, 13, 17-19, 21, 23, 25-26,
28-32, 34, 37, 39, 41-43, 45.
Tico, Don Jose: Oct. '68, 34.
Tico, Juan: Oct. '66, 12.

Tico, Rosa: Oct. '68, 42.
Tico, Ted: Oct. '68, 37.
Torres, Juan: Nov. '65, 13.
Turner, O. A.: Oct. '69, 48.

U

Urias, Francisco Xavier: Feb. '68, 3.

V

Valdez, Jose Crecensio: May '68, 6.
Valencia, Jose del Carmen: Oct. '68, 31-32.
Vanoni, B.: Aug. '69, 23.
Verastigui, Nellie: Oct. '68, 23, 25.
Verastigui, William (Billie, Willie): Oct. '68, 14, 18-19, 21,
30-31, 38, 41-42, 45.

W

Wagner, Atola: Oct. '69, 42.
Wagner, Dela: Oct. '69, 42.
Wagner, John B.: Aug. '67, IX; Oct. '69, 52-53.
Wagner, Orestos: Oct. '68, 16, 18, 36.
Wagner, Mrs. Ventura (Arnaz): Nov. '65, 15.
Walker, John: Oct. '68, 18.
Walton, W. J.: May '70, 4.
Waring, Hugh: Aug. '69, 10.
Warner, Jack: Aug. '66, 8, 10.
Wason, Charley: Feb. '66, 7.
Wason, Milton: May '68, 18, 21-22; Aug. '69, 2; Aug. '70, 11.
Webster, L. F.: Aug. '69, 13.
Weill, Sam: Oct. '68, 10, 14, 26, 30-31, 34-37, 39, 41, 43,
45, 48.
Wells, C. M.: Aug. '67, II.
Whitman, Roy: Oct. '68, 22.
Whittaker, Bill: Aug. '69, 5, 8-10.
Willard, Ben: Oct. '69, 42.
Willard, Frank: Oct. '69, 42.
Willard, George: Oct. '69, 18, 41-42, 55.
Willard, Ida: Oct. '69, 6, 17, 43, 45, 49-50, 55.
Willard, Oscar: Oct. '69, 49, 55.
Willard, Mrs. Sarah Jane: Oct. '69, 6, 52-53, 55; Feb. '70, 12.

- Willett, Jacklin: Nov. '67, 1, 11-24.
Willett, Richard D.: Nov. '67, 14.
Williams, B. T.: May '68, 21.
Williams, Ben: May '69, 25.
Willie, J. D.: Oct. '66, 25.
Willoughby, J. R.: Feb. '68, 24.
Wilson, R. A.: June '67, 39.
Wilson, W. W.: Oct. '68, 21, 35.
Wisner, Frank: May '66, 9.
Wolfe, Stella: Aug. '69, 16.
Wolfson, Joseph: Oct. '66, 6; May '68, 17.
Wood, Rev. Thomas J.: Oct. '69, 3.
Wood, Rev. William Otterbein (Parson Wood):
 Oct. '69, 3-4.
Woods, N. C.: Aug. '68, 21.
Worsham Mrs. Bell (Guthrie): Aug. '69, 18.
Worsham, C. G.: Aug. '69, 18.
Wright, Rev. G. C.: Oct. '69, 55-56.
Wright, George T.: Aug. '67, II.
Wucherpfennig, G.: Oct. '68, 30.
Wyeth, John: Aug. '68, 11.
Wyman, Clarence: Oct. '66, 16.

Y

- Yager, Chris: Oct. '68, 18, 21, 25-26, 28.
Yanez, Don Chico: Oct. '68, 45.
Ysordy, Bautista: May '69, 17.

Membership

NEW

Sheridan A. Logan

Mr. and Mrs. Ira D. McKibben

SUSTAINING

William H. Cook
Roger Edwards
Mrs. Henry A. Levy

Mr. and Mrs. Lester T. Shiells
Mr. and Mrs. Milton M. Teague
Katherine Bard Wollman

LIFE

Philip Bard
Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Borchard
Henry M. Borchard
Mrs. E. C. Canet
Mrs. Effie Bartlett Daly
Mrs. Harold Dudley
Mrs. Rosemary H. Duncan
Mrs. Joyce Totten Fraser
Mrs. Katherine H. Haley
John F. Henning
Walter Wm. Hoffman

Mrs. Helene Holve
Carmen Camarillo Jones
Mrs. Edwin J. Marshall
A. A. Milligan
Robert G. Naumann
Mrs. Mary H. Norcop
Mr. and Mrs. Francis Petit
Grace S. Thille
John P. Thille
Harry Valentine
Richard D. Willett

Half a Century of Service

California Mutual Insurance Co. Organized on April 4, 1898 as the Ventura County Mutual Fire Insurance Co. with E. P. Foster, president; Nathan Blanchard, vice-president and Charles Barnard, secretary. This old Ventura County business firm has faithfully followed the high standards set by its pioneer founders.

Santa Paula Savings and Loan Association. Organized in April 1890 as the Santa Paula Building and Loan Association with J. R. Haugh, president; Caspar Taylor, vice-president and H. H. Youngken, secretary. This organization has served the interests of home owners and builders, as well as those of the investor.

County Stationers, Inc., 532 E. Main, Ventura. Successor to John J. MacGregor. Since 1898 Ventura County's complete stationer and office furniture dealer.

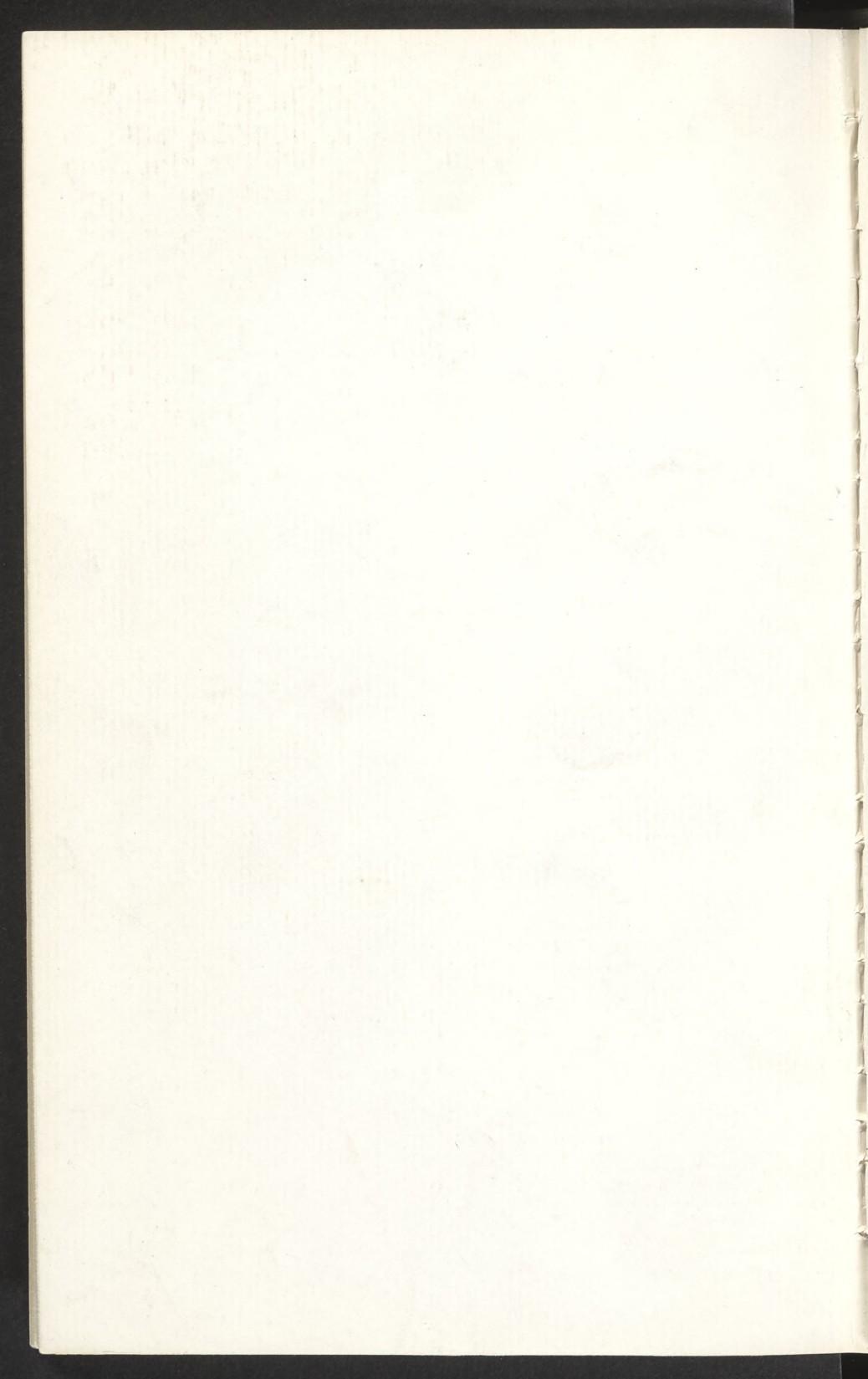
Bank of A. Levy, 143 W. Fifth St., Oxnard. Founded in 1900 by the late Achille Levy, who came to Hueneme in 1875. Since its inception Bank of A. Levy has been closely allied with the farm and ranch industries of Ventura County.

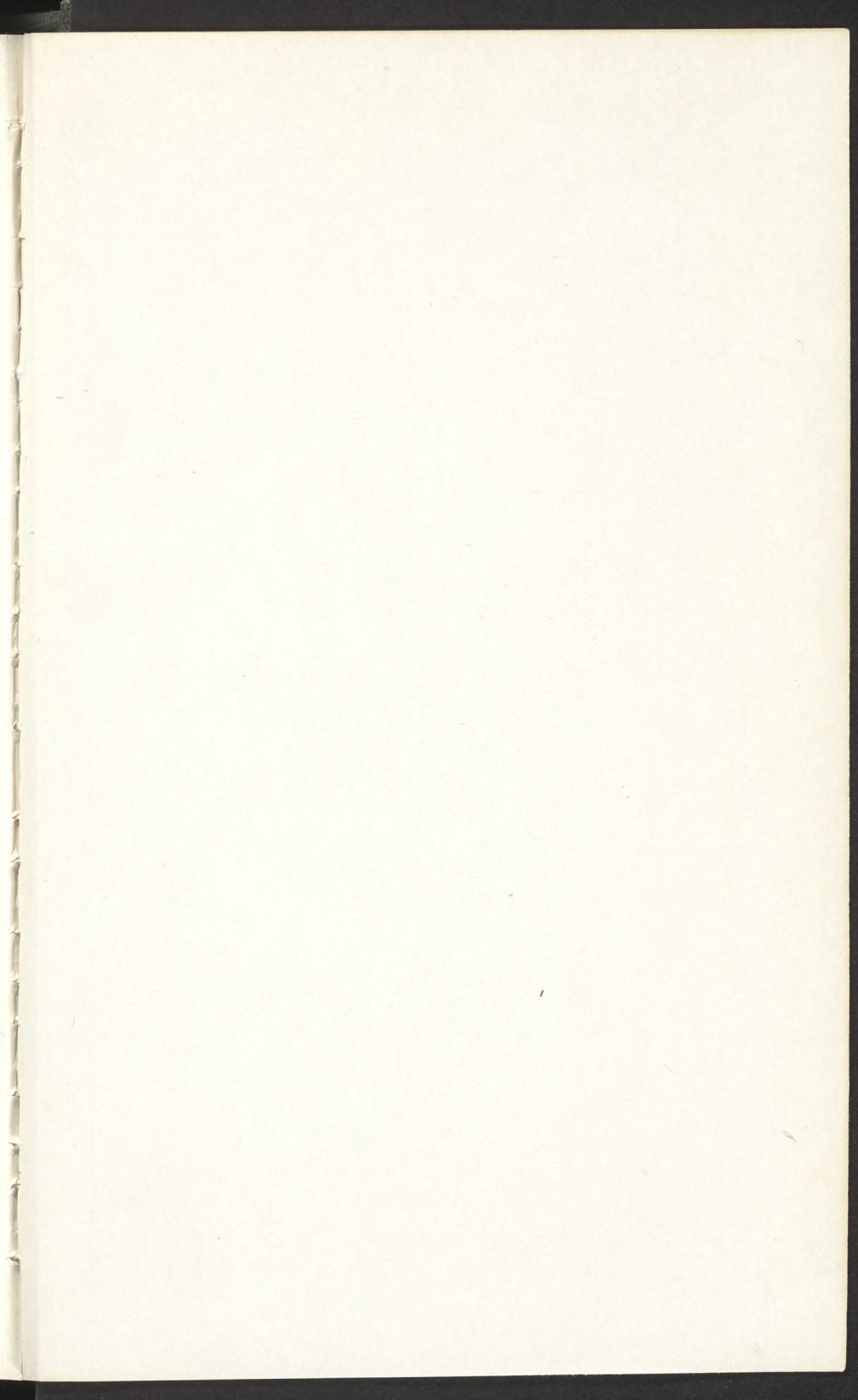
Title Insurance and Trust Company. Successor to Ventura Abstract Company, founded in 1893 by Charles Barnard and incorporated in 1898 by him and four associates, Lloyd Selby, J. S. Collins, Robert C. Sudden and John H. Reppy. The office has been in continuous operation in Ventura County since that time.

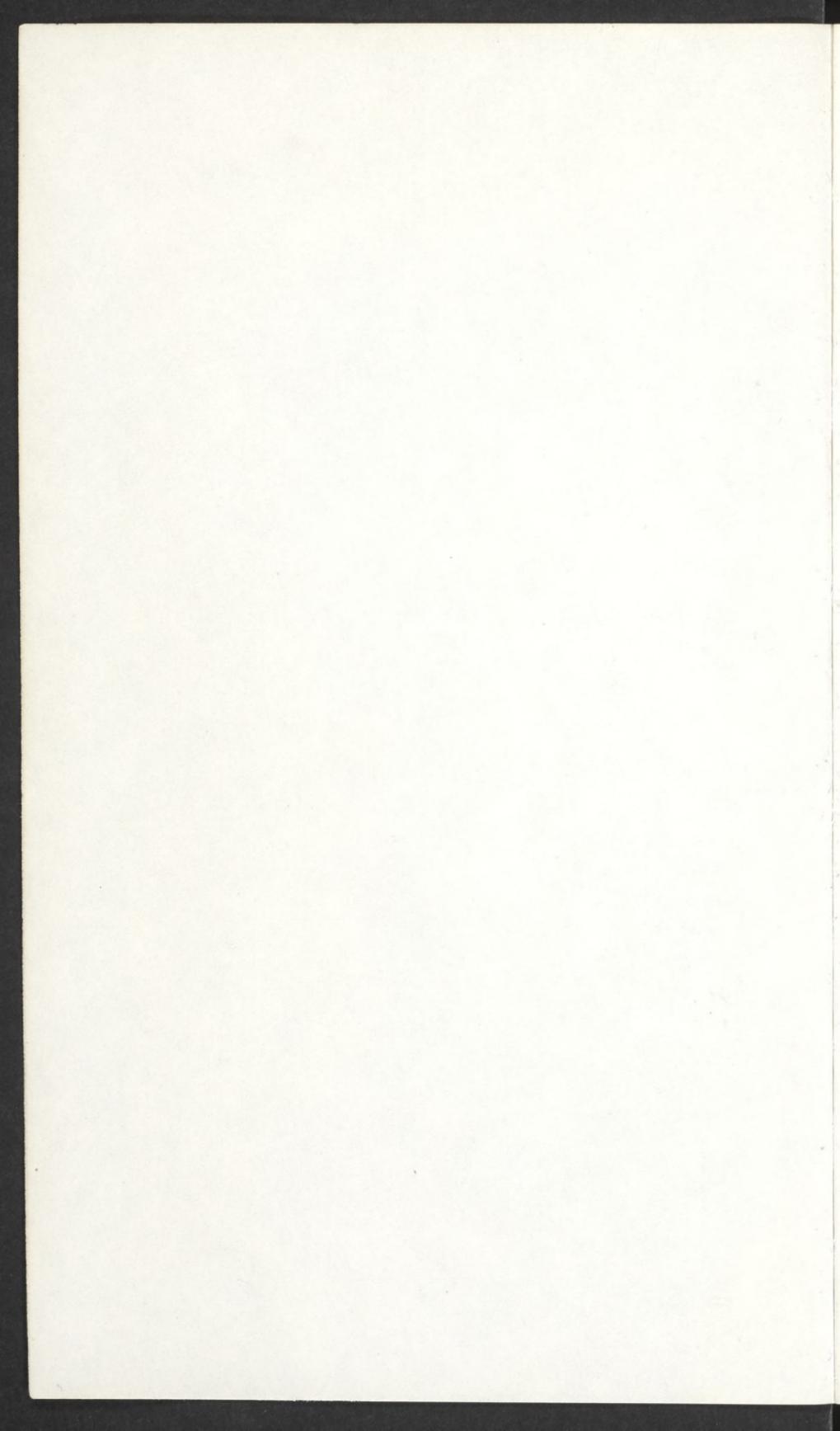
Joseph P. Reardon Funeral Chapel, 757 East Main Street, Ventura. Successor to the business established by the Reardon family in 1911 and conducted continually in Ventura since that date.

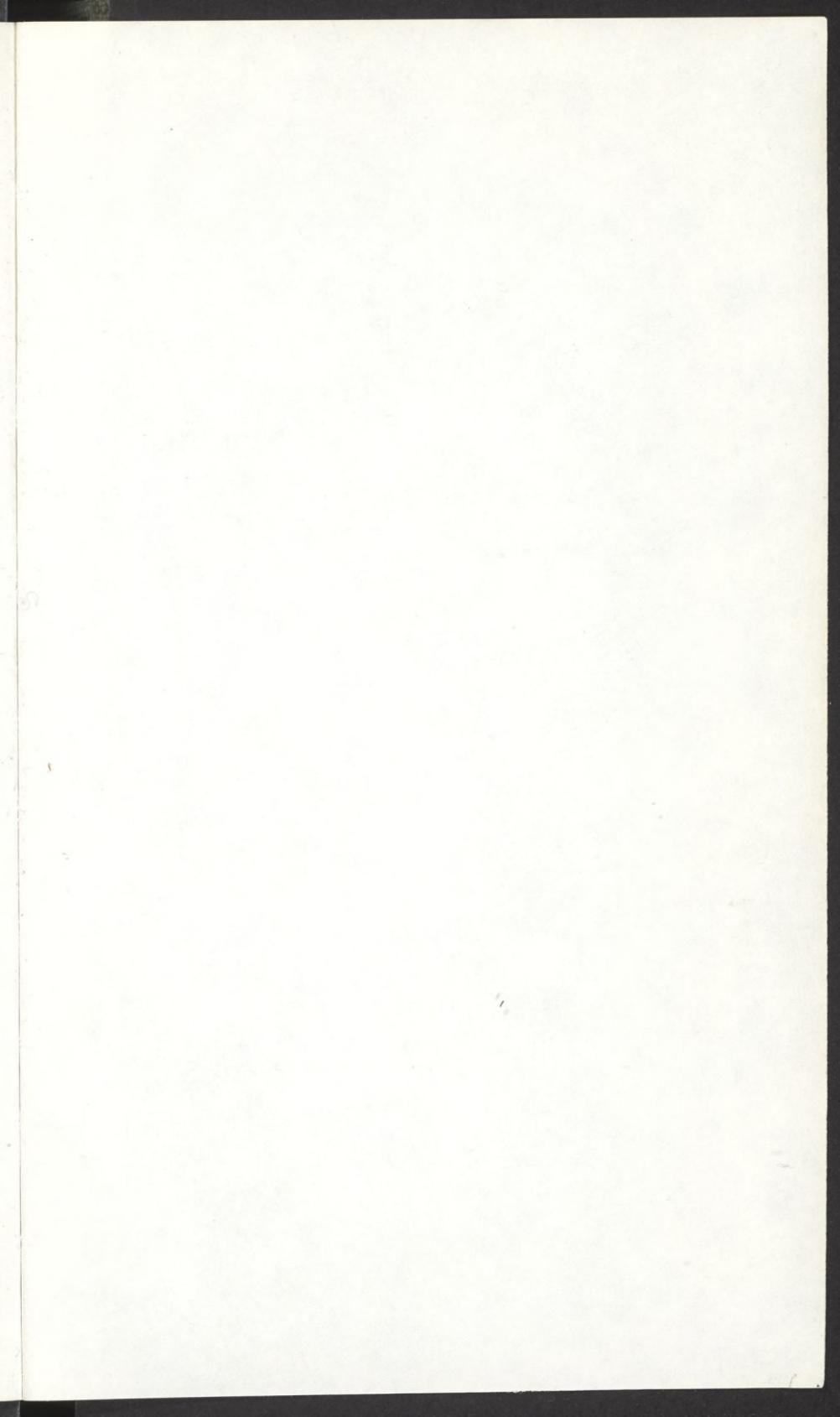
Janss Investment Corporation. The company began its first real estate development activities in 1889. Operations were moved to the Conejo Valley in 1954 with offices in Thousand Oaks and Newbury Park.

Union Oil Company of California. Incorporated in Santa Paula in 1890, its operations have spread from Ventura County to become world-wide.









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